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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An [illegible]ed Weekly
Founded A[illegible]8 by Benj. Franklin

OCT. 22, 1921

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Beginning **The Canyon of the Fools — By Richard Matthews Hallet**

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THE REMAKING OF EUROPE

By JOHN MOODY

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y.

The Ruins of Ypres in Flanders, Showing the Famous Cloth Hall. The Inhabitants, Intensely Engaged in Reconstruction, Now Call Their City Ypres Reborn

Capital is kept in existence from age to age not by preservation but by perpetual reproduction: every part of it is used and destroyed, generally very soon after it is produced, but those who consume it are employed meanwhile in producing more. The growth of capital is similar to the growth of population. Every individual who is born dies, but in each year the number born exceeds the number who die: the population, therefore, always increases, though not one person of those composing it was alive until a very recent date.

This perpetual consumption and reproduction of capital affords the explanation of what has so often excited wonder, the great rapidity with which countries recover from a state of devastation; the disappearance, in a short time, of all traces of the mischiefs done by earthquakes, floods, hurricanes and the ravages of war. An enemy lays waste a country by fire and sword, and destroys or carries away nearly all the movable wealth existing in it: all the inhabitants are ruined and yet, in a few years after, everything is much as it was before. This *vis medicatrix naturæ* has been a subject of sterile astonishment, or has been cited to exemplify the wonderful strength of the principle of saving which can repair such enormous losses in so brief an interval.

There is nothing at all wonderful in the matter. What the enemy have destroyed would have been destroyed in a little time by the inhabitants themselves: the wealth which they so rapidly reproduce would have needed to be reproduced and would have been reproduced in any case, and probably in as short a time. Nothing is changed, except that during the reproduction they have not now the advantage of consuming what had been produced previously. The possibility of a rapid repair of their disasters depends on whether the country has been depopulated.

JOHN STUART MILL,
Principles of Political Economy, Book Eight, Chapter Five.

AS I DROVE over the rolling Flanders hills with their miles of waving grain in July, 1921—just thirty-two months after the close of the war—and saw in the distance the new city of Ypres, with its cluster of new red-tiled roofs glistening in the afternoon sun, the truth of the above quotation seemed completely demonstrated. And as I entered the streets of the city, on reconstructed pavements, between solid blocks of new stores, new houses and other buildings, all rebuilt of brick or stone in the architectural style of the old Ypres, this truth was still further confirmed. But the best proof of reality in this Ypres Reborn, as it is aptly named by the inhabitants, was the presence of population in unexpectedly large numbers.

In this ancient city, whose population was approximately fifteen thousand before the war, something like five thousand people are now living, working and producing. Dealers of all sorts are plying their trades, manufacturing is getting under way, banks are doing business, and goods are entering and leaving the town very much as they did ten years ago, though of course in much smaller volume as yet. But every month more people are returning to the town, more wheels are turning and more wealth is being produced.

Anyone who will take a trip through Northern France or Southwestern Belgium and traverse the devastated regions will be impressed with the fact that human beings in large numbers are at work; that no sun sets without adding something to the reproduction and re-creation of wealth; that slowly but surely men and women by the sweat of their brows, the ingenuity of their minds and the industry of their hands are once again making use of the creative forces of Nature in the fields and setting the wheels of industry to work.

Go through the region of the Somme, where the famous Hindenburg Line for four years swayed supreme, and where millions of men filled the country full of shell holes, destroyed every sign of vegetation, ruined every road, blocked canals and created rivers of blood. To-day, with the war less than three years behind us, you will find splendid motor roads everywhere, rivers cleared and flowing as before, fields of grain and other crops completely covering all trace of the four years of bloody war. Every acre, as far as one can travel, appears to be restored to farming, and the peasants are harvesting their crops in the same careful, painstaking way as in ante-bellum days. Even in towns like Albert, Péronne and Bapaume, where the ruins still far outnumber the restored buildings, an atmosphere of revival is everywhere evident. Péronne was completely wiped off the map during the war, and at its close was simply a wreck of stone and bricks and débris to mark the spot where once a prosperous town of five thousand people stood. But in the summer of 1921 more than two thousand people were living and working in Péronne; new bridges spanned the Somme, a new water system was in operation, stores were largely reconstructed and doing an active business, many homes were fully rebuilt and others rapidly nearing completion. The town had been reborn and was busy with the job of reproducing the wealth destroyed by the war.

The process that is under way in Northern France and in Southwestern Belgium at the present time is analogous to that found in any new country that is being opened up and developed by inroads of people from older and more settled lands. The Mississippi Valley country and the Western plains of the United States were never of any practical value until human beings entered them and began to produce upon the land. As the density of population increased, the producing value and the capital value of the section increased. And so it is with the devastated sections of Europe. This section of Northern France was one of the richest assets of the country before the war. It added every year to the aggregate wealth of her people and counted for much in the financial condition, commerce, credit and general well-being of the nation.

All this great asset was lost as a result of the war. Not only was all capital destroyed but the people, the wealth producers, were driven from the land. When the armistice was signed in 1918 it was a land of desolation with hardly a building standing, absolutely nothing intact, with the chief producing instrument, the land, rendered unusable by the ravages of war, and with the population almost entirely eliminated.

Had this condition remained unchanged and had human beings found it impossible or unprofitable to return to these desolate sections, this portion of France would to-day be of no more value to the country than a worked-out and abandoned mining camp is to

the people of any of our Western States. But the repopulation that is going on through the return of the former inhabitants has already progressed far enough to excite the interest and wonder of the rest of the world. The people of Northern France and Belgium are slowly but surely coming into their own again. They are taking advantage of the seasons in planting, tilling and harvesting their crops; they are painfully restoring their old industries and developing anew their old methods of trading and producing. Consequently this region of desolation is directly headed toward that day when it will again become one of the rich producing sections of Western Europe.

This concrete example of the natural processes of restoration and re-creation of wealth after the ravages of war is simply an illustration of what is going on at the present time in one way or another and to a greater or less degree in all parts of Europe. The one big impression that an observer gets who now undertakes to go through Europe with his eyes open is that the period of hopelessness and despair among the inhabitants is beginning to pass away. Notwithstanding all the inaccurate reports to the contrary, and in spite of the development of many new adverse influences, the fact is clearly apparent that the people of Europe as a whole are going back to work. Industry is assuming an atmosphere of normalcy and the public mind is turning positively from the unsettled state of the past few years and concentrating on the future. Even in those countries where the present world-wide business depression and deflation are most keenly felt, the distorted chaotic conditions of two years ago are far less evident.

The truth is that there has been a remarkable recovery in the standard of living throughout France, Belgium, Germany, Italy and most of the states of Central Europe since the armistice. Any impartial observer who visited these countries in the winter of 1919 will bear testimony to this fact. At that time the various relief organizations and governments were aiding or feeding some twenty-five million families, comprising approximately seventy-five million people. This was over one-quarter of the entire population of the war-ridden countries, excluding Russia. At that time there were perhaps thirty-five to forty million idle people, most of whom were living partly on governmental gratuities or subsidies, or were being assisted by private means. Industry during the first year after the close of the war was paralyzed and disorganized in every direction. This paralysis was not confined to the war zones but extended to most of the industries of neutral countries. Every country, whether neutral or not, was menaced with the danger of revolutionary development and Bolshevik tendencies. People were suffering from lack of efficient transportation and from a complete lack of fuel. In the winter of 1919 thousands of people died from starvation or exposure, and many thousands more suffered from incurable diseases and various other maladies. In a word, the situation from one end of Europe to the other appeared almost hopeless, and there were no signs of real recovery.

Back at Work

BUT within the three years' period which has passed since the end of the war the European picture has vastly changed. During the summer of 1921 probably not more than two million people in the war-ridden countries, outside of Russia, were being fed or directly aided by their governments or by relief organizations. The vast armies of human beings who in 1919 had been absolutely dependent upon outside assistance for the necessities of life were for the most part engaged in production and actually earning some sort of subsistence.

PHOTO. FROM WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

Following Their Demobilization Belgian Soldiers Were Put to Work Repairing the Railroad Tracks Destroyed by the Germans When They Evacuated the City of Ghent

As for unemployment, aside from the abnormal situation created in Great Britain largely as a result of the recent labor troubles, but partly resulting from the recession in business, the number of men out of work in Europe to-day is surprisingly low.

In Germany during the past summer the unemployed amounted to a moderate number only, and the figure was growing smaller and smaller from week to week. In France, notwithstanding the effects of deflation and the general slowing up of business, only about forty thousand men were officially reported as being unemployed on the first of July of this year.

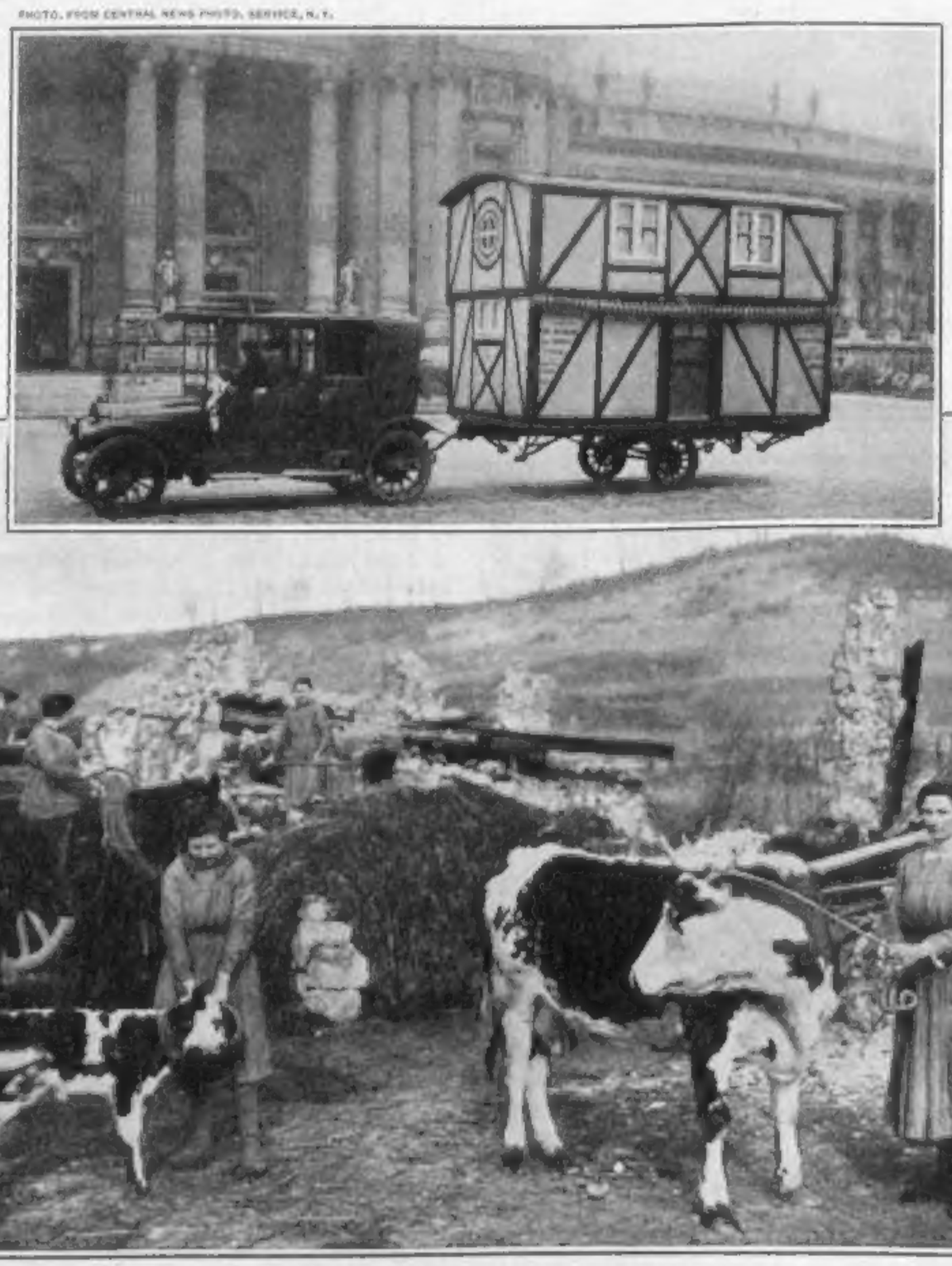


PHOTO. FROM CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO. SERVICE, N. Y.

The Women of France Now Engage in Farm Work as Never Before. This Scene at Landricourt is Typical. Above—Towing a Bungalow Out Into the Devastated Areas in France

The most remarkable change in the Continental situation since 1919 is in the field of transportation. Three years ago and for nearly a year after the close of the war, railroad transportation throughout Europe was in chaos. This was true of both passenger and freight transportation. A large part of the suffering due to the shortage of coal in the winters of 1919 and 1920 was caused by the absolute inability to transport coal from the mines to the centers of population. A large part of the food shortage was also due to this breaking down of the railroad systems of the respective countries. In Central Europe, especially, the transportation conditions were desperate, and doubtless many thousand people died simply because food and fuel could not be transported even for short distances.

The change that has since taken place is apparent to any observer. To-day one can travel just as quickly and comfortably throughout most of the countries of Western and Central Europe as one could have done before the war. Shipments of food, fuel and goods of every kind are transported and delivered to-day with about the same efficiency as existed ten years ago. Though railroad equipment is more or less dilapidated in most of the countries and there is still an acute shortage of good equipment in the Central European states, yet this shortage is not so great as to cripple the present volume of commerce to any marked extent.

Economic Conditions

ESPECIALLY in Germany has railroad operation been restored to something like its past efficiency. Traveling by train all over Europe and in all parts of Germany during the past summer, my train was only once more than fifteen minutes late. Excellent express passenger service can now be secured on every important railroad system on the Continent. One can travel expeditiously through Northern Europe from Ostend to Warsaw or Vienna on limited trains equipped with diners and sleepers.

In France the railroad situation has also undergone decided improvement, especially within the past year. Throughout the entire devastated regions the French railways have been completely restored and passenger and freight trains appear to be running on frequent schedules. It is now no more difficult to travel through the war-worn sections of Europe than it was years ago, except that in Southeastern Europe conditions in this respect are less satisfactory because of the abandonment of old arteries of commerce and the attempted opening up of new ones.

The fuel supply throughout Europe now appears to be adequate. The coal production, though still very low in some countries, has been developed to a very remarkable extent in new directions. The German coal production has, of course, been accelerated through the necessities created by the terms of the peace treaty. Germany is using a far lower grade of coal than before the war, but she is producing a large quantity of this coal and providing liberally for a great expansion of her own industries. Even with the advent of a general business revival it seems unlikely that Europe will experience another severe coal famine.

But it is not only in these ways that the general appearance of Continental Europe has taken on a new aspect. Political unrest is still evident in Germany, Poland, Austria, Italy and the smaller Central European states. But aside from the Irish problem the political situation in Great Britain is rapidly becoming more normal, and in France and Belgium general political stability is decidedly in the ascendant. No country in the world to-day

(Continued on Page 46)

THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

On a Fine, Still Morning I Slipped Away From Home, Leaving a Note to the Effect That I Was Going to Los Angeles to Study Anatomy

ROAD fever. It's a strange lust in the heart, isn't it? You and I know, in looking back, what a fatality it may be to a young man. He gets a deep infection, perhaps when he is in the midst of fair designs, dreaming of love and early fortune. It comes whispering and fretting in the blood channels; it has the charm of a myth; it carries the burning delusions of a fever. All at once he feels the tyranny of home life falling like a ton weight on his heart, and he's off—off at a wild tangent, like a drop of water slatted from a turning grindstone. And his pretext may be anything or nothing too. I say to myself that I would never have started for Los Angeles if Joe Carney hadn't gone there from the legislature to practice medicine, but how can I tell? I might have wound up in Kamchatka or the Persian Gulf instead of the Canyon of the Fools.

I first met Joe Carney when I was a page in the legislature, with nothing to do but shoot marbles on the marble pavements and yell "Skinny bone! Elbow grease! Three fingers in the mud!" Joe was one of my ten senators, a doctor by profession and an adventurer by blood. He had been a sailor, and a soldier in the Spanish War, and in general he was the man for my money. I was fresh from Dowagiac, where they make wooden minnows; and here was Joe, who had been starved and burned and shot up and kicked about wherever wind blows and sand flies.

He was a foot-loose man—right. He had beaten his way around the world without a red cent in his pocket. He had seen ships and cities and deserts enough to fit out a physical geography. He had frozen in the far south, dangled off yardarms, hammered ice as thick as a blessed stovepipe off a ship's backstays deep down there in the Antarctic. He had singed his whiskers and seared his flesh and laid bare his knuckle bones feeding ships' fires; he had trekked and swagged and tramped, eaten sour dough and bannock and damper and poor-man's bread, and been flooded out of mines and river valleys and ships' holds. Drowned out or smoked out, it's all one. The fact remains that he had taken his bellyful of hardships and he made a wonderful conversationalist.

But you probably know the fascinating loquacity of reminiscence. It shows you the precious drop of romance distilled from all the bitter waters of agony and ledges of hard gray fact. Experience is good, but then sometimes it doesn't dress down well, to use the language of the slaughterhouses.

But how could I know that? I ask you. I wanted to hunt up all those old haunts of Joe Carney's. I wanted to come face to face before I died with that barmaid he had loved and lost in the Rose of Australia. I wanted to feel the jolt and jar of the salt sea coming up against the sides of some hell-bent old hooker. I used to dream of clinging to the wheel of that belabored sea wagon, a grim figure, running water in buckets, and staring ahead at the shiver of the black yards; murk overhead, all the earmarks of a dirty night too; that banshee scream in the rigging, a bellow aloft of wild sail, perchance the death rattle of the plunging ship.

Can you merge with me in that stuff? Gad, I had the right temperament for adventure in those daydreams! I was a fearsome character, grim and yet lovable too; and do you know, no matter how wild the night or how hard the outlook, I always saved myself. I took care of that. At the latest possible second—the eleventh hour, so to speak—things somehow took a favorable turn, and I was saved from myself and from the consequences of my noble disregard of life.

Well, you know an exquisite harmony never quite expires, does it? I imagine it is taken up somehow, in the hearts of those who hear it, and transmuted into something golden and heart-touching. Yes, sir, I would come to and find beautiful women bending over me; women whom I had served in some heart-choking manner and who were grateful, by George, and not afraid to show me they were grateful!

The upshot of it was, no man who had known Joe could go on living in Dowagiac. I had gone back there after being surreptitiously dropped from a theological college in Kalamazoo, and started in making wooden minnows; but the fish I was trying to lure required less artificial bait.

So on a fine, still August morning I slipped away from home, leaving a note to the effect that I was going to Los Angeles to study anatomy. I had some doubts about myself, of course, while drifting over to Bay City. Something like dismay would catch hold of me by the knees and unhinge me there a little. I had proposed to ferry myself around by the simple process of nailing fast freights, and I had no more idea than a bivalve how to go about nailing fast freights. I had obscure dreams of leaping in the dark and falling under the wheels—but I always saved myself.

These doubts were the product of night, strangeness, lack of lodgings and the like of that. The mornings were better. Those sleepy yellow mornings in sleepy maple-shaded towns still linger with me. I remember sauntering through the red streets, yawning at the vine-covered brick houses, with their big, old-fashioned eaves, and the well-watered lawns, where baby carriages had been left out overnight—yes, and croquet balls, too, gleaming in the dew. Everything still, secure, stable. Everything spoke of citizenship, law and order, the appointed task. Isn't there something dread, something compulsory and grim in that notion of the appointed task?

It's true, the world couldn't go on if we all took to our heels. Yet I suppose custom or timidity quells some fundamental nomadic impulse in most of us. Those who can afford to travel do so, you observe, by a kind of instinct. Millionaires and hobos, for choice. They are afraid of reaching the perishing point in the monotony of days.

I went in the guise of a sociologist, by the way. You can see where I have written on the flyleaf of my notebook: "Diary kept while on an expedition to explain to myself certain sociological questions. My associations with the lowest classes are self-directed. I call attention to the fact that this is a temporary mode of living. I intend to matriculate in Los Angeles for the study of medicine."

You see? In my innocence I thought that I could placate the shacks and the bulls by pushing that neat paragraph under their eyes. I was carrying the key to my character, as much so as if I had hung it around my neck before taking the plunge—the explanation of the anomaly: a nice young man fresh from a theological college, and turned tramp. I hadn't quite shaken the odor of sanctity, it appears. Yet there was not lacking, in Dowagiac, the usual run of people who said I had used religion as a cloak.

I got into Chi about ten o'clock one hot morning, and my first official act was to pick up a girl's hand bag, wrought out of crocodile skin, I fancy, with a brass monogram clinging to it—M. G.

Here's the inventory—I copied it in my diary: One dazzling sample of plaid cloth, pencil with the point broken off, handkerchief that one tear would have wet through and through, one soiled white kid glove, bar pin full of Paris diamonds, a letter with the lady's name and address scrawled in a massive fist, and way down in the lemon-colored lining two or three cards reading, "May Gowdy, Omaha, Nebraska."

Can you imagine it? Imagine a vision-mad man picking up a collection like that in the heart of a great city? By George, you have seen women open these bags and ponder over them, haven't you, and snap them to with that calm look that excludes you? Do you suppose this bag was representative? I forgot to mention a little round mirror and a pad of thin papers dusted with rice powder. I seemed to know without inquiry that these were for taking off the shine, real or imaginary, from a nose that—well, what sort of nose exactly would it be?

Speculation as to this nose intrigued me on to read the letter that May Gowdy had unfortunately lost with her other possessions. It was from a man, Jim Harper, who had gone West to hunt for gold, and from where I sat it seemed to me that he was hanging on more dog than his prospects seemed to warrant. His employer, Swasey, was going to send him into a place called the Canyon of the Fools—from what I could read between the lines, there seemed to be nothing but stern logic in that—and there, if adverse interests didn't bump him prematurely off, he meant to pitch in and locate ore. She could look for a necklace of nuggets about Christmas. There were one or two misty allusions that the two individuals in the know would likely chuckle over; and then Jim Harper loosened his belt and gripped his pen low down and in one fierce little paragraph he told her outright how he loved her, and complained about a ride she had mentioned taking by moonlight with

some man whose name he couldn't get because her writing was so careless—on a level with her conduct, in Jim's view.

Gad, he was lush, and at the same time tyrannical! He reminded her that he had come out there to that God-forsaken region to heap up gold for little May, and that the least she could do was to sit tight and control her lonesomeness while he was away. And, do you know, just from getting that crude insight into how things stood between them, I was all for May, and I felt a foolish itch to intervene somehow and push that love-infested idiot Jim Harper off the premises.

The address was on the envelope, of course; and it was there, in that villainous employment agency, with its smirched blackboards, its dusty windows, hacked benches and vile air sluggish with stale tobacco smoke that I first saw May Gowdy. A little railed-in inclosure, with a slimsy gate that bent either way, and May sitting there seriously with a lot of slips, like bills of lading, in her lap. She looked at me questioningly, told me crisply to come through the gate if I felt able.

I like to lean back now and remember that moment. It has the sweet suddenness and the nip that first love always has. May Gowdy was a knock-out, a haymaker. I saw that at a glance, and it unhinged me. The fairest skin in the world, the proudest carriage—and you know how few girls nowadays learn to carry themselves well—a kind of surprise bluntness at the very tip of her nose that would have brought a sculptor to his knees; and those blue eyes, set a trifle wide, perhaps, that you couldn't have fathomed with a deep-sea lead.

Her hair was black—coal-black, blue-black, man—and she had it done up with that ravishing fall over the temples that women who have masses of it can afford to indulge. Have I mentioned her lashes? They were Oriental, I opine, and she got results with them all through her waking hours.

"Just something I picked up," I said jocosely, in a parched voice, and it sounded to my disgusted ear as if every bit of jovial humanity had been squeezed out of it, reducing it to a squeak, to the symbol of calf love.

"How nice of you!" May said.

She took the bag, hefted it, laid it on her desk. She looked at me under level brows. Put yourself in the place of a young man palpitating in the adolescent vague, coming to the big town for the first time and falling in with such as May. I tell you it was immense! It had the miracle flavor of Arabian Nights. It's natural for you to want to know what we talked about, or why it was I didn't go away, and I can't satisfy you on either head—not altogether. I know she asked me if I was living in town, if I had been long in town—something of that nature, and I said huskily, "No." She opened the bag and looked in there thoughtfully, and I told her desperately that I had come from the back country, and that I was going West to seek my fortune. It looked woodsy, I know, from where she sat. Well, I *was* woodsy, and my next words proved it.

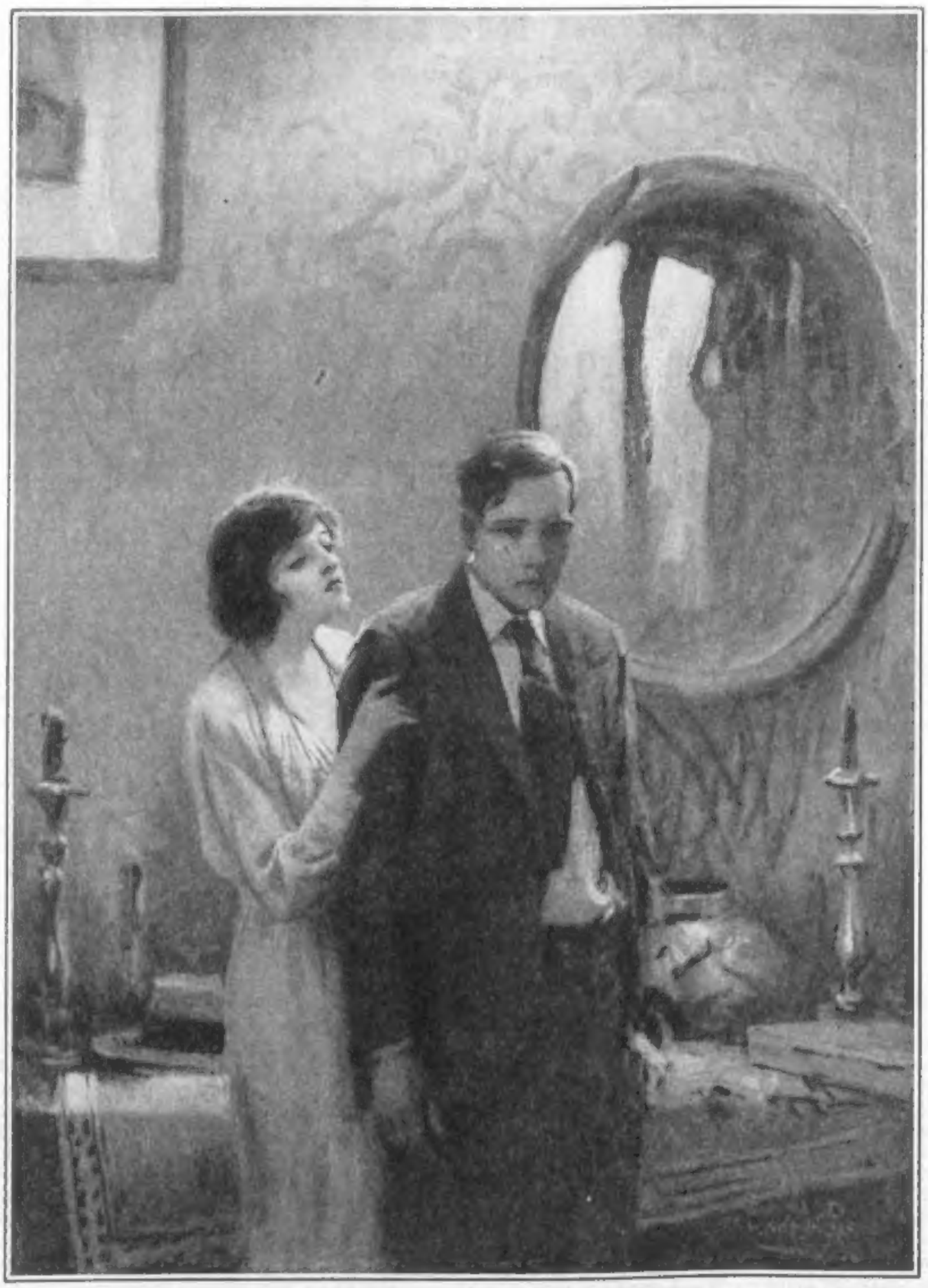
She said: "If you're really in for that, why not go out and join Jim?"

"He's got trouble enough all his own," I slipped out, and right away I burned from head to heel like a man wrapped in a kerosene-soaked blanket.

May didn't seem conscious of the fact that she had sprung that trap, though. She assumed as naturally as a child that I had read that letter; and still, account for it how you will, I was unwilling to crawl forward with the admission. I couldn't even bring myself to say a good word for Jim Harper, for that matter. He simply went against my grain, and I contented myself with closing my eyes and muttering: "The chances, of course, are against anybody's finding gold."

"Well, faint heart, you know," May dropped out. "You can smile, but I really expect him to do something big or something awful, I don't know which, and I wrote him that. He's certainly one peach of a kid, but still he's so unstable, don't you know. You never can put your finger on him—as to his plans, that is. He writes a good letter, though. Don't you think so?"

I grew cherry red and grunted.



That Kiss—Like a Young Mother's After She Has Tidied Up Her Little Boy and Got Him Ready for School

"Which way are you heading, if I may make so bold?" she said then.

I told her. I sketched in for her briefly what was eating me—fears, ambitions, everything; even to this business of nailing fast freights which was looming up blacker and blacker the nearer I got to the freight yards. And she narrowed those quizzical eyes and said: "It'll never do, dear boy. Your best move is back to that town where they make wooden minnows."

She staggered me, I tell you. She had the ability to pin a man to the mat by the sheer flying weight of her cynicism. It was cold and sparkling like a January morning. By George, I felt like her little boy, and I sat there stunned, in a fit of crass resignation, with my elbow on one corner of that little oak desk and my fingers dabbling in the wire-clipped sheets heaped up in that wire basket. She breathed business, competence, executive capacity. She was scented like the springtime, and that smooth, blue-veined wrist and hand came out of a black sleeve with a dainty linen cuff and moved around in the neighborhood of her face, admonishing tresses, with an effect of pure legerdemain. She stole over me, she unsettled me and filled me full of crazy, half-formed resolutions to pull off something big that would have that proud girl sinking to her knees by my side with little yearning cries—when it was all but too late.

She got me back on solid ground by saying in an indescribable voice, "What does your mother say to all this?"

I lisped, "I don't know—didn't talk it over," and she nodded.

"That's how it was with me," she said presently, veiling her eyes with the lashes. "They've never got over it—couldn't understand. Goodness knows, it might have been better for me if I had listened a little more to their side of the argument. But I suppose we have to learn for ourselves. How do you propose to get out there, by the way—to Los, where you are going to study medicine?"

"Beat my way," I rumbled. "Freights."

"Freights? That's easy said. Do you know how to beat your way on freights? I don't believe you have the first idea."

Well, what ideas would naturally occur to a young man at the mercy of a girl like May for the first time? I told her flat that that suspicion of hers was nothing short of clairvoyant. I didn't know. Had thought of dozens of ways—creeping in on the rods, the brake beams, secreting myself in the ice boxes of refrigerator cars, having myself consigned in a closed crate with holes to let in air. And she laughed, glanced at me and away, down at those papers on her desk, which she stirred with a pink forefinger. That glance of hers was like a strong sunbeam, and I felt like a blessed little mote dancing around in it. I reflected how far we had got away from our caves and the saber-toothed tiger, when a delicate mechanism like May was properly equipped to maintain herself in the modern struggle and a hulking brute like myself was next door to on the bones.

"I know one thing," she said, "you'll be under the wheels in no time if you start in nailing freights. If you really mean to go through with it, why not ship out, just at first?"

"Ship out?"

"Surely! Ride the cushions. Till you get better acquainted with the road, I mean. Don't you think you'd better?"

"How is that done?"

She told me. She could ship me out herself, and would—here, from this very spot. I asked meekly how it was a man went to work to ship out. It was simplicity itself. A man, it seemed, agreed to work at something, somewhere—harvesting, for example—and an agency shipped him to that place on the meager strength of his promise. It might be on a harvest special, on a milk train, a work train.

"But look here! Once there, shouldn't I have to knuckle down and work?" I objected in a whisper.

She gave me another of those glorious, clarifying looks out of her quizzical eyes and bent towards me.

"Would you? I thought this was a free country."

I tell you that girl amazed me and set me to thinking for myself. Of course it was a free country. How could I ever have doubted that plain fact? I began to feel all my shackles dropping off in conversation with that girl. She appeared to have a resolution formed for every contingency.

"She must be years older than I am," I remember thinking, and still she didn't look it. With her lips pouted slightly and her head nodding towards me, she seemed softened, stripped of her case-hardening, and I thought mazily: "She might take it into her head to kiss me. What is that Bohunk lurking around for in the doorway?"

There you have it in a nutshell. That's the spirit at the bottom of all adventure, that hint of wistfulness and hope, that attitude of eternally deluded expectancy. It's like living in a thronging multitude of shapes, submissive to fancy. She did strike fire in me, and at the same time there was something maddening about her, something conveyed in her tone, launched out of her eye, something patronizing, that seemed to say she was only wasting her words, because I would never follow up these leads. Too callow, too woefully callow. I don't know how I ever got away from there, or what the impulse must have been that gouged me out of that chair finally. I had papers in my hand, made out by May, that shipped me to Five Forks, and I found myself asking her if she wouldn't like to be the recipient of a post card from me with the Los Angeles postmark on it.

"I sure would," she said. She was wonderful. "And say," she added, "in case you do get as far as Omaha, and find yourself on the rocks, Mr. McCarty, you'd better take the address of my people there. They're as good—as good as gold."

She gave it to me. It's in the diary to this day, along with that drawing of a perpetual-motion machine a man tried to interest me in. I slipped it into my breast pocket and brushed past May and put my hand on the little gate. She touched me on the arm hearteningly, and that little fillip was more affecting than a sheer embrace. Gad, she was expert! I felt like a straw on the current, moved away from her against my will, by mighty intangible forces, solar energies, the mockeries and the ironies that straddle the way of the inclinations.

I managed to say hoarsely, "See you again some time," and in spite of myself I was out of the agency, out there in a world of bricks, filth, wagons, bawling voices.

She didn't believe I was even going to get to Omaha!

II

AND, by George, it was a long road to Omaha! I had doubts myself at times. I hadn't any money, you know—anything more than a little silver, that is. In those days I regarded money as something that flowed in unawares—like a blush to the cheek, like health into the body of a convalescent. As with the tides, its ebb could not be checked or its flow stimulated. I did not for one instant link it up with the bitter fact of toil. I thought of it rather as a free agent visiting man in his sin.

I shipped out, just as May first sketched it, and then made it possible for me, as far as Five Forks; shipped out in the night, I remember, in a black smoker full of broken windows, in company with a gang of sweating Finns and Lithuanians and Laplanders. There I lay on the hot cushions, touring the world with my sweet May Gowdy. Fancy painted her gorgeously in miniature on the inside of my eyelids, and I simply couldn't bring myself to think that I had seen her for the last time. I would go out there to the West Coast, study medicine, work like a little fiend, set up as an osteopath, follow the trail of the lonesome spine, and May could have one room in the house for a little specialty shop—she had told me she dreamed of having a specialty shop some day—to help out while we were getting on my feet—her feet—our feet.

I shook myself out of that dream, and judged it must be nearly morning. It was time to start my get-away. I opened my suitcase, drew on my good clothes, laid out my straw hat and slept half an hour more with my legs straight out to keep the crease in my pants. Then at Five Forks I shipped my friends by the simple expedient of jumping off the train, suitcase in hand, and looking supercilious.

Five Forks. I thought I had gone halfway across the world, and I felt as if I had done it on an empty stomach too. If I could only get a bite to eat everything would be jake. In place of that I got a job washing the windows of a restaurant. There I was on the sidewalk, with a long mop in my hands and a wooden tobacco pail full of hot water at my feet. Jove, I felt sheepish—and condescending too—swabbing that window and glaring at broken-backed people in there devouring lamb stews and raisin pies! I reflected that Joe was soldiering at my age; and I could see May's inscrutable eyes turned my way, too, with that teasing, disbelieving light in them; the sort of light grown people have in their eyes when they listen to bragging children. I jammed that mop into the pail as if I was swabbing out the mouth of a cannon.

While I was eating my lamb stew a little later the fellow in there offered me four dollars a week for washing dishes. He kept mopping the counter with a dirty rag while he talked, lifting salt shakers and mustard bowls and sugar basins and swabbing under them. I was nearly through supper then, and I simply stared at the man. It looked hard, it looked tough. And then I thought of May Gowdy and what a strangle hold on life she had, and I tackled the remnant of that lamb stew with better heart.

That night I started nailing freights—west-bound freights—but they seemed to get a beforehand look at me and slide past when my back was turned. If I took the least cat nap I woke with a guilty start to find myself glaring at the tail light of some lurching caboose.

To guard against this I associated myself with an erstwhile sign-painter's apprentice from Detroit, who impressed me by a quality of consistent enthusiasm. We were beaten off time and again, but that kid had an enchanting optimism; he had a ray of hope and a shout of triumph in either eye. Ultimately we jumped a cattle car.

I can see us now tearing along in the cinder path by the side of that freight like paid sprinters. I got a powerful odor in my nostrils. I saw those cows' heads going by, mild and numerous and speculative. I caught a glimpse of a gate in the middle of the slat car, lunged for it. The Detroiter lunged for it and we landed together on the floor of the car in one mangled heap.

I opened the suitcase to put my straw hat away and get out a cloth traveling cap. What a success I thought I was then! Had jumped a live freight! What a fiery little genius of the road! It was night. The stars were coming out. A flat wheel was limping and pounding under me, and I was rolling into the West at last. There wasn't a flaw in my position that I could see, outside of that flat wheel. I sat there on my upended suitcase, dreaming and telling myself that May Gowdy, bless her, would pay coin of the realm for the substance of those dreams.

I tried to tell that Detroiter something about her, but he had no use for women. He was going West to play ball with the Prairie League—ultimately. Play ball! Can you understand the faith he had in Providence? He had a big catcher's mitt run through the belt loop in his trousers by its wrist strings; and he spat in this glove, he caressed it, dented it, pounded it with his fist and caught imaginary fly balls in the presence of that congress of cattle.

We were thrown at a town called Boone—hard. By George, I have horrible memories of Boone! Horrible! I thought I was never going to get out of it. Omaha looked as far away as the answer to a prayer.

I actually thought I was going to live down infinity in the shadow of those lumber piles, and the smell of that million or so feet of stacked pine is in my nostrils now. We lay on those boards until we carried impressions of knot holes all over our lean bodies; lay there and shivered nights and boiled days, and slept and hungered.

Hungry all the time. We made one feeble little strike for beers and failed. We made one attempt to panhandle for food, and the house we selected was the house of the town marshal. We fled him down that dusty, sunny, hot old Iowa road like twin fiends and hid in a cattle pen. That night we did nail a freight, and then we were thrown into a swamp six miles out of Boone, and crawled back to the lumber piles, too hungry to sleep and too low in mind to talk—I was, at least. That Detroiter only hammered his glove harder. He was a visionary, one of these cheerful fatheads who don't know the meaning of conspiracy or disaster. Is it any virtue in the cork that it floats?

I woke up in that creeping blue-grim time just before the dawn. I felt as thin and empty as a paper bag, and morning discouragement began to flood into me. Nothing will shake your confidence in the moral order like that. You stand up in the half dark, bleared and unregenerate; and slowly the shacks and shanties begin to loom out of shadow, like monuments of woe, and you hear wheels turning and the rattle of harness in the gloom, the sound of horseshoes on cobblestones and the coughing and cursing of the early risen.

Then you wonder how things hold together in this harsh world; yes, you wonder that the wheels turn, and you see

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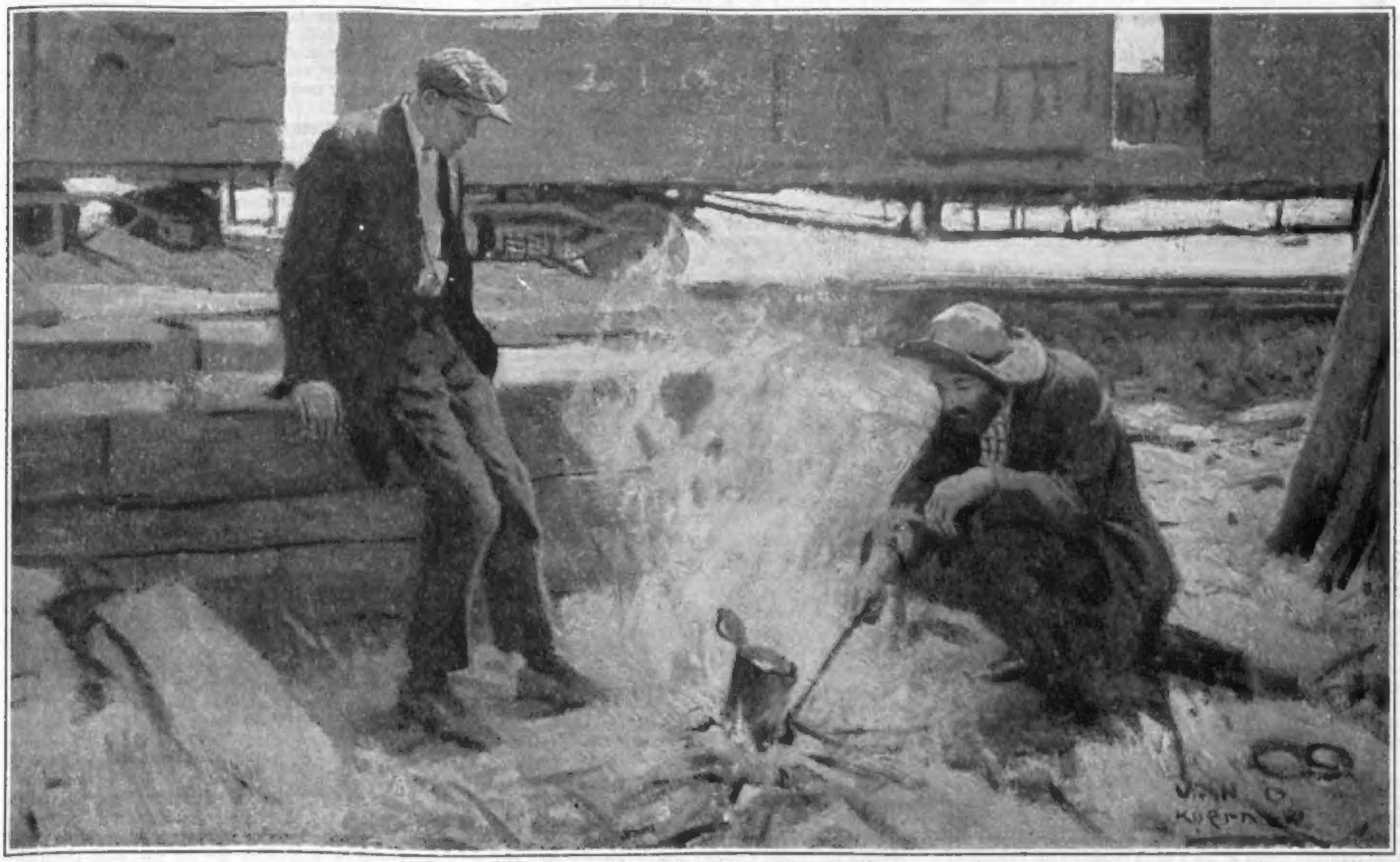
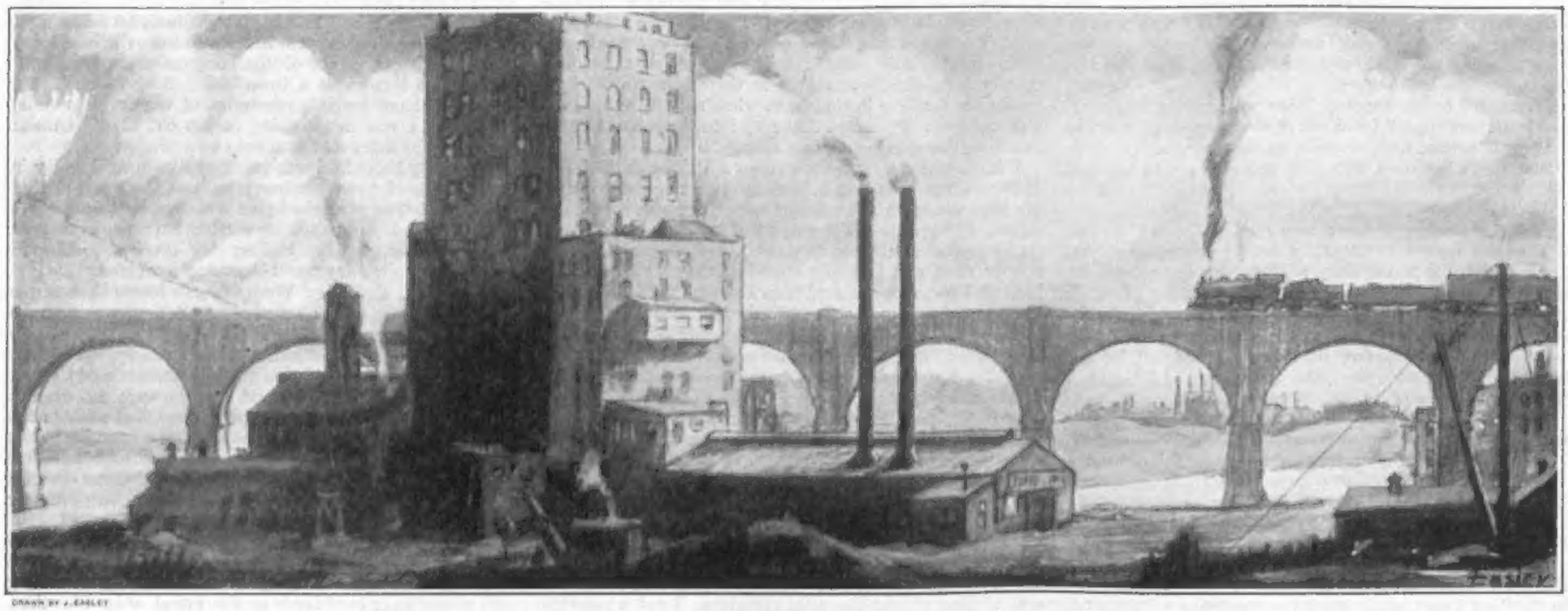


A Greasy Hobo Alongside the Track Was Making Coffee in a Jagged Tomato Can

Loose Talk by Optimists and Pessimists—By Floyd W. Parsons



LOOSE talk does a vast amount of damage year in and year out. The object of this story is to point out the falsity of a majority of predictions made mostly by important people and to show what little caution is exercised in the issuance of statements by prominent leaders whose views influence the lives of millions of their fellow citizens.

Most worth-while articles have a moral, which generally comes at the end of the story. The moral of this article is, Think for yourself! Get rid of the idea that so-called successful men possess infallible judgment. After an industrial crisis has passed, many of our celebrated prophets are quick to point back and say, "Didn't I tell you so?" But when we take the pains to review history and check up these glib forecasters we discover that many of them not only were wrong in their earlier prophecies but in fact predicted quite the reverse of what actually came to pass. The mistakes of judgment made by some of our noted captains of industry would furnish an abundance of text for a large and interesting volume. Such a book would show that few men are consistently and continuously supermen. That's why so many worthless securities are found in the safety boxes of rich and famous men after they die.

Right here let me call attention to the important distinction between prophecy and scientific prediction. Whereas prophecies to-day are usually only guesses suggested by no more than a careless observation of only a part of the facts, scientific prediction is a conclusion resulting from adequate verified facts measured with precision.

Modern Science vs. Guesswork

GROUND-HOG weather prophets still flourish in every community, and each spring the daily papers carefully note the antics of this widely advertised animal. One of the best examples of scientific prediction is our United States Weather Bureau. Started as a service for shippers and sailors by the War Department in 1870, this Federal bureau did such good work that its scope was expanded until to-day every part of our country contributes to the knowledge of existing weather conditions. The cost to each inhabitant of the United States for weather forecasts is only about two cents each year, yet millions of dollars have been saved to shippers, farmers, sailors and shipowners through these forecasts. The weather and temperature forecasts for the five-year period from 1915 to 1919 inclusive were 88.4 per cent correct. Temperature predictions were right 90.2 per cent of the time, while weather forecasts were right 86.5 per cent of the time.

Weather predictions are as old as human history. Some of the sayings repeated to-day were current rules 3000 years ago. Notwithstanding the fact that verifications for years back prove that there is practically no basis for most of the adages in vogue, many people continue to believe that if March comes in like a lamb it will go out like a lion, [illegible]'s Day it will rain on each of the succeeding forty days. The ancient mariners and shepherds became fairly good weather prophets out of sheer necessity, but the wind served as their barometer and the blinking of the stars provided them an excellent hygrometer. The discovery of the underlying principles of barometric pressure was the beginning of meteorology.

Down through the ages there has been a close connection between prophecy and superstition. From the beginning of time schemers have endeavored to further their own interests by playing on the gullibility of their friends and followers. Students of antiquity show that the oracles were the powerful organs of tainted news in olden times. The prophecies usually represented tricks of the priests to aid their political schemes. The Delphic oracle instead of being a single individual was really an institution. When a Delphic priestess died her successor was appointed, and the utterances of this oracle were delivered among so many curious circumstances that it is no wonder they were regarded with much reverence. There is no doubt that through its numerous correspondents the Delphic oracle had correct information concerning foreign affairs, such as a private individual could not possess. It was this knowledge that lay behind many of the so-called miraculous prophecies of this famous oracle.

False prophecies centuries ago caused the overthrow of kingdoms, just as such prophecies in modern times have created misery and brought about disaster. When, in 1453, Constantinople came into possession of the Moslems, the success of the assailants was due to the want of energy of the townsfolk, who, relying on the prophecies of the monks, were satisfied that Providence would surely intervene to procure deliverance. In particular an ancient prophecy had foretold that the Turks would advance as far as the Pillar of Constantine, but would then be driven back by an angel from heaven, not only out of the city but to the Persian frontier. This seems to have led directly to the crowding of the populace into the church of Saint Sophia, and was mainly responsible for the horrors that were afterwards enacted when the Turks stormed the city.

Soon after the birth of the German Empire in 1870–1871 many volumes of pretended prophecies were published. One collection in particular—the Voix Prophétiques—a vast compilation of some 1400 pages in two stout volumes, is prefaced in its fifth edition by a formal and lengthy approbation from the then Archbishop of Malines, Monsignor Dechamps. These prophecies, believed in by the people, led to great suffering and were a contributing cause to the overthrow of the French.

Thousands of prophets have predicted the end of the world—the millennium—basing their forecasts on statements contained in the Bible. Earthquakes, war, influenza, and in fact all great calamities have been held to be visible signs that the crisis was at hand. Such prophecies have increased in frequency and number since the close of the World War.

Most of our prophets to-day are only counterparts of the prophets who lived ages ago; in fact, the modern prophet is only an amateur when compared with the early astrologers who were the real powers behind thrones. Three centuries ago a skillful astrologer was as essential to the government as a prime minister, and monarchs rarely undertook any enterprise of importance without consulting the court astrologer. Many of these early prophets were primitive astronomers who had acquired sufficient knowledge to predict the time of the new moon, eclipses, and so on, and in this way they were able to impress the public with their powers. Being able to forecast happenings in the heavens, these fakers lost no time in laying claim to occult powers which rendered it possible for them to predict earthly events. They became expert physiognomists and psychologists, employing much the same methods as are now used by mediums, palmists and fortune-tellers.

Predictions That Went Wrong

THE list of exploded predictions dates back to the very beginning of time. Newton said the earth's history would be catastrophic, basing his forecast on his belief that a comet overtook the earth from behind about fifty centuries ago—when the earth was reduced to a glacial condition—and precipitated its whole substance upon her. In 1857 there was a great scare throughout Europe because a learned astronomer had foretold that the comet of 1556 would soon reappear and come into collision with the earth. Nothing of the sort happened. In 1861 the earth passed through the tail of a great comet and no harm whatever resulted. When people to-day hear that a comet is likely to approach near to the earth, instead of hiding in cellars they get out their sun glasses and block traffic while they look the heavenly body over.

The astute Pitt predicted that the end of the papacy was "in sight." Napoleon said that "Europe will be either Cossack or Republican." Disraeli remarked in 1864, "Prussia is a country without any bottom and could not maintain a war for six weeks." In 1760 Rousseau said, "Twenty years hence England will be ruined and furthermore will have lost her liberty." Michel Chevalier predicted that the development of the railway system in Europe would "remove hereditary animosities and firmly cement nation to nation in a lasting peace." One hundred years ago the best seller of the day was a book which predicted the burning and total destruction of Rome in 1847. After this catastrophe the world would enjoy uninterrupted peace and tranquillity for 500 years.

Shortly after the discovery of the Leyden jar the most famous electrician of the day expressed the belief that the subject of electricity would soon be exhausted because of the amazing progress in the art which had been made by scientists up to that time. When Edison's incandescent lamp had its first public exhibition, in December, 1879, the stocks of gas companies dropped precipitately on the various exchanges because it was widely predicted that there would be very little use for gas after electricity

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THE BEAN—By a Former Big Leaguer

RIGHT off the reel you'd think a fellow who had made eighty thousand dollars before he was thirty-two and had been headlined in every paper in the United States was going somewhere, wouldn't you?

You might be right, but don't go and bet on it. I could name you a dozen right now who have had all that—and more—and are scratching pretty deep to get their breakfast money and cigarettes. They are not speculators and they haven't been trimmed in Wall Street, either.

They are ball players and prize fighters. If one wise old fellow hadn't showed me how to put ten thousand dollars in a good railroad stock I'd be right in there scratching with them. As it is, I am scouting around the edge doing the best I can to support a wife and kid. I am making around three thousand dollars a year selling insurance, and I hope to do better; but take it from me, it's some grind.

The other day an old gentleman came up to our house to sell some kind of a book. He was a nice, kind old fellow; but from the way he opened up I could see he was no shark as a book agent. I don't believe he could've sold those books even if he'd had washing machines to give away as premiums. He was as dead as my right arm, and, believe me, that old soup bone of mine hasn't got enough steam left to dent a plate of butter at thirty feet.

The old gent looked to be seventy years old. He was so different from the average gab guy that I tried to feel him out a little. He was a minister, it turned out.

"A superannuated minister," he explained. He could see, though, that I didn't quite get him.

"Oh," he smiled in a nice, kind way, "the church stewards decided that I had lost my punch and wanted a younger man. I was pastor for thirty years. I have a little pension, but I must do something to occupy my mind, and I'm selling these books. I feel just as strong as ever, but they seem to think I've lost my punch, as they say."

"But you don't think so, not for a minute?"

"No, I don't," he admitted. "I'm as sound as a dollar."

"Old-timer," I said, slapping him on the knee, "that's just the way I felt when they gave me the gate." He knew I didn't mean any disrespect.

"Gave you the gate?" He didn't quite understand.

"Yes, sir, tin-canned me. I'm a ball player and a super—I'm all through, same as you. But I've got to hand it to you, you've got something on me."

Departed Glories of Professionals

"SOMETHING on you?" The old fellow couldn't make me at all at first, but I could see he was amused by my queer line of talk.

"Sure! The old punch stuck with you for thirty years, while this old soup bone of mine didn't last on the big circuit but eight. Twenty-two years is some handicap."

He chuckled as I showed him my bare arm.

"But you can't be over thirty-five," he said. "You're just beginning life."

"You said it, doctor. And I'm about the rawest beginner you ever took a look at. My trade is ball playing, and I'm burned out at thirty-four. I'm going to try to sell a fellow an insurance policy to-morrow and it's two to one that some guy who's wise in the business'll beat me to it."

"You mustn't think that way, my boy. Now, listen."

The old gent then gave me such a good, encouraging talk that he forgot everything else. I had to remind him about his book, and bought two—one for my wife and one for myself.

"Well," I said to him as he was leaving, "there's nothing to it. Us old-timers has got to stick together, eh, doctor?"

I patted him on the back, and I'm kidding myself that I made the old fellow feel as good as he made me.

"The only difference between me and that old minister," I thought to myself as he hobbled down the street, "is that I am superannuated, as he calls it, ahead of my time."

And that's the real dope. Professional sport is a great thing to send a fellow loping along through life seeing things, but he's put together too quick and consequently breaks too quick. He's all through when the guys that we used to call saps are just getting started.

I don't mean that all men who take up sport as a profession are that way, and I'm not trying to knock baseball or boxing as a career for a husky young fellow who'd never have a chance any other way. I mention baseball and boxing because the other professional sports in this country where a fellow has a chance to get together a big bank roll don't amount to much, generally speaking.

Some young fellows have a bean on their shoulders to start with, and some haven't. That's all there is to it. If you've got the bean anything that's honest is good for a start. But if you are a little shy between the eyes—like me, for instance—a fellow would be better off starting in with a game that he's going to stick with to the finish.

There are a lot of big men in this country who were big-league ball players. I can't think of any old prize fighters who are cutting any ice in public affairs, but there must be some. I know of two millionaire manufacturers who were in the National League at one time, and there are several congressmen. One of the old Chicago pitchers was governor of Pennsylvania a few years ago.

But there is another side to it. Just, for instance, try to pick out the members of any one of the old championship ball clubs and see if you can remember what has become of them all.

Since starting to write this I have been knocking the dust off a lot of old dope books to dig up some facts. I have found some things that make me feel that I am not quite so bad off as I thought.

I played on a club that won the world's championship within the last fifteen years. I took the names of my old teammates the other night and traced them down one at a time. Only one of them has a big paying job, and he is manager of a ball club. Two others are working as scouts, digging new talent out of the bushes. They each get four thousand dollars a year. Another one is trying to sell steel and another is jumping from stocks and bonds to insurance, not setting the world afire at either. One of them committed suicide. Two have died of tuberculosis. One is a night watchman at a ball park. Another works in the spring and early summer as coach for a college ball club. One is a policeman. Another is working in a garage. Still another has the contract for delivering newspapers on a route in a city out west. One is in the Army and his old roommate is managing a bush-league ball club.

There is not a man in the whole outfit getting as much as ten thousand a year. As near as I can figure it the average is about two thousand. That's a lot different from the old days when we rode around in taxis, lived at the best hotels and knocked off anywhere from four thousand to twelve thousand for six months' work, and our only job was to make the fans get up and howl.

We had another advantage, even if we had made no more salary than we do now. You know there's a lot of difference between being a hero at five thousand a year and working at the same price in competition with what we used to think were saps, and being trimmed at that.

Only last week I was licked by one of those fellows in placing an insurance policy with a prospect that I'd been figuring on for a month. I met this fellow on a train as we were both going out after the business. I referred to the old day coach that we had to ride in as a Sullivan sleeper, and he was such a dub that he didn't even get me. It took me ten minutes to explain to him that rattletrap day coaches got that name among ball players because old Ted Sullivan used to ride his team in them instead of Pullmans in making the jumps from town to town.

I got a lot of laughs out of that fellow with old stuff that would have got the raspberry years ago among baseball folks. He told me right out that I certainly had a comical line of stuff. Still, he sold the policy and I got the air.

Before I started in the insurance business, after having flopped on some other lines, they used to tell me that my name would be worth a fortune to me when my arm went dead on me and I was all through. That's the bunk.

What Counts in Selling

THAT insurance prospect stopped me dead on the first three questions. The little fellow that I thought a sap, dumb as he was when it comes to wise cracking, could take a string of figures and make 'em pop like a new saddle. I'll bet he answered a hundred questions, and not once did he look at the little leather book.

When I told the prospect who I was he kinked up his eyebrow and asked me what I thought of Pittsburgh's chances this year. But he signed his name to the other fellow's application blank. I've learned a right smart since I've been knocking around, and let me tell you something about that advertising thing that name-in-the-paper stuff: It gets you into a lot of places, but it don't go any further if you haven't got something to sell that's better or cheaper than the guy's got who's bucking against you. When it comes to talking a fellow into giving up his money it's his name that counts, not yours.

Big advertising is all right if you are selling the thing that's advertised. Right there is where the catch comes in, and it takes a long time for us to get wise. You see, it was my old arm that got the rep and the big advertising. When it stiffened up on

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If I Take My Wife Out to Dinner I'll Take Her to a Classy Place Even if I Have to Dig Up the Last Nickel in My Jeans

GUN-SHY

By R. G. Kirk

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. SHEPHERD

The Powerful Car Kicked Up a Typhoon of Dust, Roared a Wild Adieu and Was Gone

I'VE never met this skunk," Dan Thorplay told me, handing over the letter he had been rummaging after in his littered desk, "but I've got hopes." So you can lay a bet that the first thing I looked for on that sheet of paper was the signature.

"Yours cordially, M. Arrendale," the communication ended.

I know my share of polecats; but it so happens that none of them is named M. Arrendale; so, since the bottom of that letter gave me no inkling as to the story Dan was about to perpetrate, I started at the top. Here's how it went:

MR. DAN THORPLAY,
Field Trial & Gun Dog Trainer,
Sam Houston Inlet, Texas.

Dear Sir: I'm shipping my setter pup, Red Feather, U.S.K.A. 345726, clear from Ohio down to you. Holden says you're the best dog trainer in America. You'd better be, with the job you've got before you. Break my dog to the gun; quail. He's gun-shy. I tried to straighten him out the past season. Nearly tore his head off with the spikes; but no go. One more week and he'd have been steady to every noise but Gabriel's tooter. But the season closed, so he's still alive—somewhat; and still gun-shy. Keep him till next quail time if you must. If you can't swing it by then I guess it can't be done. But don't shoot him if you fail. Send him back to me. I hanker to do that little job of killing my own way. Send the bills to me once a month.

Yours cordially, M. ARRENDALE.

"Seems like a lovable personality," I remarked, handing the paper back.

Dan Thorplay didn't smile; and that, I knew, though I hadn't finished my first two hours in his company, was the easiest thing he did. And so, not knowing Dan except, as you might say, by U. S. Mail, I got him wrong.

Five years ago, or thereabouts, a letter postmarked Texas, sliding through our door slot, up in Pennsylvania, had started another of those good friendships that are built on dogs. With much curiosity I had ripped the envelope.

I don't know bulldogs. I'm a bird-dog man. But my head is bare to courage. I liked that pit-fight story. The way those two dogs chopped each other up was something sweet and pretty.

Thus one Dan Thorplay, starting a desultory but delightful correspondence, with the result that here, at last, after five years I sat, loafing in Dan's big living room, a couple thousand miles from home—a half-hour guest with a Texas welcome warming me to half-century intimacy. But, as I said, I got Dan wrong first off. How was I to know on such a short acquaintance that a faraway sad expression always comes into Dan Thorplay's boy-blue eyes whenever he is considering the desirability of bopping someone on the snout?

So, when he failed to smile, I resigned myself to tragedy

Whenever some mighty spinner of yarns makes a dog hero die I never forgive him. It's bad enough that real dogs actually must go. But if the story is one of sure enough facts I'm glad to face them. There's consolation enough for me in the truth that by their game and gallant deaths, dogs have done even more to soften human hearts and make the world a better halfway house than they have by their game and gallant lives.

"Shoot us the works," I demanded, bold as a water cracker, but with many misgivings, I'm afraid, in my dog-loving heart. And Dan let go both barrels.

"I failed to look this bird-dog butcher up as I should have—him or his pup," Dan started off—"so I had no warning as to what was coming. Then, a week later, I was sorry. Served me right.

"Andy MacAndrews called me up one day, from the express office at Palacios.

"'Bad news, boss,' said Andy. 'You know that Arrendale pup you sent me in for?'

"'Sure,' I told him. 'Didn't find him dead in his shipping crate, did you?'

"'No such luck!' came Andy's voice, bright as a bucket of casket varnish. 'He's only three-quarters dead. And he's a Gordon!'

"I made a few remarks about the dukes of the honorable old Scotch house of Gordon that had the insulation dripping off the wires all the way to Palacios. And Andy MacAndrews, despite his lineage, checked me on every word.

"'Then I'll ship him back?' MacAndrews ventured hopefully over the wire. But I happened to need the money.

"'No!' I roared back; and hung up on the sulphurous remarks that my helper was making about the very setter in which he should have taken a national pride."

Dan Thorplay scratched a match and pulled the little flame down into his pipe bowl several times.

"A Gordon setter is about the handsomest pup that grows," my host went on after the air about his head was properly beclouded. "The handsomest of the bird dogs, anyhow, beyond the slightest shadow of a doubt. Great, big, upstanding fellows with the bone of a colt and the furnishings of a Dane, and a face full of teeth to make a cougar shiver his whiskers loose. Coat black, black, black! No use to say 'as black as,' for you stop at the second 'as,' and there you are! The only comparison you can make regarding that fellow's color is the other way about. 'Black as a Gordon's coat'—say that, and you're telling the folks about something as far away from white as you can get.

"And lustrous! They try to tell me that white reflects the light, and that black absorbs it. But the fellow that said that never owned a Gordon setter. The light comes rushing to you off of that Scotchman's silky jacket in waves and gleams and glints and sparkles and flames. Even his gorgeously red Irish cousin cannot match his coat. And the handsomest of English setters is dull and drab of raiment in comparison. And to set off the unbelievably dense jet of him, there outcrops here and there rich golden color through the blazing blackness spots and streaks of sharply outlined mahogany-tan that adorn his eyes and cheeks and throat and ears and the feather of his legs with the richest of contrasting-color splashes. For looks he's a setter dog if ever there was a setter dog. But I wouldn't have one for a gift," snapped Thorplay, bringing his panegyric to a sudden and unexpected close.

"I'm the world's champion listener," I said, and waited.

"No class," Thorplay explained. "No class at all. And a mind of his own; Scotch. Too big. Too slow. Wrong color against the deep shadows and russet-browns of autumn. Not wide enough. Potters about. No speed or range. A fat man's dog. Finds birds, but not with snap and ginger; and when he does, never knocks you stiff with the sheer kick in his points. Strong-headed; self-willed; hard to train; and after you have trained him, what? No class. And to cap it all, there isn't a bird-dog trainer in America, bar one thick-skulled exception, who doesn't believe implicitly that the tan on a Gordon's back legs runs right on up till it hits his backbone, and follows that, getting wider and yellower every inch of the way till it strikes the base of his skull."

Dan retarded his spark. A cool breeze came drifting off the Gulf waters and tiptoed about the room. I wriggled deeper into the wolfhides. From somewhere in the back part of the house there came to my ears a soul-satisfying sound—the subdued clatter as of dishes and cups and saucers jogging elbows sociably. A cotton-thatched old darky scraping into the room threw a lighted match into the dried grass that made a carpet under the fireplace logs.

I could see that this was going to be a perfectly detestable evening.

"Gimme a match," said Dan.

I givvim.

"'Barring one thick-skulled exception,'" I prompted my host complacently.

"That's me!" Dan stated, puffing a time or two. Then suddenly he blew up.

"Gun-shy!" he roared. The sudden explosion shot through the barrel of the old muzzle-loader Dan was pulling at. "Gun-shy!" And the sparks and ashes flew.

"That dog was gun-shy, whip-shy, man-shy, horse-shy, bird-shy, fur-shy, collar-shy, cord-shy, water-shy, wind-shy and rain-shy. The only thing in the wide, wide world he wouldn't scare at was his feed pan. Poor little pup! I took one look at him cramped up there in the cruel half-size crate in which he had traveled all these miserable miles, and from that

Nothing This Side the Bottomless Pit Is Quite as Black as the Magnificent Dog That Trotted Over to Thorplay

second on my knuckles have itched every time the name of Arrendale comes into my mind. Cringing and thin, bloodshot of eye and bloody of neck, twitching with partial paralysis from the spiked collar that in some murderer's hands had made a fly-blown mess of his one-time lovely throat, burs from the hunting season still in his coat, pads of his feet swollen to double size from the sand spurs that had never been removed and which Nature was trying to flush by suppuration from between his toes; broken and whimpering and sick and scared, he looked to me as though a merciful load of buckshot was the training he needed most. I thought I'd have to lift him out of his crate, he looked so weak and spiritless. I opened the door and called him. And he came creeping forth on his belly; a sight to sicken your heart at the thought that you belonged to a race of creatures including a member who could do such a thing to a setter dog. I stooped to pat him. I had left off work on a wonderful pointer pup that I had been teaching to retrieve; and the tools of the job were still about me; and when I bent over to give the little stranger a reassuring rub the force collar fell out of my pocket and dropped on the ground in front of the late arrival. Whereupon, before I could move a hand to grab him, he became at once the late departed. One moment he was a pitiable slat-ribbed critter who apparently had not the strength to lift him to his feet. The next he was a fast-disappearing speck on the horizon's edge. He took one lightning glance at that spiked collar, and headed for New Mexico.

"Andy MacAndrews swung a long leg over the old cayuse whose principal calling in life is to run down bolting dogs. Many's the pup that has tried to match his wind and heels against that old mouse-gnawed roan—to return in an hour or two a sadder and wiser dog. But the moon was high that night before the Gordon dog came in, riding, if you please, across Andy's thighs.

"'I drags him for half a mile,' says Andy. 'And then it filters through my thick skull that nothin's goin' to train this pup but lovin'. He's been through hell. I aim to meet the Piute that done this little thing.'

"And he put the bony fellow across my forearms.

"'And, hoss,' says Andy, as he stood rubbing the old bronc's nose, 'we rambled. With the name I got'—and he turned to me—'I've always been a-lookin', secret-like, for some good points in the Scottish setter. To-day I get results. Right this minute, boss, you got on your arms the widest-going bird hunter that ever came to Sam Houston Inlet. If that Gordon dog hadn't run into the north arm of the bay his first cast would have landed him in Santa Fé by sunrise.'

"For a month we attempted nothing. Just fed and doctored and petted him. Then started his yard training. This proved easy. The dog had brains, and he'd been through this before. But I went all over it again, but without the use of any of my tools. Collar and cord and whip into the discard; for not the slightest punishment could be used. It was a job; but we made the grade, and he came to know that training here was not synonymous with physical torture. And at last we got to the place where he obeyed his commands without cringing. Here was victory. For a long while he would try to bolt at sight of a collar, and failing to get away would turn all four up, like a dead horse, and tremble pitifully. But at last through endless patience and kindness we overcame even that, and arrived at the point where we could force him a bit; and having built his spirit up to the point where he could stand a little discipline we shook hands all around.

"We had come to the stage where it was up to us to try him out with the gun; and I dreaded it. Of all dog problems, gun-shyness is the thing most difficult of solution, the thing that takes the greatest forbearance and self-control and insight to the very soul of the dog. But at last I showed him a gun.

"We had him tied, of course, and had carefully closed all the gates to the yard; for to have him bolt and make a get-away then would be fatal. Good feeding and kind treatment had filled him out. He was right then the biggest setter I'd ever seen. And the strongest. And not done growing. I turned my back to him, and carelessly, as though the matter was devoid of interest to him, and none of his business whatever, I took a gun from behind his kennel and started across the yard with it, away from him. He saw it. His chain was strong and his collar stout, but the frantic leap he made jerked loose the heavy staple that fastened the end of his chain to the kennel. He made one lightning crazy dash for the training-yard fence. It's ten feet high. Yet he hooked his forefeet over the top strand of cattle wire and struggled over. And his dragging leash flipped round one of the strands of the fence, and held. And so he hung, choking and jerking and wild. I took him down, strangled and palsied with gun fear and force-collar fear, his returning confidence utterly destroyed. Three months' work gone to the devil. Gun-shy, collar-shy, trainer-shy. Except for physical condition he was the same dog that had streaked it across the prairie for Santa Fé a dozen weeks before.

"Well, we started in again. I never saw the dog I couldn't train. This time it took me half a year to get back to where we had been when I showed him the gun. And then I got a letter from up Ohio way, reminding me that the quail season was close at hand. But before I answered it I telegraphed Doc Holden. 'Who's Arrendale?' I wired. His answer came back at once: 'Litter brother to Bill Sikes. Letter follows.'

"Doc knows that one of my failings is Dickens, so I didn't need his letter; but I delayed writing to Ohio, anyhow, until it came; and when it did I read things in it that largely influenced my reply to Arrendale. I wrote him:

"*Dear Sir:* Inclosed you'll find two checks. The one is for ten months' training charges herewith returned to you. I've fallen down. Whoever failed to break your dog of gun-shyness before he came down here, fixed him so that nobody else can fix him.

"The other check is open. Fill in the figures that seem fair to you and let me keep the dog. As far as being a bird dog is concerned, licking the pot is as far as he'll ever get. But a violent love affair has sprung up between your dog and my two-year-old kid; so we can't bear to have him sent back to be killed. Won't you please oblige us? Yours truly.

"I mailed the letter and then scurried into town and drew out all but four hundred dollars from my checking account and waited. Four hundred dollars is ten times what he paid for the pup. I looked that up. And twice the value of the best Gordon setter that ever pottered over a foot scent. But I was damned if I was going to send that setter back to Ohio.

"A few days later I very anxiously opened a letter from up north. You couldn't guess what was in it. Church, not in a hundred years. My check filled in to the tune of twenty-five hundred smackers—and a letter, which I read as soon as consciousness returned. It went something like this:

"I have my doubts if a dog-trainer's bank account can stand a drag like this; but if it can, mail the check back to the bank mentioned below. It's indorsed for deposit. When the check's returned the setter is yours. The dog's not worth ten cents to me as a dog. But I happen to be wealthy and can afford to pay a high price for my amusements. If he's got you licked I guess I couldn't break him either; but I figure I'd get just twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of fun doing it—or else. Doubting that you can afford as much for your offspring's pleasure as I can for my own, I am "Yours very cordially,

"M. ARRENDALE."

Dan Thorplay stopped his narrative long enough to pull a little gutta-percha whistle out of his pocket and give it a prolonged low blast.

"Now what would you have done in a case like that?" he asked me.

I shook my head. "You've got me stopped," I answered. "What did you do?"

And as though in reply there came a clicking on the porch floor and in through an open window leaped as beautiful a thing as it has ever been my lot to see.

A setter dog as black as and there, as Dan had warned, you are. A lot of sense there'd be in using some weak-kneed comparative to describe that which was superlative, absolutely. Nothing this side the bottomless pit, I am convinced, is quite as black as the magnificent dog that trotted over to Thorplay and looked inquiringly up into his face.

"Where's your manners?" said the man to the dog in mock severity;

(Continued on Page 109)

"Before I Realized That I Had Missed, the Girl Beside Me Sprang Like Some Tigress Mother for the Space Between the Baby and the Snake"

THE TOKEN

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

WHAT Epes Calef principally thought, walking sharply away from his discharged responsibility at the Custom House, through the blustery light of late afternoon, was that he was glad that was finally done with. It was, he assured himself again, with articulating lips. The next time he went to sea, to the East, to Patagonia and Canton and the Falklands, or lay in the Macao Roads with the Brahminy kites perched high on the rigging, he would be first mate, perhaps even master, of the Triton, and no longer a mere supercargo. No words could adequately express how much he hated that position of barterer. Very privately—in view of his father's special characteristic—he hadn't considered it at all a necessary part of his training for the commanding of Calef ships; others of his acquaintance, making like him toward such a superlative destiny, had worked their way progressively aft with no pause over kegs of Spanish dollars and the ridiculous merchants of Co-Hongs and countinghouses. They had always, from the first, been seamen, while he —— But he need bother no longer, his seemingly endless wearisome apprenticeship, the tiresome dickering, was over; and in the coming spring, before the lilacs had bloomed in Salem, he would personally, individually, order the last fast holding the Triton to earth cast off.

He swore a little, in a manner at once of the sea and of vainglorious youth. Epes Calef was not yet twenty, and his breath congealed in a sparkling mist. He was, he reminded himself with a lifting pleasure, home; the Triton had docked at noon, but he had been so busy with the infernal accounts and manifest, the wharfinger and harbor master, that he had hardly dwelt upon his safe and happy return. Neither, he suddenly realized, had he yet seen any member of his family; even Snelling Pingre, their head clerk, had been able only to wave briefly from a distance. His, Epes', father was more often than not at Derby Wharf on the return of one of his ships; either Ira Calef, or Bartlett, the elder son. Now Bartlett, his thoughts ran on, had always been splendidly suited to his appointed activity—an application to the purely financial side of the Calefs' wide trading voyages.

With Bartlett in Salem gradually taking the place of their father, and Epes a master on the sea, the fortunes and prestige of the family would increase in the next generation and the next. But this reflection, or rather its implication, suddenly changed the substance of his thoughts. They settled on Annice Balavan—with an unaccountable, an unreasonable sensation of amazement. Epes recognized that he was about to marry her. He had made this a possibility, no, inevitable, just before he had left on this last voyage. He was in for it, he told himself, in a phrase not wholly gracious, since he had given her the Calef token.

It was remarkable about that—it was an obang, really; a thin gold coin of the East, almost as broad as his palm and stamped with angular signs—because there could be no doubt that when a Calef gave it to a woman, no matter who she was or what the circumstances, he married her. It had come to Salem in the reticule of a ridiculous Dutch girl to whom the obang had been given in the hotel of the Dutch East India Company at Batavia by the first adventurous Calef. And after that its tradition, its power, had fast animated it. Epes' attitude toward this, and to Annice Balavan, was consequently fatalistic. Now, after nearly two years on the islands and continents and wide waters of the world, he didn't see how he had come to give the token to Annice. He had, all at once, no great desire for marriage, except to the Triton; but with a youthfully philosophical sigh he accepted the impending consequences of his gift as inevitable to life.

There was some consolation in the reflection that Annice was, it was practically admitted, the prettiest girl in Salem, and there was a permissible question if there were any better looking in Boston. Her considerable part of the Balavan money, too, would be a material assistance to the not inconsiderable Calef funds and ambitions. It was, after all, Epes decided, a very sensible and advantageous arrangement; the more so because he knew beforehand that Annice would not insist on going to sea with him; everyone, in fact, connected with a ship hated a woman, the master's wife, on board. She didn't like the sea, and made no secret of her feeling; the air from it, drawing in through Salem Harbor, took the crispness out of her muslins and made her hair, she declared, look like stringa. But that was nonsense; her ashen-gold hair, even in its net, had the softest and most delicate beauty imaginable. Very different it was from Sumatra's; but then, everything about Sumatra, the younger sister, was unlike Annice; particularly the former's exaggerated—Epes called it that—passion for ships and the sea. She carried this to a most unbecoming extent; positively her questions were a nuisance.

He passed the Essex House on the right, and then the Marine Store. The light faded rapidly and it was growing noticeably colder, frigid and still; the sky was a clear pale yellow that flickered in the patches of metallic ice along the gutters, and footfalls, voices, carried surprisingly. Unaccustomed, for a comparatively long period, to winter, he was at once aware of its sting and yet found a gratification, without specially heavy clothes, in disregarding it. He had been hardened to both danger and exposure, and he accepted them with a sense of challenge and victory. How little Salem, the land, compared with the shifting sea, changed; here there was no making or taking in of sail; it didn't matter what happened in the way of weather, the houses, the stone-laid streets, even common ly the trees, were always placidly, monotonously the same. The life in them, as well, went always over the old charted and recharted courses, every morning resembled every other morning, each night all the others. Why, take this latter voyage, twenty-five days from Bombay to Liverpool ——

He had reached Summer Street, and turned again, past Mechanics Hall; soon he would be on Chestnut, and then wholly home. Where, he wondered, after he was married to Annice, would he live? Maybe on Bath Street, overlooking Washington Square, or close to the Ammidons. Annice, he thought, would rather prefer that; there was at last a movement away from Chestnut Street toward the square. It made no difference to him; his home primarily—yes, his heart—would be on the quarter-deck of his ship. His wife might arrange all the details on shore. She would do it very well, too; Annice, in addition to her beauty, was capable; she had a direct, positive mind.

He would get the preliminaries of that business over with as soon as possible, and then, late in April, or in May Where, he speculated already, would he set sail for? There were so many alternatives, so many diverse cargoes to load and progressively discharge. Abruptly he was swinging in between the hand-wrought iron fencing across the Calef dwelling. It was an imposing square house of brick with a square-looking classic portico, a tall elaborate Palladian window above, and four great chimneys at the corners of the white-railed captain's walk that crowned the flattened roof. Epes found the front door unsecured, and entered, calling in a voice that echoed in the bare, dignified hall.

Instantly, from the floor above, his mother replied, but in a voice strangely, almost unrecognizably emotional, and he heard her equally disturbed and hurried approach. The darkly paneled and carved stairway, bending above his head at the tall window over the portico, hid her until she had almost reached him; and then with an involuntary painful contraction of his heart he saw that she was in deep mourning, and that her face was heavy, sodden with tears. Before he could question her, her arms were about his shoulders and she was sobbing again.

"Epes, Epes, I was afraid you weren't coming back either."

"What is it?" he stammered. "Is father ——"

She drew slightly away from him, gazing with streaming eyes into his questioning face. "Why, haven't you —— But that is incredible!" She was close to him again. "Bartlett is dead. It—it happened in New York, from a torn finger and blood poisoning. In two days, Epes; we hardly got there, saw him. Your father had to go to Boston, and is just back; but he'll see you almost at once, in the music room, he said."

How like his father that insistent formality was, Epes thought; nothing, it seemed, was to shake the dignity, the

"I Must be a Sampan. Square Bowed, and Only Fit for Riccrs. But Even That is Better Than a Desk," She Reminded Him

aloofness of Ira Calef. His manner positively carried with it a chill as palpable as that now in the streets. He was, of course, both to the world at large and to his family, the perfect shape of integrity; but that, with his rigidly correct deportment, appeared to be his only conception of what was owing, through him, to exterior circumstance and people. All people—Clia, his wife, his two sons—had been exterior to Ira Calef; it was always evident that he viewed, weighed every possible development of living solely in the light of his own unalterable convictions and wishes. They were, it was true, always carefully studied, logical; nor were his decisions quickly formed, in any heat, generous or bitter; it was the inflexible manner, the finality and detachment of their announcement which made them appear so unbearably arbitrary.

The music room, like the stair well, was entirely paneled, walls and ceiling, in dark wood, and the mahogany in it, the waxed floor, even the windows with their multiplicity of small panes, held in replica the withdrawn, almost morose effect given by Ira Calef himself. He came presently, in a gait neither slow nor fast, into the music room, where, without his mother, Epes was waiting. The other's show of welcome was, for him, unusual; he held Epes' hand for more than the strictly necessary moment, and at once indicated a chair and the fact that Epes might sit. He was a big man, past sixty, handsomely proportioned, with a handsome face evenly pallid except for the discolorations hanging under eyes themselves almost without a perceptible shading. They were, of course, gray, yet they were so pale that but for their domineering focus they rather resembled clear water slightly crystallized with ice. He made an adequate but brief reference to Bartlett's death, dwelling for a little on the collapse of the boy's mother; and then leaning back and deliberately, for the time, shifting the conversation, asked Epes Calef for a detailed account of what on his voyage as supercargo he had accomplished.

This Epes, to his considerable relief of mind, was able to explain satisfactorily. The master of the Triton, Whalen Dove, had come on board the ship at Gravesend, twenty miles down river from London, and after they had been wind-bound for two weeks at Ramsgate they had proceeded to Madeira for wine, put into Colombo after twenty days, and had gone on almost immediately to the Coromandel Coast, Pondicherry and Madras, where the cargo had been disposed of through Lyss, Saturi & Demonte. Yes, the ship had come home by way of Rotterdam. Lost Teneriffe above the clouds five degrees west. They had made seventeen knots with the main skysail set, when a British ship was under double-reefed topsails. But in a three-quarters gale, west southwest, they carried away a mizzen topsail and the foresail burst.

Ira Calef listened to this in an admirable silence that at the same time conveyed the impression that he was exercising an unnecessary amount of patience in the waiting for details of more importance. Epes quickly recalled himself from his enthusiasm in the mere fact of seamanship. There were close to two hundred cases of indigo in the Triton's hold—186, to be precise; about a million pounds of Madras sugar; 460 pieces of redwood; 709 bags of ginger; 830 bags of pepper; twenty-two chests of tea —— The duty, the elder decided, would be over twenty thousand dollars

"You didn't like this," he said unexpectedly to his son.

Epes met his cold gaze fairly. "No, sir," he replied.

"Always the taste for mere ships."

To this there was no permissible answer.

"I am sorry for that," the other proceeded, "for, now that Bartlett is dead, it will be needful for you to give up the sea as a career; I shall require you to stay in Salem. There are plenty of good, even faithful masters of ships; but after me you are the only remaining Calef; and it won't do for you to be knocking around the windy reaches of the globe." He stopped, entirely inattentive of Epes' strained lips, his half-lifted hand.

A choking emotion, partly made up of incredulity and in part a burning resentment, fast-rising rebellion, filled Epes Calef. This—this wasn't right, it wasn't fair, it wasn't possible. They couldn't take and, for all his past life, fix his every ambition and hope and standard on the sea, and then in a sentence or two destroy him, ruin everything he was and might be; for what his father had just said amounted to no less. It was inhuman. It couldn't be! Evidently Ira Calef expected him to speak, to acquiesce, for his regular eyebrows mounted ever so slightly. But the thing, the only safety, for Epes now was to remain silent.

"I am not even, completely, certain of Salem," the elder went on in his level voice, after what had almost become an unbearable pause. "I personally shall never live anywhere else; but it may be necessary for you to move into Boston—for a number of years anyhow. I am getting more and more absorbed in marine insurance; and the opportunities for the study of that are moving away from us here. I have spoken to Annice about all this, and since she is a sensible girl with no fancy for a husband eternally below the horizon she is delighted."

"I see," Epes said uncertainly.

Annice Balavan would be delighted with all that his father had just said, especially with the Boston part, the larger society there. She was a natural part of this new, incredibly horrible plan; instantly he identified her with it, saw her moving radiant and content over its monotonous bricks and floors and earth. Something within him, automatic, brought him to his feet. The other glanced up, once.

"You are, of course, upset by the suddenness of the news of your brother's death," he conceded. "If you like you may go to your room with no further discussion at present. There isn't a great deal left to be said—more movements than words. The most advantageous arrangements will be made for Annice and you; her mother has already promised to furnish a Boston house for her in the new style. I am pleased with the manner in which you appear to have accomplished your duties on the Triton."

In his room a fire of coals was burning in the grate, with a faintly audible splitting and small rushes of gaseous flame. It cast a perceptible ruddiness on the immediate oak flooring, while the rest of the room was rapidly dimming; the windows, beyond which the familiar limbs of the elms on the street were sharp and black, showed only rectangles of cold gray; the yellow light had faded from the sky. Epes stood irresolutely, with his gaze lowered, his brow drawn with lines. He could just see his blue sea chest, sent up from the ship earlier in the afternoon; and the brass disks of a nocturnal, his chiefest treasure, hung, he knew, above the chest on the wall. That old instrument of navigation, for finding at night, through the North Star, the hour, seemed to challenge and mock his wretchedness and impotence. That latter word most perfectly held the essence of his tragic situation.

He could do nothing!

Epes slipped into a chair and attempted to combat this. A daring resolution hovered about him, reckless, and yet, he told himself fiercely, entirely justified; he might run

Sumatra Settled Against Him Limply; and Holding Her Up, Dragging Her With Him Past Threatening Faces Wavering in the Dark, He Succeeded in Getting Her Around a Corner

away to sea; the sea, the service, he loved. He could ship any day, from any port, as third, probably second mate, and after a single voyage become first officer. That was the reasonable thing to do. He understood that an appeal to his father was worse than useless; the opening of any protest, a difference of opinion, determination, would close Ira Calef to both sympathy and attention. He would be simply, remotely unbending—the eyebrows would climb, his mouth harden, a cutting phrase end the conversation. His father, Epes had realized, was different from the other pleasant fathers he knew; he had always been, well—inhuman. That term in such a connection was new, presumptuous, but Epes in his present mood defiantly allowed it. However, not until now had he acutely suffered from the elder Calef's disposition. Outside he had heard the words "an India liver" applied to his father; yet even Salem was cautious, deferential in its attitude there; Epes could never remember an occasion when his father had been balked in a decision, or even seriously contradicted.

He felt actually as though he hated that frozen parental figure; and he almost blamed Bartlett for dying. That recalled the fact that his brother was dead, that his emotion was neither appropriate nor decent; but the threatened, overpowering wrong to him persisted in dominating every other response. Yes, Epes repeated, he would run away; that—very successfully—had been done before. He'd leave everything, go with only the clothes in which he stood; leaving, out of the sum due him from the Triton, payment for them. That act, he recognized, must take him forever from his family, from, as long as Ira Calef lived, his home, Salem. The other would never relent. He thought for a moment of his mother's helpless position; never had he heard her raise her voice, oppose in any particular her husband. He was not, it was true, unkind or discourteous to her, he merely ignored the possibility of her having a single independent desire, a fraction of personality or will. And during Epes' life she had shown no indication that he was wrong. What, Epes now wondered, was the actuality beneath her calm demeanor; maybe she hated, detested Ira Calef. This amazing speculation redirected his thoughts to Annice Balavan.

Or rather, it drew his mind back to the token, the gage of the Calef men. Its reputed, its proved force exerted a species of numbing magic on him; his superstitious regard for it held his imagination as though in chains. Epes had given the obang to Annice, and therefore he was going to marry her; there was no escape from the girl who possessed it. This instinct was so strong that it struck at all his vague planning—Annice, if he knew her, would never consent to marry a runaway sailor, third mate or first or master. No matter what he might project, an unforeseen circumstance, accident, would betray him and marry him to Annice Balavan.

He tried to throw this conviction off, to laugh it away for nonsense; he derided himself unsparingly; rising, he told himself that he would tramp down through the house and out at once; but instead he sank back into his chair. Yet it might be that he could get away, come back successful, rich, in a very few years—one good voyage would secure that—and find Annice waiting for him. This seemed to him an inspiration, and a hard, active spirit welled up within him. After no more than one voyage to China. But again a disability, as gray as the dusk without, flooded him; he couldn't, when the moment came, walk away in that manner from responsibility. No matter what his father was like, he was incontrovertibly his father; already Epes Calef saw his world as the deck of a ship, and the high order, the discipline of that plane was the base of his being. There was, of course, injustice on the sea; tyrannical captains; but the injustice and tyranny could not be met with mutiny. For example, if as a subordinate he were directed to take his ship onto rocks that he could clearly see, what was there for him to do but that? How could he question or penetrate the superior, the totally responsible position?

There had been cases when a master, obviously insane or incapacitated, had been restrained, held in his cabin against the next port inquiry, by his principal officers; but even at the height of his desire Epes couldn't call his father insane. Still seeing his fate as a part of the obsessing sea he told himself that figuratively he had been set ashore on a sterile and deserted beach while his ship, having swung about with her sails filling gloriously, left him for the rush of free water. Accustomed to the open, to hour after hour, day after day, month on month, on deck, he felt all at once that he couldn't breathe in his closed room the confined heat of the coals. Epes, for a little, suffered acutely, in a constriction of nerves. His whole life was to be like this!

A knock sounded at the door, and a servant entered with fresh candles, which he proceeded to fix on the dressing stand, the overmantel, and light. The illumination, at first uncertain, wan, gained in steady brightness. It was time to dress for dinner. There had been no opportunity for him to procure mourning, but he put on his darkest, most formal clothes, and tied a severe black neckcloth.

The candelabra on the dining table showed his mother's place to be empty—she was not yet able to manage the casual—and the chair that had been Bartlett's was pushed against the wall. Ira Calef, seen to extreme advantage at the ceremony of dinner, hardly spoke; he was intent upon his codfish, with a green sauce; and he tasted critically the brown sherry before him in a large goblet of fragile glass flecked with gold. With this, it developed, he was dissatisfied; the wine had, he said curtly, withered; sherry, upon opening, could not withstand delay. He sent out the entire decanter with the order to replace it with another bottling—the Tio Pepe of the Saragon. He listed his cellar by the names of the vessels in which the various importations had been made. During this process he maintained an inflexible silence colored with his familiar suggestion of a restraint that no immoderate cause could break. To Epes the sherry, when it arrived, had no more warmth or flavor than was probable in the celebrated muddiness of the Hugli River.

Selecting a cheroot blindly from the box held at his elbow, and lighting it at the tendered spill, he retired mentally in the thin veil of smoke that rose across his face.

"You will, of course, stop in at the Balavans' this evening," his father said presently. Everything he uttered, Epes thought, took subconsciously the form of a direction. Still, he must, he supposed, see Annice, if only for the announcement of his return.

The Balavans lived on the north edge of town, their terraced lawn descended to navigable water—to the anchorage, in fact, of the now vanished Balavan merchant fleet, and a deserted warehouse. And, shown through the hall to a drawing-room against the dark, bare garden, Epes found not Annice, as he had expected, but Sumatra. She was glad to see him. She was an indifferent girl, and this was specially noticeable; but he returned, inwardly and visibly, little if any of her pleasure.

"Tell me every shift of the wheel," she demanded, facing him from the long stool of the spinet. "Be a human log."

"I thought Annice was here," he replied.

"She will be soon enough. Did the Triton do anything really stirring, outsail seven ships or part both chains in Table Bay? I hope you came into Derby Wharf with the sheer poles coach-whipped and cross-pointed Turks'-heads with double-rose props."

"I assure you, Sumatra," he told her stiffly, "that I haven't any idea of what you are talking about. And, what is more, I don't think you have." With this he half turned from her.

He could still see her, though, a thickly set girl—was she sixteen yet?—with a rosy, impertinent face and hair loosely confined in a ribbon. Her name had been given her from the fact that a Balavan, a master of ships, had in the eighteenth century discovered pepper growing wild on the coast of Sumatra. But there was now, Epes told himself, a far better reason—heaven knew she was peppery. Rather a detestable child.

Far from being disconcerted by the brevity of his retort she replied that she had heard it didn't matter what he understood or didn't understand about the sea—"Now that you are to be a clerk."

After the stress, the difficulty of his homecoming, and from Sumatra, this was positively too much; and all the bitterness banked up by his father's unassailable situation fell upon her.

"All your life," he asserted, "you have been a joke, with your language like a crazy ship chandler. You have never been in the least feminine or attractive, and you never can be, not by the width of a finger nail. Part of it—being built like a sampan—you can't help; but that won't help you, will it? But you might, at least, get a vocabulary that ought to suit you better. All I say is, you'll notice, that it ought to. What suits you I shouldn't try to guess. That's mostly what I think about you; but on this other subject, where my private affairs, perhaps sorrows, are concerned, shut up."

This ill-tempered, rasped conclusion came so abruptly that it surprised even him. He glanced at her a shade regretfully, and saw with a feeling of satisfaction that once, anyhow, he had impressed, silenced her. Her head was bent, her face obscured by her forward-swung hair; her slippers were very rigidly together.

"I suppose you are right," she admitted after a long breath. "Probably you won't believe it, but I have never thought much about myself or how I affected people. Yes, a lot of them—and you, too—must think I am a joke. So few care for anything as I do for the sea. It used to seem to me that perhaps you did; I was wrong though."

"Didn't I tell you to let me alone?" he cried, again furious. "How do you know what I care for? What do you mean by daring to judge me, you—you — —"

"Aren't you leaving the sea for your father's counting-house?" Sumatra calmly demanded of him.

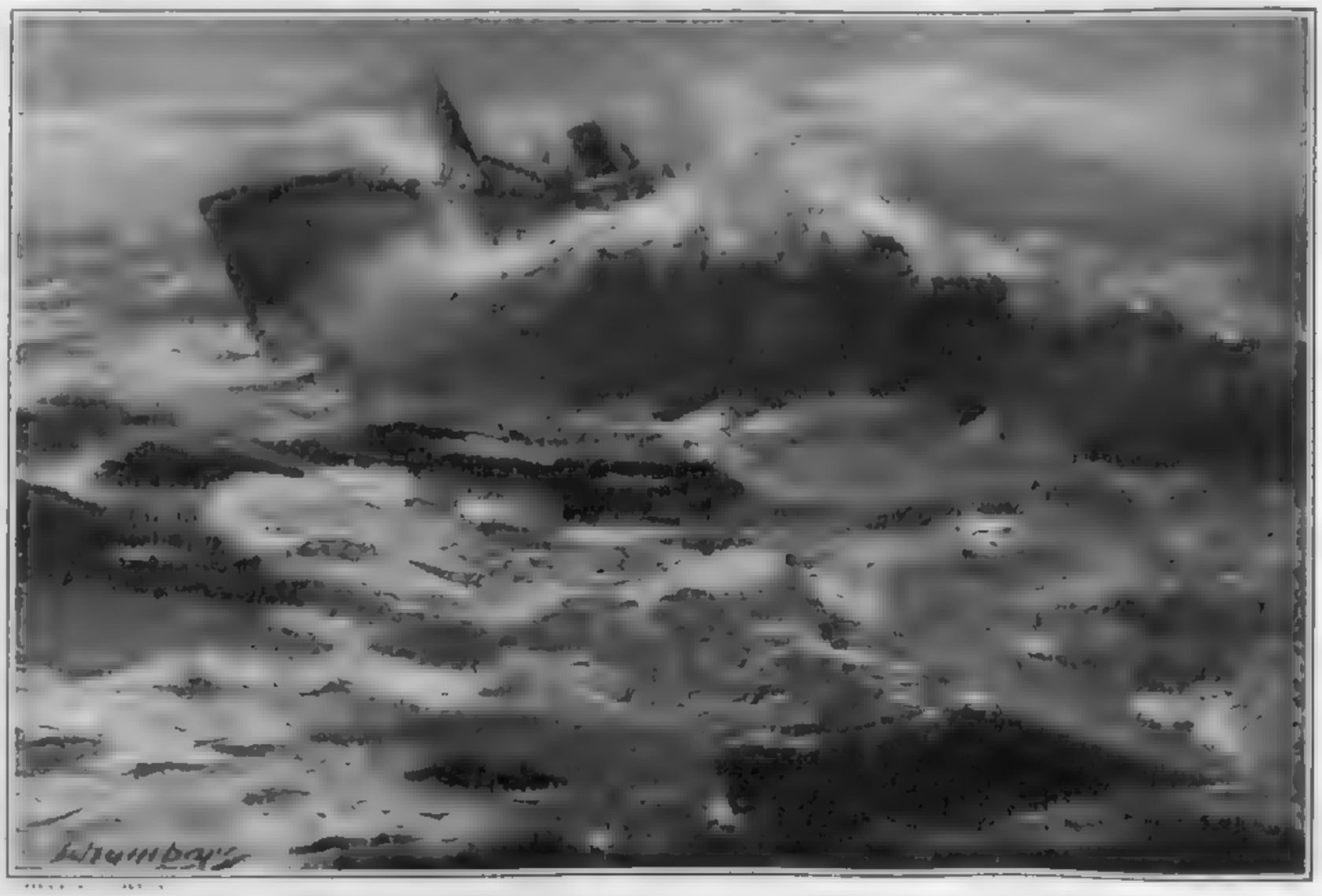
"If I am it's because my duty is there," he replied miserably.

"You are the hell of a sailor," she commented.

Ever since she could walk Sumatra had, on occasion, sworn; at times it had amused Epes Calef, but now it only added to his dislike, his condemnation of her. She should not, he told her severely, have been encouraged to continue it. Her answer was the expressed reflection that he might do better on shore; his delicacy was much too great for salt water.

"Do you honestly hate me?" she asked unaccountably. "I mean, when you are not in a rage."

"No, I don't hate you, in a rage or out of it," he said



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WINNIE AND THE RAJAH

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

LITTLE Miss Winnie O'Wynn was engaged upon her studies, curled up all cozy upon a big cushiony couch in the pet sitting room of her friend Lady Fasterton. The girl's head was bent diligently over a massive volume dealing with India, and on the floor beside her, within easy reach of her hand, were piled several other similarly hefty volumes. Not far away Lady Fasterton was rather sanguinely endeavoring to cure a slight modern headache with an even slighter modern novel. Winnie was devoting special attention to that part of the tome which dealt particularly with the state of Kragpore and the rajah thereof, and she communed softly with herself as she read.

"He is entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns I wonder why," she said, "and Kragpore pays no tribute to the government of India, which I think is a great pity. Why, the rajah's revenues are half a million pounds a year! Kragpore, like many other states, is governed by its prince—that means the rajah, I suppose—ministers and council; and these governors are advised by a political officer, or British resident, of the Supreme Council, which is very nice for them, I think."

She noted that gold was found in parts of Kragpore, and that it contained much jungle in which wild animals abounded. Here she nodded wisely, put away that volume and selected another, less dry and geographical. From this, a gossipy record set down by the wife of an Indian forestry officer, she learned that several of the rajah's weddings had been noteworthy for their brilliance, and particularly for the wonderful display of jewels taken from the private family treasury of the rajah for the occasion.

Having next studied briefly a volume devoted to missionary work in the zenanas, she broke off to ring the bell. There appeared in answer to her summons none other than Mr. Barlow, the butler, who markedly favored Winnie whenever possible. It was not customary at the Fasterton residences for Barlow to respond to rings from the ladies' nests during a lazy afternoon, but Winnie accepted the service in the spirit in which Mr. Barlow rendered it.

"Oh, please, Barlow, do you know if there are any books in the library dealing with polygamy?" she inquired.

Barlow checked a gasp, and May Fasterton looked up, suddenly interested.

"I think not, thank you, madame," said Barlow; then pulled himself together. "But there is a work entitled Burke on Bigamy." He coughed. "A volume of legal advice, I understand. Shall I bring Burke, madame?"

"Oh, Burke—he's impossibly dull, Winnie dear," said Lady Fasterton, who had evidently explored Burke.

Barlow, ever ready to oblige, tried again.

"There is, in His Lordship's study bookcase, a copy of a work entitled The Oriental View of Marriage. If I may venture to suggest it, this work may possibly deal with the polygam—er"—he faltered—"er—polygamatical aspect."

But Winnie shook her lovely head. She did not purpose to rush in where Lord Fasterton had not feared to tread.

"No, thank you, Barlow. It doesn't matter in the least."

"Thank you, madame."

Barlow departed, and the ladies laughed gayly.

"Why bother, Winnie? The rajah is dining here tonight. I will ask him anything you want to know, if you don't care to ask him yourself. But why this sudden interest in Indian marriage? Oh, I see! Has he ——"

Winnie nodded.

"He asked me to marry him yesterday," said she demurely.

"But, of course, that's quite hopeless," cried May, who knew perfectly that he only unit of the total male population of the round world in whom her little friend was interested was Capt. Cecil Fairbairn, of March Lodge, eighty miles away on Salisbury Plain.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Trask, We Shall Not Have the Happiness of Seeing You in India Again," He Said

"Yes, isn't it?" agreed Winnie. "I told him so. But he was so persistent. He did not seem to be able to understand 'no.' I expect rajahs with half a million a year aren't quite used to having people say no to them."

"But you made it quite clear to him that you meant it, didn't you, child?"

Winnie's blue eyes grew thoughtful.

"I—I tried very hard. But he pressed me so much that I agreed to reconsider it."

Lady Fasterton sat up.

"And you've reconsidered it and the answer is still no, of course?" she said.

Winnie smiled.

"I am reconsidering now, dearest May, and I am quite sure that the answer will be no. I think it is only just out of curiosity that I am reading all these great books. He has five hundred thousand pounds a year, May, and a salute of twenty-one guns, and a British political officer to advise him how to govern his people."

Lady Fasterton nodded.

"I know, child. I happen to know particularly well. The British resident at Kragpore is Colonel Murreys, and he is a cousin of Fasterton's, and he used to be an admirer of mine. He told me once that the rajah, in spite of his Oxford education and his wonderful manner, is not a model rajah. He hates England, loathes America, detests France. But he has a weakness for Japan. A white rani would have an impossible life in Kragpore."

She looked at the girl with still just a shade of anxiety.

"You really mean that no amount of reconsideration on earth would change your no, don't you?" she asked.

Winnie nodded, her blue eyes widening.

"Why, May, you know! How could I?"

"Oh, girls exist who would declare for a throne—even an Eastern throne—and half a million a year, more or less, a palace and a permanent cavalry escort—there is something so *chic* about an escort—in preference to Cecil Fairbairn, March Lodge, and a tiny income," said Lady Fasterton.

Winnie's color deepened slightly.

"Oh, but surely that's quite impossible!"

"As far as you are concerned, yes, of course."

"Did your friend Colonel Murreys ever tell you what Kragpore was like, May darling?" asked Winnie pensively.

"Oh, yes!" May was prompt to answer. "It's just a white-hot honeycomb set down in the middle of a red-hot desert. No drains, of course. The palace is an enormous place of secrets and—and incomplete biographies of fair ladies. You see, Winnie, the rajah is absolute in the palace. Here, of course, he has to conform, if not to the rules which strait-jacket the ordinary person, at least to those which govern the visiting royalty or plutocrat."

Winnie thought that over, understood and put away her books.

"I see," she said. "Daddy knew Kragpore and he said the same, only, of course, he spoke of the days of the present rajah's father, who wasn't a bit model, either. He told me once that startling things used to happen in the palaces of the rajahs of the remoter states."

May Fasterton nodded.

"Jack Murreys would ask you why you say 'used to happen,' child," she said, paused a little and gave her novel a petulant shake. "And if something startling doesn't happen soon to the heroine of this ridiculous book I shall—shall give it to Barlow."

Winnie politely hoped that the heroine would soon be confronting some one or more of the curious difficulties which naturally must encompass the heroine of any novel, and relaxed dreamily upon the couch. She had ever been prone to lose herself in reflection, and she had long ago learned that serious reflection was good for little girls. Latterly, however, she had found it less easy than of yore to concentrate her reflections upon any but one subject. They were apt, very apt, to wander of their own accord to Cecil Fairbairn.

She had stopped talking to her friend, May Fasterton, with the intention of weighing the advantages of the offer of the rajah in her mental scale against its undeniable disadvantages. To be the rani of Kragpore—that might not be too bad. But to be a rani of Kragpore—one, so to say, of many—was less good and attractive. Of course there were the wonderful jewels, palaces, elephants, escorts ——

Like a kitten with a ball of string, Winnie was merely coquetting with the idea. She was perfectly well aware that never would that white-hot honeycomb in a red-hot desert, Kragpore, know her as rani; that never would she move through the mazy, scented labyrinth of the queen's wing of the palace, nor ride abroad with a jingling escort of big bearded troopers about her. It was all in the air. Yet it was amusing, entertaining, to play a little with the idea.

She smiled across to herself in a low mirror which she chanced to be facing, and her eyes shone as she thought of the palace which would more than satisfy her—March Lodge, that beautiful time-mellowed little Elizabethan house on Salisbury Plain. Even though when some day she went riding across the rolling downland she would have only one rider for her escort.

Her thoughts moved from Kragpore and its nonmodel rajah to March Lodge and its owner, Cecil Fairbairn. She had not seen him since that Ascot made memorable by the great win of her race horse, Lullaby, in the New Stakes. She had won a good deal of money that day, and she had been able to arrange that Cecil Fairbairn should win enough over Lullaby to help offset his losses over his own filly, Nanette.

For several days after the meeting she had hoped to see Fairbairn. It seemed so very natural that, after having turned his looming ruin into an unexpected triumph, he should spend a week or so in leisurely enjoyment in town. But Winnie had heard no more of him, and the Honorable Gerald Peel, their mutual friend, was in Ireland hunting for raw steeplechasing material.

It was, of course, the advent of the rajah of Kragpore—presented to Lady Fasterton and herself at Ascot—and the costly entertainments hastily planned by that potentate in his sudden enthusiasm for her which had delayed her from finding out how matters stood with Cecil Fairbairn. She realized this.

"If there had not been such a sudden rush of things to do with May I should have seen Mr. Jay long ago. He would know just how Cecil stands, of course, because of the mortgage."

She glanced at the clock.

"I will go and see him now. There is plenty of time. May won't mind. She has been looking forward to this idle afternoon for days, and I need not be very long."

Winnie could be quick under the spur of impulse, and within half an hour she was in the office of that breezy gentleman, Mr. George H. Jay, agent to the general public, personal confidential business manager—when required—to Winnie. As usual, George H. received her with every symptom of profound pleasure. The dizzy effect of the very serious shocks to his nervous and financial systems resulting from his first transactions with the girl had worn off, and he had now come to regard her as a dazingly intelligent, reasonably generous child, whose loveliness, personal charm and incurably ingenuous manner were her chief assets. In one way and another the gentle George had found quite a healthy stream of perfectly easy money flowing hum-wards—via Winnie—and in his breezy playful way he had come to refer to himself as a picker-up of the unconsidered trifles which Winnie could not be expected to take the trouble to prevent getting past her.

He gazed admiringly at her as she sat facing him, simple and sweet, in a little linen suit—just a plain, modest snip of a thing which any girl could have picked up at any really good tailor's for a trifle of twenty guineas or so. It was a very hot day and Mr. Jay said rather vaguely that she looked like a ray of cool blue moonlight in a desert. Winnie smiled.

"Ah, dear Mr. Jay, I can always be quite sure of a pretty compliment when I come to bother you with my affairs, and that is so kind of you," she said. "But I'm afraid it isn't anything very important this morning. I only just wanted to ask if Captain Fairbairn won enough money over dear Lullaby at Ascot to want to pay off the mortgage on his house."

Mr. Jay looked surprised.

"Well, no. I have heard nothing of it," he said. "But if you really wish it, my dear Miss Winnie, I will press him to pay off your second charge."

Winnie fluttered.

"Oh no, no, please! That is the one thing I would not like to be done for worlds. I only just wondered if you had happened to hear from him since Ascot." Her pretty tinge of pink deepened very slightly as she went on quickly: "But it is not a bit because I would ever dream of wanting him to be pressed to pay off the money, please!" Her wide blue eyes of amazement went dark with anxiety. "You see, Mr. Jay, I—I like him very much, and I think that if he had not money enough to pay off his more urgent debts I would rather try to persuade you to hit upon some clever plan—that would be so easy for you—by which we could help him a little more. I have plenty of money, you know that, don't you?"

Yes, he knew that. He had silently and respectfully saluted a good deal of it as it flew past him to her.

She gazed at Mr. Jay, and leaned forward to rest a slender hand lightly on his sleeve.

"Perhaps you will consider me very, very bold and modern if I admit to you that I love to think of helping Captain Fairbairn. He had been so unlucky. Mr. Peel told me that years ago down on Salisbury Plain people used to speak of the unlucky Fairbairns. That was one of the reasons for their popularity. Doesn't that sound sad? Perhaps you are saying to yourself that I am only an emotional girl, but that is how I feel. Daddy used to be the same, and I am like him. We always want to be on the side of the unlucky people and the—the under dog, don't they say? That's because of our Irish blood. I am half Irish; did you know that?"

Mr. Jay smiled.

"Well, I expect I guessed it a good while ago," he said.

"To fight for them," said Winnie. "That is why I could not possibly want to be anything but extremely considerate of Captain Fairbairn about the thousand-pound mortgage. It is rather sad, I think, that I have not seen him or even heard of him ever since Ascot," she went on.

Mr. Jay sternly strangled a smile.

"Was I Wrong, Please? Does It Seem to You That I Have Been Meddlesome and Officious?"

"That's very curious, dear Miss Winnie. But probably he has had a—er—rush of work arranging—er—things. But I fancy he will be looking in here very soon to discuss a few business matters, and if you do not mind the trouble I think it would be a very excellent plan for you to meet him here, and we could have a general business talk over—things. The mortgage, for instance."

Mr. Jay was a wise bird sometimes, and he knew that he had been wise on this occasion. Winnie's eyes shone.

"No, I—I don't think I would mind the trouble, please, and it would be a very good plan, I think," she said softly.

Mr. Jay made a note.

"Ah, splendid! I will arrange it," he said.

"Dear Mr. Jay, you are so quick and kind and clever! Please don't mind my saying that. It is true, you know." She rose. "Thank you for being so patient with me," she smiled.

A thought struck her and the smile died out.

"Oh, I forgot! Mr. Jay, do you know anything of the rajah of Kragpore and a Mr. Berndale Trask? You were with us at Ascot when Mr. Trask introduced the rajah to Lady Fasterton and me, weren't you?"

Mr. Jay nodded.

"Yes, I remember. In fact, I know Mr. Trask. Captain Fairbairn introduced me in the paddock before."

He thought for a moment.

"I don't know much about the rajah, Miss Winnie, except that he is a great friend of Mr. Trask. But Captain Fairbairn told me that Trask is the prospective member of Parliament for the Tiltonham division of Wiltshire. Druidswell village, near March Lodge, is in the Tiltonham division. Old Sir John Dorehurst, the present member, died recently, and I understood from Captain Fairbairn that Mr. Trask is already nursing the constituency."

Winnie nodded.

"Mr. Trask is a very wealthy man, I suppose?" she mused aloud.

Mr. Jay smiled, but his eyes were suddenly thoughtful. He knew little Miss O'Wynn better now than he had once known her, and when she dropped an innocent, harmless, tiny question of that kind a vaguely remembered line from the multifold genius of Mr. Rudyard Kipling usually came to his mind, something about something stirring behind the ranges. Was it stirring now? He answered carefully:

"No, I think not. I got the passing impression from Captain Fairbairn that Mr. Trask had no money at all; that he was a bit of an adventurer, or had been until the rajah suddenly took him up. Now he spends money with both hands, but people likely to know think it's the rajah's money."

"How curious! I—just asked, that was all. They came into my mind somehow. There was so much excitement at Ascot that I did not take much notice of them, you see."

She glanced at the clock.

"I must go now, please, Mr. Jay. Good-by, and thank you for being so nice to me."

Mr. Jay, returned from seeing her into a taxi, spent the next half hour in earnest thought, punctuated with occasional references to various standard works. Once even he referred to and studied for some minutes an encyclopedia; but his eyes were blank, and finally he discontinued his mental labor, and placing a cigar in the place where it could do most good reached for his hat.

"If anyone could get a snapshot of the brain she carries under her toque it might be valuable," he told himself. "But as it is, it—it—well, it ain't! All the same there's something doing—something moving behind the ranges! Yes, sir! I wonder what!"

II

HIS Highness, the rajah of Kragpore, at the age of forty, had forgotten nothing of many valuable lessons he had learned during his few terms at Oxford and a subsequent stay in the capitals of civilization twenty years before; and long before the evening was over Winnie realized that, whatever his reputation in India might be, there was little fault to find with the manners and manner he used in England. He behaved perfectly, as did his friend, Mr. Berndale Trask.

It was in a quiet corner of the drawing-room, after dinner, that Winnie gently conveyed to the rajah the information that grave reconsideration of his proposal had brought her to the definite and wholly final decision that her refusal must stand.

She could not reconcile herself to the Oriental view of marriage, she explained gently in her demure, even timid way. There were one or two other difficulties, she said; but these she did not minutely expound. It was unnecessary, for the rajah accepted her decision with rather unexpected meekness for one so evidently accustomed to having his own way.

For a moment he seemed a trifle surprised, for probably, as gentle Mr. Jay put it later, such a thing had never happened to him before. Perhaps he had never proposed to any but the ladies of Ind, who do not lightly reject rajahs. Half a million a year and a throne can work wonders with caste difficulties. But almost immediately he recovered himself and tempered his expressions of genuine regret with a vague air of approval.

"Perhaps, Miss O'Wynn, you are right," he said. "There are difficult questions, I know that, though the knowledge does not mitigate my disappointment."

He hesitated, then took a little walk round—it was in the drawing-room at the Fasterton town house.

Winnie sighed a little, watching him—in a mirror. He evidently forgot the mirrors, and the girl saw with a thrill the real reason why he had walked away. His face had changed. Whether it was his pride or his passion which had been wounded, Winnie did not know; but she knew as she watched the scowling furious face in the mirror that he would have been a bitter bargain at half a million a year.

"Why, he is dangerous! In his own country, in his own palace, he could be terrible, I think," flashed her wits.

But when he turned he was bland and smiling.

"Yes, I know that you are right, Miss O'Wynn," he said. "Your training naturally has been different from the training necessary to make an Oriental marriage a success. East and West—East and West—Kipling says something about that." He smiled ruefully, but Winnie noted the faintly increased sibilance in his voice.

"And now, with your permission, Miss O'Wynn, I will be very frank. If you are willing we will forget what has just passed. Permit me to say that I admire your manner, your poise, your ingenuousness and simplicity so much, so very much, that if I could arrange that two little daughters of mine, far away in Kragpore, were trained to resemble you in those respects I should be a happy man."

He paused a moment, watching her.

"Do not think it unpardonable, Miss O'Wynn, if I say that it was in the hope of securing you to be a mother and a model to those children that I ventured to offer everything I have—in a sense, may I say, half my kingdom—to tempt you. You see, I am not a good haggler. I offered my greatest, my most, first. Well, that we have agreed to forget. But I cannot forget the desire, the plans I had formed for the two little princesses, my children,

and—forgive me if I ask for the impossible—I cannot, even at the risk of offending you, resist trying again to tempt you. Miss O'Wynn, I am going to speak of money ——"

"Money!" Winnie's eyes widened, and there was gentle distaste in her voice.

"Forgive me, yes." The rajah's eyes glowed. "I have heard you say quite openly, in general conversation, that you were not rich. And so, because of that, because of my great admiration for your perfect manner and gentle nature, because of my great desire to see my little girls grow up like you—they are almost white, you know, their mother was a Greek lady—I wish to say that I should regard them, and myself, fortunate if I could prevail on you to come to Kragpore for a year or so and train them!"

He leaned closer, his eyes glittering.

"One has to be definite in such matters. Forgive me, then, if I speak of money. Five thousand pounds a year, a little palace of your own, your own suite of servants, your own escort of troops, everything you desire, jewels if such things amuse you—there are wonderful jewels in my private treasury—and you shall be treated with a respect as instant and absolute as that commanded by any rani, any queen in all India. All for training my little favorite daughters to be like Western ladies!"

He waited, his lips parted.

But he need not have suffered any suspense. It was unnecessary. He had overdone it.

Winnie realized that there was a trap before he had half finished enumerating the bait—big income, palace, retinue, escort, jewels, the servile respect of the Indian population. It was too high pay for the services of a European supergoverness—very much too high. He could have taken his choice from the arrayed talent of the world for less than half of the money, to say nothing of the incidental extras. Yes, there was a trap. Winnie looked at him wide-eyed, startled.

"Oh, but that is too tremendous," she said faintly. "It—it is overpowering. You talk in fortunes. Why, please, you know, almost any governess, any lady in reduced circumstances, would be glad to come to Kragpore to train the little princesses for a—a—fraction of what you offer. It almost frightens me. I am not at all used to talking lightly of such terrifying sums."

He leaned nearer.

"Ah, but it is easy to become used to that," he said.

Winnie smiled.

"I suppose so, of course. And if it were possible I should like to become used to dealing with money on such a scale," she sighed. "If I had been so fortunate as to have received such a generous offer a year ago perhaps I could have accepted it. And I am so sorry that—certain things make it impossible for me now."

"Your race horse? You love racing too much to leave England, Miss O'Wynn? We have racing in India, too, you know," said the rajah. "My stables are as good as any in India. It was I who imported the great Flying Folly, at twenty thousand guineas, from England. I have some glorious race horses, and you could choose from these—because of my little daughters," he added swiftly.

But Winnie shook her head.

"Please don't tell me any more," she said. "You know, it might make me discontented—unhappy. I am so sorry to disappoint you, but it is quite impossible, please. You see—I have ties"

His face hardened. He was not accustomed to coax, to persuade, to beg, and he had no skill in those arts. In Kragpore he had only learned to order. When he ordered, things were done forthwith. All—except only a few, a very few of the white people—made haste to obey. If in a moment of madness any disobeyed there were not lacking in his huge secret warren of a palace men and means to deal with them.

But that was in India.

Here, in London, a little slip of loveliness, comparatively penniless, possessing nothing worth having except a promising two-year-old and a few pretty dresses, could say "Yes," "No," "I will," "I will not"—anything she chose—to him, maharajah of Kragpore!

He masked his annoyance.

"But have you given yourself enough time for reflection?" he asked. "It is perhaps a little novel, strange, this proposal. The idea of a long journey to a distant country, even though it is full of your own people, may seem perhaps a little formidable. I hope, I beg that you will consider it. Do not decide in a hurry. There is no need for haste. I remain in England until my good friend Trask has been elected member of Parliament. Remember also that the matter of remuneration is not inelastic—five, ten thousand—what you wish. What are a few lacs of rupees, a few thousand pounds, to spend—for the sake of a king's daughters?"

He waited, watching her. She smiled suddenly.

"I I don't think that I shall be able to change my mind, please," she said. "But if you like, if it would please you, I will not definitely say no now. I—— You see, there is someone whom I would like to consult."

He nodded, looking very closely at her.

"Yes, that is wise," he said, "if your adviser is competent to give you good advice. No doubt you would like to consult Lady Fasterton?"

"Oh, yes, of course! But I was thinking of someone else a man. Perhaps you have heard of him. He is Mr. Jay, who attends to all my little financial cares for me."

"A lawyer—with a knowledge of India?"

"Oh, no, not a lawyer! He is a—a—financial agent, I think one says. His office is like a lawyer's. It is in Finch Court, Southampton Row. He is very kind to me. Of course there are people who say that he is a very sharp, money-grubbing man, but I have not found it so. He—he is like a guardian to me."

She noted the gleam of satisfaction in the rajah's eyes and was content.

"Forgive Me, Then, if I Speak of Money. Five Thousand Pounds a Year, a Little Palace of Your Own, Your Own Suite of Servants, Your Own Escort of Troops, Everything You Desire"

"I am sure that he is proud to have so charming a client," said the ruler of Kragpore as Lady Fasterton and Mr. Trask wandered in from the billiard room.

Winnie saw at once that the smooth Mr. Trask regarded her with a new interest in his rather cold eyes.

"I have been telling Mr. Trask all about that exciting Ascot, Winnie," said May. "And he is so interested to know about Captain Fairbairn. You know March Lodge is in the Tiltonham division of Wiltshire, and Mr. Trask is the prospective member of Parliament for that division. He is going to try to persuade you to enlist Cecil Fairbairn's influence on his behalf. The Fairbairns have always been tremendously popular in the neighborhood, and Mr. Trask thinks that Cecil's influence would make his election quite certain. I have promised that you will give the matter of coaxing Cecil your earnest consideration."

Winnie smiled, but her brain was busy. She had seen instantly her friend's motive. It was not to make Mr. Trask joyful that she had spoken of Winnie's influence with Captain Fairbairn. It was to get a delicate intimation to the rajah that Winnie was not for him but for Fairbairn. The girl saw the new interest on the faces of both men.

"But I don't think I have any influence with Captain Fairbairn, please," she said with a little pink flush.

They smiled, but it was evident that they did not take her denial very seriously.

III

TWO days later Winnie went to consult gentle George H. Jay. The girl had deliberately waited forty-eight hours, for a long, intensely private séance with Little-Faithful-Friend-in-the-Mirror had brought her to several interesting conclusions and a fixed decision. She had been aided to come to her decision by an incident which at first glance seemed to have little bearing on her situation namely, a sudden realization by the rajah of his desire to acknowledge, in the form of a tangible souvenir, the hospitality and kindness of Lady Fasterton. The souvenir had taken the form of a bracelet of carved emeralds and a very pretty speech.

The wife of the richest and most unreliable peer in England, Lady Fasterton, already possessed more jewels than were good for her and far more than she could use. But because of the ancient and unique craftsmanship which had gone to the making of the bracelet she graciously accepted the priceless little memento in, she believed, the harmless friendly spirit in which it was offered. She was charmed with the gaud.

But Winnie's mind penetrated rather farther into the motives of the rajah than her friend's. She was aware the rajah anticipated that she would soon be asking Lady Fasterton's advice as to her acceptance of the post in Kragpore, and she regarded the gift of emeralds as a rather clumsy attempt to influence even unconsciously that advice. It was a false step, for Winnie knew her friend's views already, and had she cared to enlighten May Fasterton the rajah would have speedily received his souvenir back, together with one of dear May's frankest expressions of opinion. But Winnie said nothing, save to admire the bracelet. It was not until she had been talking for some minutes to Mr. Jay that the girl received more evidence that she was dealing with a wolf.

"You were asking me about the rajah of Kragpore and his friend Mr. Trask, Miss Winnie," said Mr. Jay, studying the lovely face of the girl with an interest that never waned.

"Oh, yes, please! I remember. Have you anything to tell me, dear Mr. Jay? It was about an offer I have lately received from the rajah that I wished to consult you—to beg you to advise me."

Mr. Jay laughed robustly.

"Ha, yes, my dear Miss Winnie! But suppose I happen to know already what you wish to be advised about. What would you say to that, ha-ha? He's a funny old jog-along, little old George Lighthouse Jay, but he keeps a lamp beaming through the fog on your behalf, little Miss Winnie."

He nodded his head, chuckling. He was in wonderful spirits this morning. Winnie, pleased to see him so merry and bright, smiled.

(Continued on Page 53)

GOING ON

By MARYSE RUTLEDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Jim, I'm Sorry. It's All My Fault," She Wailed

HE STOOD in a corner of the drawing-room, his big head thrust forward, his eyes fixed on his wife as she danced. Against the white-and-gold background his bulk jutted out heavily, hemmed in by tapestried chairs and spindle-legged tables. Queer how unreal everything seemed to-day—the world he had made out of this foreign stuff, this château, these art objects, Rosamund.

The wireless had upset him. Just a few curt words announcing his former partner's arrival and he was back in the past, turning, twisting, restless for something else, something more.

He'd reached the top—the Byrd motor. Himself, multiplied, reproduced in thousands, millions of machines; himself, growing fat and hard among possessions. The house at Grosse Pointe, the house at Palm Beach, the camp in the Adirondacks. Edith, satisfied and capable, fattening beside him with humorless fidelity, never knowing or caring for the inner man, the man who longed shyly, passionately to find happiness. His mother, silent in black silk. His mother! He could hear the monotone of her rocking-chair, louder than the roar of machinery, the rumble and clank, the whistles of his factories. She seemed to watch him now as she had watched him since his beginnings. He was aware of her, though she never once had written after he left. He carried her with him like a secret.

What did Walt mean by coming here? Walt, who had called him mad, if not worse, two years ago! Well, let him come. He wasn't afraid of any man. Odors of box hedge, of roses sifted through the open French windows. The fine June light of that afternoon flowed across the high polish of the floor, rising like a transparent fluid around the few revolving couples. He looked them over appraisingly. They affected not to notice him standing there, a neglected host; but he asked nothing of them for the moment beyond the animation they lent to his house and grounds, the elegance of their play, the comedy of their manners. Was this what he wanted, what he had come to find? Artists, cosmopolitans? Men and women who knew things he didn't know, who were willing to sell him their talents, their graces? Selling and buying. That existed everywhere. He was willing to pay for the best, and in the end he'd get it, taking from each knowledge of a sort, sifting, eliminating, acquiring. He chuckled as he thought of his plan, already provided for, to found in his mother's name a great art museum back home.

His thin, dark wife moved to the tango measure with the arched foot of a professional dancer, rapt, absorbed in her partner's arms. She stepped as on a brittle surface, her knees rhythmic, stealthy behind the flowered stuff of her skirt. The sallow scissor-limbed young man who accompanied her in this finished performance was that theater fellow all the women were so crazy about. Poor old girl! Let her have her fun. She had to dance to be happy.

The bus was late. He imagined its heavy progress along the gay Sunday roads. If Freeman had received the telegram he should be among the passengers. A mixed crowd, as usual, he supposed. This bus was Rosamund's idea. Every Sunday it waited in front of the Hotel Crillon between three and four to pick up guests who couldn't afford taxis or who couldn't travel by train to Versailles. The numbers of these, he noticed, were increasing with the pleasant weather and the circulated reports of his hospitality. Well, he liked to do things in style.

He had wanted to send one of the smaller motors for his friend, but Rosamund wouldn't hear of it. She wanted to impress Walter. As if you could impress old hard-headed Walt! Funny how she felt about his turning up; that fool notion of hers that he was coming to spy on her. She resented everyone and everything that had touched his past life. Always questions, questions—about Edith, about his mother, about Walt. He had to shut her up.

Two long notes of a motor horn broke in upon the tango. He drew a deep breath, clenched his fists with the old familiar gesture of facing a situation. His jaw protruded with the click of teeth meeting. He hurried forward, a large gray man, light on his feet. Summery garments fluttered in the cool shadow of the porte-cochère. Beyond spread the lawns and gardens of the park. Foreign voices filled the air as groups of ladies with parasols were assisted from the long-bodied car by dapper escorts in morning coats. Rosamund, in her flowered draperies, flew past, greeting one and the other:

"*Bonjour, madame, que c'est gentil d'être venue.*

"*Ah, vous voilà, De Gency. On vous attend.*

"Of course, any of your friends. Princess, how perfectly sweet of you! Jim, the princess has brought ——"

"Oh—huh? How do?"

He pushed by a dark, smiling young man. He knew the princess and her train of protégés. His eye roved, keen and restless, seeking. Good Lord, there he was behind the fat woman! Good old Walt! Good old ——

"Well, well, Walt! Glad to see you—glad to see you." Their hands swung together like the parts of a drawbridge. Their eyes met, withdrew.

"How're you, Jim?"

A plain squat shape in brown straddling beside his bag. A snag over which the babble ran.

"Fine!" He let himself swell and boom. Where was Rosamund? She should have stayed near. "Have a pleasant trip?" he asked.

"Pretty fair."

Lord, how solemn the man was! Acting like a boy saying his first piece. Same old Walt. A bit older.

"Come in, come in."

He led the way. The groups by now were brightly dispersed. The bus backed slowly, lumbered up the drive, crushing the gravel. They walked in silence. He wanted to ask questions, but he felt suddenly shy, ill at ease. Walt looked red and shiny, as if he were very hot. Behind his thin-rimmed tortoise-shell glasses his blue eyes were like little shields protecting his thought. The hall opened out, winged on either side by paneled, damask-hung rooms. Long-stemmed red and pink peonies drooped in tall silver vases.

"Quite a place you have here. Call it a château?"

"Yes." He glanced alertly at his friend, anxious to note the effect. "We'll take a look around. I—Rosamund'll want to see you first." Walt was thinking of the Grosse Pointe house, he'd bet; of Edith, of his mother. Well, let him. "Want to go to your room?"

"I guess not."

Through damask curtains drifted the catching strains of a fox trot and overtones of laughter. A livelier gust swept into the hall as Rosamund parted the portières. She stood for a moment between André Bonheur and the red-haired, haggard princess.

Seeing the two men, she left her companions and came slowly forward.

"Rose, meet my old friend, Mr. Walter Freeman."

She offered a limp hand.

"So kind of you to visit us, Mr. Freeman."

Why didn't she act naturally? Women were the devil. Walter took her hand stiffly, mumbled something.

He wasn't going to stand any nonsense between these two. "Now look here," he said, thrusting his head forward, "you two ought to be friends."

Her manner changed. She flowered into sudden brilliance, bending to twine her arm around his. From that secure feminine anchorage she smiled lightly, coquettishly, with a birdlike circular movement of her dark head. "Of course we'll be friends. Give us time. Do you dance, Mr. Freeman?"

"No, ma'am."

"Neither does Jim." Her arm slid free. "Jim darling, you must show Mr. Freeman your pictures. But perhaps you're not interested in pictures, Mr. Freeman?"

He glanced at his friend. Walter's eye was fixed on the open doorway as if he contemplated escape. Well, no one had asked him to come. If he didn't like it ——

Rosamund nodded and smiled. He watched her move off with a little dancing motion.

"Oh, Jim!" she called to him over her shoulder. "Mathilde Gros is here. She's brought photographs of her panels. You remember you promised to look at them. And Marinesco came with the princess. He particularly wants to see you."

He knew about these young men who particularly wanted to see him. "All right," he grunted. Walter was staring at him with a puzzled expression. He turned with a strong movement of his shoulder. "Come on, Walt." His guest followed silently.

Well, they had gone the rounds and he had done most of the talking. He was talking in the genial tones of a host as they entered his study.

"I keep the snuff boxes here." He waved to a bronze-trimmed cabinet. "There's the throne I was telling you about — Napoleon's. I guess you haven't got anything like that in your Tudor house," he boasted, and stepped back to admire the red-mahogany, claw-footed piece set up in a corner.

His friend took a stand near the door from where he looked around.

"You're certainly fixed up in great shape," he observed.

Walter could appreciate things. He reviewed their visit to the rose gardens, their stroll over the park grounds—lawns, terraces, fountains, statuary; their progress through room after room of tapestried rare pieces of furniture; the gallery of which he was so proud; and all of it, the grounds, the great house, moving with brilliant life and music. Walter hadn't missed a thing. True, he wasn't a talker, but his few appreciations had been to the point. And then just as they were turning away from the gallery he'd let out about his new house.

"Sit down. Make yourself at home." He puttered to and fro, moving forward a chair, getting and opening a box of cigars. Sly old Walter! All those years he'd never said a word.

"Do I understand that you're collecting Holbeins?" He asked it sharply. A Tudor house! He didn't, himself, care for this English stuff. But he wouldn't mind owning Holbeins. And Walt had ——

His friend nodded. He sat hunched in the desk chair, chewing at his cigar, staring at a photograph.

Which photograph was it? The one of Rosamund or that one of his mother, the only one he'd ever had. He stopped restlessly back of the chair. Walt never said a word. His grizzled head never moved. Presently he reached forward, took up the photograph and held it gently.

What did the man mean? He pretended not to notice. He wasn't going to be the first to drag up the past.

"Been collecting stuff for long?"

"Well, not so long," his friend drawled. "I got a man in London picking up things, and another in Holland." His voice grew apologetic. "I kind of look around for myself too. I go to auctions occasionally. Quite a few good things drift across the water. Mighty nice picture of your mother," he added in a low voice.

"Yes."

He turned irritably on his heel and marched to the bay window. The silence in the red room thickened, grew oppressive. He stared out of the window, which opened on emerald terraces and ancient trees. A pebbled walk led around a marble fountain to the rich masses of the rose garden beyond. Along this path Rosamund flitted, followed by a gay group of companions. The women on their high heels walked mincingly. Rosamund turned to laugh and wave in his direction. He felt suddenly restless and sad. Vague longings tugged at his heart. Memories nagged—memories of hours closeted in his office with old Walt. How he had dominated! His dreams welled up within him. Always seeing big; always wanting something else.

"Jim." He wheeled to face his old friend. Walter stood by the desk. The photograph was back in its place. "I might as well tell you," Walter said. "Edith sent me."

"Edith sent you?"

Edith! What on earth —— He'd treated her handsomely; given her the Grosse Pointe house and more than enough to uphold her rôle of a blameless deserted wife.

"Does she need more money?" he rapped out.

Walter's blue gaze shifted.

"No, it's your mother."

"What's the trouble?" His voice sharpened.

Walter wavered an instant, worried, uncertain, peering through his glasses.

"She wants you, Jim," he blurted out.

"Did mother send you?"

"No, I told you that Edith — "

"Is she sick? I've written every week. But I haven't heard a word."

Why didn't the man speak up? If there were anything serious he should have known it before; not in this roundabout way.

"No, it isn't as if she were sick, exactly," Walter said slowly. "I tell you how it is, Jim." He grew very red, apologetic. "I didn't want to come. Your mother doesn't know anything about this. It's an idea that Edith's got. I only want to — "

Growing old. Why, she must be around seventy! Never had a sick day in her life. Her heart, of course—but he'd had her examined by a specialist three years ago and there wasn't anything alarming then.

"Better get it out of your system, Walt."

He crossed over to his desk chair, settled down, his elbows spread and heavy on the polished arms. You could never tell about these women. The eyes of the photograph were upon him, watching. Seemed funny her needing him when she'd never before—never by word or sign let him guess how it was with her.

Walter lumbered forward to take his seat on

(Continued on Page 64)

She Was Dancing Before a Long Mirror. Her Bare Arms Moved With the Motion of Reeds in a Wind

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Lost Leaders

WHEN peoples are engaged in war they are set on hair triggers. At such times statesmen of small caliber can often force quick and decisive action. Greater men are needed to cope successfully with the problems of peace, for they require qualities of mind and character that war does not demand. Constructive forces move slowly. There are vast national inertias to be overcome. Helmsmen of international opinion heading peaceward must furnish motive power as well as steersmanship if they would bring their peoples to the haven where they would be. Pilots for the waters of peace are few and far between, because, in addition to the ordinary attributes of statesmanship, they must be known to possess an international as well as a national sense of morality and fair play. They must command the trust and respect of other nations than their own. They must be more than patriots, just as patriots must be more than partisans.

Whoever searches for such superleaders by reviewing in his mind the outstanding figures at the various national capitals will be forced to the conclusion that much admirable material for international leadership has been spoiled in the processing of partisan politics. This sentiment becomes conviction when one looks back upon the political careers of some of the delegates, American as well as foreign, to the Disarmament Conference.

There is a real pathos about a certain class of politicians to be found in every world capital. These are the men who are almost great, but who have definitely missed greatness by a gap that is narrow yet unbridgeable. They are public servants of marked and acknowledged ability. They think so highly of themselves that if they could be truthfully told how many of their constituents regard them not with respect or envy but with sentiments of honest pity, they would scarcely know whether to feel insulted or amused.

In public life, as in the professions, the men most to be pitied are those second-raters whose inborn talents would have made them first-raters if they could have mustered a little more courage, a little sterner devotion to principle, a sense of duty a little higher; if they could have lost their heads at the right time and refused to play it safe; if, in short, they could have brought themselves to pay the price that the truest success exacts even of genius itself.

No pity need be wasted on those who are second-raters by the limitation of their natural endowments. The feat of raising themselves even to the second rank may be highly creditable; and we wonder, not that they have failed to go higher, but that they have gone as high as they have. Against such men the world has no grievance. Their status is not that of men who are naturally qualified to be great leaders, but who deprive the world of their best services because they grudge the price that leadership always costs.

Some of the ablest and most experienced men in American public life, with every attribute of leadership except courage, loyalty and great-heartedness, are open to this reproach. They are patriots part of the time, but partisans all the time. Like the servant in the Scriptures, they try to serve two masters. Their instinct for playing safe not only prevents them from becoming real leaders but belittles their usefulness in the ranks, for they have not the grit to follow the bold and single-hearted unless they can feel the pressure of partisan elbows against their own. They think themselves great because they can maintain effective rivalry against men who have less force and smaller gifts, but who have far more courage and honesty of purpose. They are content to scramble for little rewards and petty honors when great ones might be theirs for the seeking. They cling for dear life to the middle rungs of the ladder, with scarcely a thought of the lonely eminence at the top. They measure achievements in the terms of victories, and forget that the loser is often the better man, that the lost cause is frequently the right cause and that the temporary defeat of to-day is sometimes the mere practice maneuver that insures the permanent victory of to-morrow.

All the world over too much power is in the hands of second-raters—not the force of inspired leadership, but the power that springs from patronage and political adroitness. Neither France nor England is better off in this regard than America. The anonymous author of The Mirrors of Downing Street thus sums up the decadence of English politics: "We are a nation without standards, kept in health by memories which are fading rather than by examples which are compelling. We still march to the music of great traditions, but there is no captain of civilization at the head of our ranks. We have indeed almost ceased to be an army, and have become a mob breaking impatiently loose from the discipline and ideals of our past."

Here and there attempts will be made to return to older and loftier standards; but every such movement that involves any weakening of party allegiances will inevitably be sneered at as quixotic and therefore contemptible. Such efforts are always so characterized; and yet those who are fondest of using the name of the Knight of La Mancha to belittle those who have higher standards than their own have short memories for history. They remember that a Spanish story-teller wrote a book satirizing the absurdities of knighthood, with the result that a chuckling world laughed chivalry out of existence as a great social institution; but they quite ignore the stupendous service that chivalry rendered to civilization over a period of centuries, long before Cervantes Saavedra was born.

They forget that though coat armor and lances are no longer to be seen outside of museums, the personal spirit of chivalry still lives and animates the leader of every forlorn hope, whether in politics, science, exploration or warfare. The paladins of old slew the dragons of their day. The monsters of ours are of a more dangerous species than those of old time, the paynims more terrible and resourceful. War is the death dealer we would have our champions slay. It is not the Holy Sepulcher they are asked to rescue, but Christendom itself.

Ideal Distribution

ALTHOUGH the middleman so called has hardly a friend these days, it will not do to forget that the existing system of distribution or marketing is a creation of slow growth and represents in its total effectiveness a coöperation painfully acquired from infinite varieties of human effort. There are many who will sneer at the use of the word coöperation in this connection, but as you listen to their sneers look at the clothes on their backs, the shoes on their feet and the food on their tables. An Englishman may buy his collar in London, but it was probably made in Lancaster of Russian flax and Irish linen by machinery imported from America and Germany; and before it reached the shop in London it had called into play every modern resource of transportation, machinery and finance.

The war and its aftermath have either caused or accentuated conditions of economic maladjustment and unsymmetrical growth. There are glaring defects in distributive machinery and methods which obviously call for correction. Fruit rots on the hillside less than a hundred miles from the greatest metropolis on earth, although there is no lack of rail and water transportation and residents of the city pay high prices. There are times when farmers do not get back the cost of transportation and brokers' commissions upon making sales.

But the point is that city people, and other people as well, do somehow get the fruit. The cost may be high, but after all in the long run in this country most people can afford to buy to a considerable extent, not only of fruit but of everything, pretty nearly, that the earth affords; and it is here to buy. The system is defective, and at one time the laborer may suffer, at another the business or professional man or the farmer. But running through all its maladjustment and even injustice is the bed-rock fact that the system does both produce and distribute to the great mass of people—farmers, laborers and professional men included—better and more food, clothing and shelter, a higher standard of comfort, an infinitely greater variety of necessities, tools, appliances, labor-saving devices, conveniences, luxuries and amusements than that of any previous age or any existing noncapitalistic country. The high cost of middlemen, the spread between producer and consumer, is the price we pay for machine industry and specialization. If most of us should become peasants again or village handicraftsmen the toll of the middleman would decline. If the city should break up and its seething millions go back upon the land, then the problem of getting apples from country to city would settle itself. But men have gone to cities because they like city life, and industry has become specialized because we like the multifariousness of products which only a highly specialized factory régime can produce.

People to-day insist on buying anything and everything, provided they have the money, and at one time or another most of them seem to have quite a little of it. But these articles of purchase are not a free gift of Nature. To meet the demand for them someone must scour the whole earth unceasingly and unremittingly. But men do not scour the earth without being paid therefor.

It is easy enough to show that the present system is intolerable in this or that respect. But when it comes to suggested improvements there are vagueness and uncertainty about practical details. As one thoughtful observer has said: "The genuine seeker for truth cannot afford to forget that the argument for the new can be made far more attractive and forceful than the eventual facts will vindicate, because the errors of the known are always so much greater than are the weaknesses which can be proved in that which has not been tried."

Steadily and imperceptibly the agencies of marketing are being and will be improved. At this or that point abuses and defects are being and will be remedied, often without the public paying any attention to the process. New devices are continually being tried out. How many people have noticed that the soda fountain, once restricted to the humble glass of soda at a nickel a drink, deserving of attention only in summer, has now become a popular purveyor of ice cream, candy, fruit, bread, crackers, salads, sandwiches and cake, not only in drug stores but all the year around in hotels, cigar stores, department and five-and-ten-cent stores, billiard parlors, office buildings and the like? This may seem petty, but it is a vivid illustration of the fact that where existing instrumentalities fail to satisfy public demand new ones are sure to spring up.

Certainly the mere destruction of existing mechanisms holds out no very glowing hope. Russia attempted to set up an ideal system of both production and distribution, and now seeks aid from capitalistic countries to save herself from starvation. Modern life depends upon such a multiplicity of processes and endeavors that an ideal system of distributing goods will come only through gradual improvement and not from any abstract and wholesale formula of oversimplification.

THE FARMER'S WOES

By Harry R. O'Brien

THIRTY-FIVE or forty years ago it was a fad for schoolgirls to keep autograph albums and in them get you to inscribe with many Spencerian flourishes your name and some appropriate verse. There is such a verse in my mother's album that somehow comes to mind as applying most aptly to the farmers who have been financially unfortunate in the past twelve months, bringing in turn hard times to many others. It goes as follows:

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there is none.
If there is one, try and find it;
If there is none, never mind it.

It was something of this spirit that led Congress, at the suggestion of certain farm organizations, to appoint a Joint Commission on Agriculture, composed of five senators and five representatives, who were to investigate and report to Congress within ninety days upon the following:

"The causes of the present condition of agriculture.

"The cause of the difference between the prices of agricultural products paid to the producer and the ultimate cost to the consumer.

"The comparative condition of industries other than agriculture.

"The relation of prices of commodities other than agricultural products to such products.

"The banking and financial resources and credits of the country, especially as affecting agricultural credits.

"The marketing and transportation facilities of the country."

The committee, as appointed, consisted of Sydney Anderson, of Minnesota, as chairman, and Ogden L. Mills, of New York, Frank H. Funk, of Illinois, Hatton W. Sumners, of Texas, and Peter G. Ten Eyck, of New York, representing the House; and Irvine L. Lenroot, of Wisconsin, Arthur Capper, of Kansas, Charles L. McNary, of Oregon, Joseph T. Robinson, of Arkansas, and Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, from the Senate.

The hearings began in early July, and in August the members were up to their ears in testimony and the daily papers full of the facts presented.

Various national farm organizations were requested to submit testimony, and as the hearings opened farmers from hither and yon, from Kansas and Florida and Pennsylvania, were called in. And in they came, pretty much the same old crowd of testifiers. Some of the men who took the stand in the early days of the session have been at about every agricultural hearing in the past five years. They were telling pretty much the same old story of the woes of the farmer, much of which the Congressmen already knew—and more than once the members interrupted to tell a more harrowing tale than one related by a witness.

Hearings for Dirt Farmers

IF THE commission was to get anywhere, something more fundamental must be sought. Already the services had been secured of Prof. Clyde L. King, an economist of standing from the University of Pennsylvania, who has had considerable experience with farm problems in his assisting to settle milk-price disputes. Professor King and competent statisticians are assembling a mass of facts and figures of their own, along many lines of related interest.

This information, plus that furnished by the farmers, will be digested, a comprehensive report will be written, and in due time we shall learn just how the country may be saved agriculturally. All told, this investigation seems to be as thorough and fundamental as any that has been made in recent years. When made, it will be of value and interest. But this is not the story I have set out to relate, though it explains the why of the other.

Among the farm organizations invited to assist the commission in its work was the American Farm Bureau Federation. But instead of depending upon bringing down a handful of scattered farmers to testify it did something that as far as I know had never been done before. It asked the real farmers, back home, to speak up for themselves. This was done, not by a questionnaire, one of which was conducted by the federation recently on a nation-wide scale, but by county hearings.

More than a thousand farm-bureau counties were asked to conduct these hearings, and though it came in mid-July, when farmers were busy and there was less than two weeks to prepare for them, several hundred were actually held. On one day, in nearly 500 counties, farmers assembled and testified along the line of the provisions of the Congressional resolution as to just what is the matter with agriculture itself in comparison with other business and just what needs to be done to remedy it.

These meetings as a rule were called by the county agricultural agent, who took the rôle of prosecuting attorney and called to the stand at least one representative of each of the commodities important to the agricultural economy of the county. Cost-of-production figures, methods and

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GIVE POOR OLD DAD A REST

OLGA, OR RUSSIAN GOLD

XXII

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

"TO-MORROW," said Olga Olgovska, raising her deep melancholy eyes, "shall be our last."

"To-morrow?" said Archibald Fairweather, looking down at her. They sat alone together in the living room of Penelope Barnum, under the dim light from the electric candelabra.

"To-morrow, yess," said Olga, with that sibilance which was at once so foreign and so charming. "Ah, do I not know, dear friendt? To-morrow shall be the last day of your waiting. The last of your long legal *nisi*."

"But ——" said Archibald Fairweather.

"After that, the next day, your vedding, your nuptial," she said, with a barely perceptible sigh.

"But ——!" said Mr. Fairweather again.

She wore a single dead-white blossom in her jet-black hair. Her eyes were wonderful, deep wells of dark, thoughtful, sincere light. It seemed to him he had never seen her eyes so deep, so unfathomable, so wonderful.

"Ah, I know vat you should say, dear friendt. You vould say that ve shall see each other yet again—ve must," she was telling him. "But it must not be alone. It vould not be fair—to her. All must now change—al-taar." And she loosed her long white hand from his. "To-morrow," she said, "to-morrow I shall be your public charge—yet no more your pr-r-ro-tégée."

She sat for a moment on her hard monastic seat, staring off, thinking. It seemed to him that in all his life—in all his experience with women, with men—he had never seen a human creature so melancholy, so sincere, with such a double appeal of sadness and of mystery.

"And next week then," she said, so softly that he must bend toward her to hear it, "for me the boat of deportation, vith the others. I and my little box of Russian goldt!" she said, now with an almost gay sadness, "that ees so small here in America to you, in this grand, this vonderful, great country. So leetle, my leetle goldt! Myself!" she said, her voice dropping once again. "Compared to you and your vonderful, vonderful great country that I shall now never, never again see."

"Oh, do not say that!" cried Mr. Fairweather quickly.

"But vat else shall I say, dear friendt?" she answered. "For we know that after thees I can nefer, nefer come back to here. The authorities haf decided that—and I have agreed so—if they vill not prosecute—but let me go in peace. I have so agreed with that fat man—that Mr. Clancee."

"Oh, no. No!" said Mr. Fairweather quickly, his eyes held steadily upon that face, that dark face that was so different from the face of any other woman he had ever known, that something of mystery and reserve in it that he could not quite define but that made, in a way, the other women he had known all pale—slight, inconsequential, without background.

"But my Russia also," she said moving at last again, going on after a moment more of pensiveness, "she also shall be great. Oh," she sighed, looking off, disregarding him entirely. "My Russia—my Russia! You haf nefer been there you say, dear friendt?"

"No," Mr. Fairweather confirmed her when she stopped again, remembering.

"You haf nefer seen her. You haf nefer seen her, my beautiful, my vonderful Russia! How beautiful, how mysterious, how melancholy! You haf nefer heardt the sad songs of the boatmen, you haf nefer seen the ice break in the spring upon my Volga, or heardt the far, far faint wheestle of the wild *pacharlis* in summer twilight above my steppes! No? It vould pierce your heart—so far, so faint, so vonderful, vith so much of melancholy!

"Dear," She Said, "I Haf Gone to All Ofer in My Thought, and I Haf Changed My Minde"

"Oh, my Volga! My Volga, my Russia," said Olga Olgovska in a low voice—scarcely more than a whisper—snatching her white hand from his and placing it upon her heart above her loose, graceful Russian tunic.

It seemed to him, watching her, that she had to a degree such as he had never seen before the absorption in a cause; an entire oblivion of unselfishness such as he had never known before in man or woman; a devotion that wiped out the present for her—the room, the time, himself. He doubted if she realized now that he was in the room with her. She was alone with her great enthusiasm, he was no longer there!

"Forgif me, my friendt," she said, returning finally to the place and time, and placing her hand upon his with a generous gesture of companionship. "I forget all as I see again my Russia! And thees is not right. It ees most wrong," she said, with a small pathetic smile, "now I haf you here, dear friendt, to-night alone, for the last time—to thank you, for all that you haf done for me! But for you," she went on, "vere should I be now? In preeson, no doubt in some dreadful, horrible place. From thees you safe me. Now I go safe!"

"No," said Mr. Fairweather "You must not. You shall not go on that terrible ship of deportation with all those others. I will not—I cannot have it so."

"Do not haf fear. Do not then feel alarmed," she said to him, with a grave reminiscent smile. "It vill be nothing to that I haf seen before Ah," she exclaimed, "eef I could only tell you all—all I haf seen—haf been a part of! You vill vonder, no doubt, as all the others perhaps," she said, questioning him with her magnificent eyes, "why I say so leetle, I am so secret of myself."

"I understand. I know," Archibald Fairweather reassured her.

"Eef perhaps lataar, it might have been," she went on, and hesitated "It might have been that we could be together! But now, you understand, eet has not been possible Because They do not desire—for me to anyone to divulge!"

"I understand," he told her.

"I should have told you, at least, all—belief me! All, dear friendt. You belief me, do you not?"

"I do," said Archibald Fairweather very solemnly.

"There shall be other dangaars—other trials also, ven I return. I shall have my dangaar vith the rest. Especiallee now in thees most critical time. Dangaar—yes. Preeson—yes, perhaps!" she said lightly.

Visions of Kropotkin's terrible experiences, of Dostoyevsky's House of Death—of the wastes, the dreadful icy wastes of Siberia, the cruel prisons of the Russians, rose up before him, breathed out in her words.

"Never!" exclaimed Archibald Fairweather to her. "You shall not!"

But she put him by, going on. "Do not," she said, "dear friendt! Who shall escape his fate? That vich must be must be. Do not bring to ruin thees our last hours together with thees vain regrets. Vat must come must," she said, fastening her strange, grave, mysterious eyes upon him—filled with all the resignation, the fatalism of the true Russian. "Ve meet—ve pass—ve go our paths," she said. "Ees it not strange—you and I—no doubt forefer!"

"No," said Archibald Fairweather. "No!"

"Yess," she contradicted very softly. "You to your bride—your nuptial—your happiness. I to my duty—my Russia!"

"No," he said to her again.

She looked at him, raising her deep, sincere, but still inscrutable eyes to his again.

"You haf nefer heardt, nefer," she asked him again, "the swan song of the Volga—that our boatmen sing?"

"No," he admitted.

"You should," she told him. "Eet ees much the same, thees, as one leetle bit of the Scandinavian, Grieg—the Einsamer Wanderer. You know that of course, my friendt," she said, humming it—a melancholy murmur in her rich contralto voice. "Ah-um-a-um-um. Ah-da-dy-um-ta-da-dum!"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Fairweather.

"So fine, so sadt, so vistful!

"I am that Einsamer Wanderer, dear friendt," she told him lightly now, again throwing off the more somber mood. "I think sometimes! I pass on—from here to there always. Always alone! I come. I re-turn—to my Russia!"

"No," said Mr. Fairweather, more and more firmly.

(Continued on Page 24)

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Pour contents of one can Campbell's Tomato Soup into chafing dish or double boiler. When hot add one pound cheese cut in dice. Cook until cheese is thoroughly melted and mixed with Soup. Add red pepper to taste and one egg slightly beaten. Stir well a few minutes and serve hot on crackers or toast.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

"Yess," she replied, as firmly as he. "And so to-night I haf you here to thank you - for all you do for me—to say farewell!"

No."

"For the last time alone," she added. "I would thank you for all you haf done, for all you haf meant to me. Perhaps—maybe—ve may meet again—sometime perhaps."

"We will," said Archibald Fairweather.

"Perhaps. Perhaps," she said with sad sibilance. "But now I shall tell you, as eef I should nefer see you again—what I shall remembaar—efer."

She sat silent.

"You haf been so vonderful to me. So strong, so generous!" she went on then in a low hushed voice.

"It was nothing," said Archibald Fairweather.

"It vas the protection a strong man gafe a woman. Ve feel eet. Ve know eet!"

No. It was you all you! Not I!"

"No, I shall not haf it so," said Olga Olgovska. "I know I understandt all here!" she said, pressing her long white hand again above her heart, "eef I do not speak!"

And now at last quite suddenly she raised her eyes beneath their wonderful lashes—gave her eyes to his!

"For all thees, I vill now thank you!" she said very solemnly.

"No, no," said Mr. Fairweather's much moved voice again.

"My protector! My knight!" she continued nevertheless—in a voice now not much more than breathing. "My *kotchkoi!*"

"*Kotchkoi?*" repeated Mr Fairweather questioningly after a slight pause.

"Eet ees the same the word for knight—for hero—in the Little Russian!" she told him. "My Little Russia—ah, how I love her!" she said now very softly.

"No. No! You must not!" said Olga Olgovska, pressing him away. "Eet ees not fair to her! Thees must be—eet ees farewell!"

XXIII

"I GOT you together here," said Mr. Clancy, looking around Miss Barnum's living room in a very alert and businesslike manner, "at your request," he said to Mr. Fairweather, who bowed. "And the request of all the rest of you, as I understand it," he said to the remainder of the company, "for the purpose of going to the bottom of this thing; and because you wanted to show, as I get it, that this publication, this paper you get out, has no connection whatever with this Russian gold."

"In no way or manner," affirmed Mr Bloodgood.

"All right," replied Clancy in a sharp snappy voice, the voice of the good detective in action. "Where's the other one?"

"The other one?"

"The other editor. You know who I mean," exclaimed Clancy, with a significant curtness. "There's one of you gone. You know that."

"Vera McBride!" exclaimed Miss Barnum.

"That's the one," said the old detective. "You ain't stalling, holding anything out?" he added, looking around. "Because if you are, don't!"

"Oh, officer!" cried Mr. Bloodgood.

"Mr. Clancy, please," instructed the official, giving him the full coldness of his cold gray eyes.

"But Mister Off - Mr. Clancy," said Miss Barnum, "there was a special reason for her."

"A special reason, huh? It looks so to me," responded Mr. Clancy, with a marked look of suspicion in his eye. "It looks fishy, if you want to know what I think."

"But she is going to be married to-morrow. That's the reason," persisted Miss Barnum "that is, I think so."

"She can get married afterwards," stated the detective in a voice devoid of sentiment—"that is, if you want this to go on."

"I think I can reach her," Miss Barnum offered, "by telephone. She's only a little ways from here."

And they waited, engaged in low and desultory conversation, until she arrived.

"I had no idea you'd have to have me here," she stated. Her face was flushed, but she met Mr. Clancy—as all remembered later—with a calm and excellent poise.

"Now we can go on," stated the latter, after a short, hard, somewhat hostile stare, and a very curt acknowledgment of her greeting.

"I'm so sorry," said Vera McBride, sinking into a chair, "if I have disarranged anything."

She sat very still and stiff, they said afterwards, waiting.

"Now then," said Mr. Clancy, starting his investigation, "was any of this Russian gold passed to this paper of yours, I mean?"

"None ees passed, sir, efer—to anyone, at any time," said the foreign accent of Olga Olgovska, who looked without alarm or other visible emotion in her dark eyes at this official who was driving her, as all now understood, out of the country.

And the others explained to him in detail the exact transaction concerning the signing of the note—merely to gratify the friendly whim of Olga Olgovska.

"I did not know, sir. Eef I did harm I did eet vithout knowledge—al-together," pleaded Olga Olgovska, fixing her eyes upon his.

He looked away from her almost immediately and turned to Miss McBride.

"What have you to say to that?" he asked her, in a voice which was now notably gruff and husky.

Evidently he was suspicious of her because of her absence at the beginning of the conference.

Yet this suspicion did not disturb Miss McBride, to all appearances. For she answered him always with the greatest coolness.

"That is true," she said.

"Or don't you want to say?" he asked her before she was apparently through her entire sentence, continuing meanwhile his hard, unfriendly glance at her.

"I'm quite willing to say anything that you wish," she responded, now in a cold measured voice. "It was all exactly as has been told to you."

"Eet vas all, sir," broke in Olga, again taking the blame on herself, "all my fault; in my foolish desire to aid, to help."

And again, as she stretched out her hand to him saying this, the eyes of the investigator turned hastily away from her, and his voice grew gruff—with anger or some other emotion—as he went on.

"Never mind—you—for the present!" he said harshly, and with averted eyes.

"No, no," she replied eagerly, not noting his apparent discourtesy. "You are right. I shall go again—as I haf agreed—vith you, your Government—on the sheep of deportation; I and my leetle Russian goldt that has so much trouble made. Yet before I go I shall—I must make the amends, undo the wrong that I haf done, all too unwillingly to my friendts and to The Earth."

"All right—let it go at that!" returned Mr. Clancy.

Every fiber in Mr. Fairweather's body rebelled as he listened to his hoarse voice, the coarse discourtesy which followed the soft rich appealing voice before it. But what could he do then to show his resentment?

"Let it go at that," Mr. Clancy was stating. "But I can't help the rest of you out on that line this way.

(Continued on Page 26)

At Last the Voice of Olga Olgovska Broke its Reproachful Silence in Four Reproachful Words: "My Friendt!" it said, "A Traitear!"

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Division of General Motors Corporation

The Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 24)

I can't go through and give you a clean bill of health for your paper; not the way we are tied up here now."

"Why not?" asked several voices..

"Because it don't all check up with the information we got in on this case—or it don't seem to anyhow," he answered. And several thought afterwards that he looked now in the direction where Miss McBride sat so erect in her broad-backed chair. "And anyhow I can't naturally close up this thing finally without being absolutely sure. You can see that," said Clancy, looking around the room.

"In what way do you doubt us—our testimony? How sure can you be that your other information is right and we are wrong?" inquired the voice of Mr. Bloodgood out of the succeeding silence.

"That's it," said the detective promptly. "Now the thing that ought to be done, by rights, in cases of this kind, you ought to get all the information and informants in the room and open the whole thing up together. In a way this friend here, this Russian lady," continued Mr. Clancy, "has a right in a way to be confronted with her accuser, you might say."

And as he made this statement Mr. Fairweather, looking over, saw distinctly the tense face of Olga Olgovska—her slightly parted lips as she watched the speaker; the intensity of her desire to know, to face her accuser.

"I for one believe that thoroughly!" exclaimed Mr. Fairweather now, his voice thick with emotion, with indignation. "I certainly think she has that right. I should insist on her knowing if it were in my power."

And others in the room saw the eyes of the two women—the dark eyes of the Russian; the fine, frank, open blue eyes of Vera McBride—focus on his clear-cut features as he said this.

"But would you all," inquired Mr. Clancy, looking around with a faint smile—"would you all here want to agree to that?"

And at those words, that smile, the latent suspicion which had been in many minds in the past twenty-four hours, naturally flared up at once.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Mr. Bloodgood quickly. "Do you mean to insinuate that you had your information ——"

"From someone now in this room?" inquired Mr. Fairweather, breaking in to complete the sentence.

"That would be telling," replied Mr. Clancy noncommittally.

"I insist on your answering," said Mr. Fairweather, now standing up. "In justice to this lady—to us! She and we must be confronted with her accuser. Isn't that an exact statement? Isn't that the consensus of opinion of all here?" he asked, now turning to the others.

A conderted "yes" came from the room, even from the background where Mr. Konski and Mr. Conor were seated.

There was a slight silence in which no one moved.

"Do you all say that because you mean it," asked Mr. Clancy as each gazed into the faces of the others in the room, "or because you want to stall?"

"Because we mean it," returned several determined voices together.

"Do you say that?" asked the detective now, after a moment's thought, beginning at one side of the room with Mr. Dibble, who nodded silently.

"And you?" he continued, going on to Miss Barnum, who nodded also, while Mr. Clancy's eyes passed on by her to the next.

"And ——" he had scarcely said, when a new sharp voice broke across his question.

"Stop!" cried the voice of Vera McBride. "Go no further. I am the informant!"

"Vera!" cried several voices.

And Mr. Fairweather standing up gazed at her, and sat down speechless, staring.

There was a moment's terrible silence.

"Yes. I!" reiterated Miss McBride, standing very erect and calm, but with her face now unnaturally pale and her military bearing and semimilitary attire appearing to marked disadvantage from her stringy, almost disheveled shock of formerly bobbed hair. "And," she continued, with somewhat whitened lips, but still very cold and self-controlled and tall, "I have no apologies to make; no regrets. I should do the same thing again in the same circumstances," she repeated proudly; "precisely the same."

The eyes of Mr. Fairweather, of the whole company, the dark, unfathomable, reproachful eyes of Olga Olgovska, did not leave her face for a moment as she moistened her pale lips and went on.

"You must understand at once that I laid no information against The Earth, as this official," she said, indicating Mr. Clancy, "will confirm. What I did, on the contrary, or what I had in mind," she stated, with a slight hastening of emotion coming now into her voice, "was to help The Earth; protect it, as I thought; and I felt myself entirely justified. Entirely justified," she said again very firmly, glancing momentarily at Mr. Fairweather, and looking away at once with her face slightly whiter.

"What information I did give," she continued, her speech even more slow and precise after her glance at Mr. Fairweather, "or rather what investigation I urged concerned this person, this so-called Russian woman!"

At this expression of suspicion Mr. Clancy moved slightly and reddened—or so it seemed to some. But the face of Olga Olgovska did not move or change, beyond the concentrating of her steady gaze upon the face of the speaker.

"This Russian woman," the latter went on, "who has come into our group. Even then," she said, not flinching before the unreadable glance of Olga Olgovska—"even in that case I did not make definite charges, as this official will tell you. I simply said to him that here was a case that would bear investigating for the good of all concerned."

A second glance at Mr. Fairweather found him not looking in her direction, but staring fixedly at the opposite wall.

"Because I felt then—as I do now—that there was something about this woman which we did—not—understand," she asserted slowly, "which should be cleared up."

The statement, even she could see, alienated still more the sympathy of her audience from her. The subject of her question said nothing, merely sat gazing silently with those deep accusing eyes. More than one felt the impulse to challenge this statement, but it was Mr. Fairweather who spoke.

"Cleared of what? In what way?" he asked, in the cold definite accents of one striving to be eminently fair.

"That I don't know. And I was frank to tell this gentleman so, as he will tell you. But this I do know," she said, feeling the sympathy of her audience oozing away: "This woman is different from what she has represented to us. I know that!"

There was much tenseness in her audience at this statement. Even the old detective, Mr. Clancy, sat well forward on the edge of his chair, his face extremely red, waiting for her next words. The short silence was, however, broken, not by her voice, but by that of Mr. Fairweather.

"On what ground do you say this?" he asked her in his cold, measured, judicial tones.

"Because I myself have seen her—somewhere—before," said Miss McBride, returning his glance with one from her large candid blue eyes.

"Where? In what circumstances?" asked Mr. Fairweather, still cross-examining her.

"In circumstances—not—pleasant," responded Miss McBride.

"That is no answer," stated a new voice, the slow, wise, analytical voice of Mr. Konski, from the background. And Miss McBride could see now how thoroughly the sympathy of her audience was turning from her.

"What circumstances?" persisted Mr. Fairweather.

"That I don't know," said Miss McBride. "If I only did!" she cried, with the nearest approach yet to emotion. "But I cannot—I cannot think."

The silence which fell after this was complete until broken by Mr. Konski. "It is this species of hysteria which will make our movement ridiculous," he asserted in his slow, carefully matured speech, "if allowed to run wild."

Mr. Clancy on the other hand sat back now in his chair in a much less erect attitude. But the face of Olga Olgovska scarcely changed.

"And for this—this woman's whim ——" began Mr. Fairweather.

"I don't care! I don't care what you all say!" cried Miss McBride, now in a voice that was high and almost shrill. "I am right!"

Their averted faces gave her courage, however, rather than loss of self-control.

"And you will say so," she asserted, "ultimately."

"I fail to see, Vera ——" began Mr. Bloodgood, looking up now from an unusually prolonged silence.

And finding even that voice against her Miss McBride, nevertheless, went on, still more resolutely and unafraid than before.

"I see," she said coldly, "that I am entirely misunderstood here. But none the less I shall say what I have to say; put myself on record before I go. Having this memory, which as yet eludes me, but of which I am confident—very sure, as sure as if I could recall it—seeing several little things I could not explain, I decided that the matter should be investigated, probed to the bottom before any of our group became involved, as I saw they were fast doing," she said, with a glance at Archibald Fairweather, now accompanied by a rising color.

"And incidentally send this innocent lady away into exile on your insane suspicion," said Mr. Dibble, now finally adding his voice to the others.

"I am as ardent an Internationalist as any," asserted Vera McBride, going on with a new turn of thought, drawing herself to her full height. "I yield to none in my devotion to The Earth—its principles, its interests in the world as opposed to the narrow confines of any country—and yet I realize in many things that the nation is the proper instrument for social action. It has its uses, without a doubt. I was, you will remember, in its service during the war," she recalled; "and the spirit of service, of obedience, of military esprit de corps, once acquired, does not leave one at once, I assure you. I felt on weighing the evidence that here was something that the Federal authorities should investigate."

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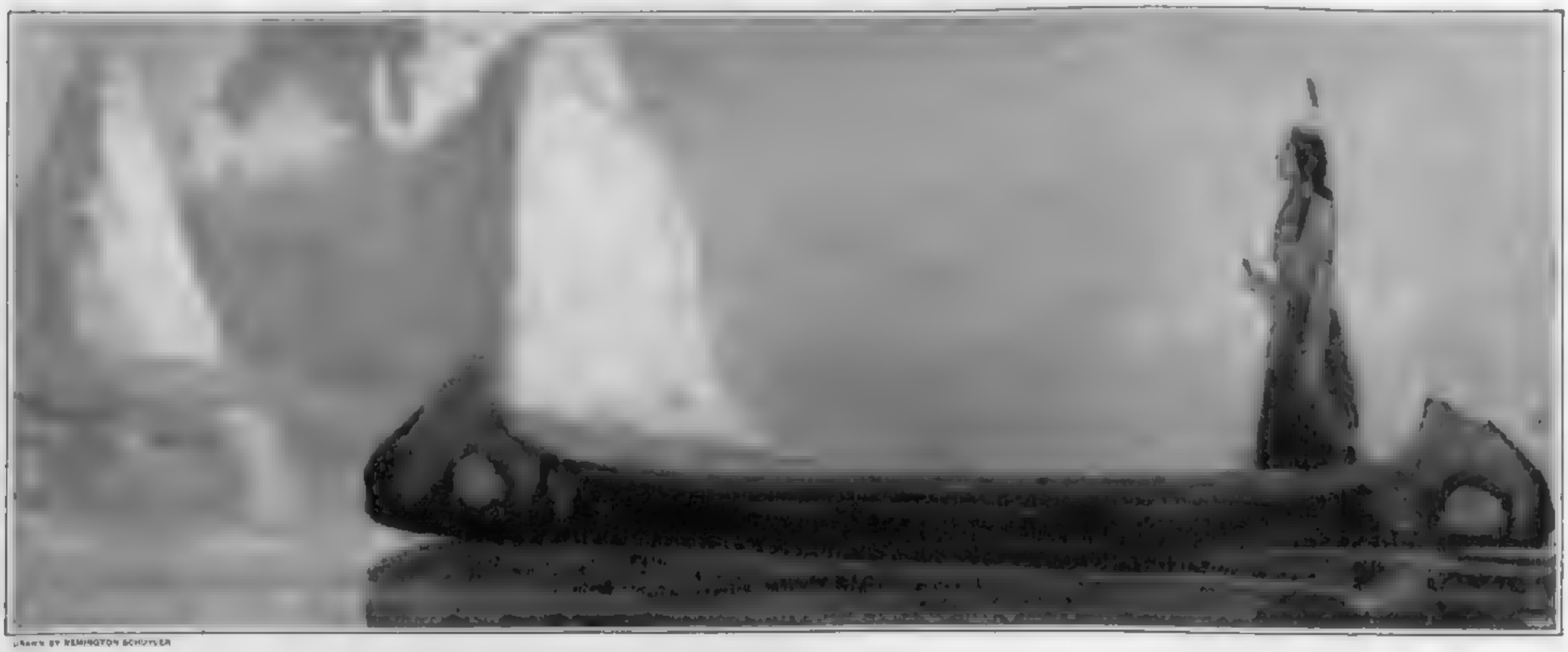

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But do not forget that you also get this greater car for from $705 to $955 less than you paid last year.

$1895 f. o. b. Detroit

4-pass. Phaeton, $1895 7-pass. Phaeton, $1895 Sedan, $2895 Coupé, $2770 Cabriolet, $2495 Touring Limousine, $3120 Limousine, $3495

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(5055)

MODERNIZING THE COUNTRY STORE

FOR purposes of art, such as the novel concerning the man of humble beginnings who becomes a king of industry or the play that shows how easy it is for a country girl to become a society queen by the simple device of going to the city and breaking into the millinery business, I suppose that it will always be necessary for us to have the old-fashioned country store in its pristine state of chaos, dirt and inefficiency. But, art aside, I am led to believe that Buckner's General Merchandise Store, lying between Eddie's Pool Hall and the post office on Main Street, is on the eve of passing away, giving place to something more modern. And in this respect my imagination is quickened by a visit I have paid recently to as fine a store as there is anywhere in America.

It is not in a city of the first class—it is in a city of three thousand inhabitants. It is not in a suburb of a great city, either, but in a prosperous fruit-raising country. Moreover, it is not pride in my state that prompts my bold and positive assertion about its comparative quality and rank among stores. I am willing to back this establishment—which I shall call Kinder's Store—against any store of any size in any locality in these United States, and throw in Canada and Mexico for good measure, and make the bet money, chalk or marbles, and let the other fellow decide the bet. As fine a store as there is anywhere in America is what I said, and what I mean.

Let me warn you, moreover, that if you are in a merchandising line of any kind whatever, any place whatever, you are overlooking your hand if you throw this narrative aside at this point on the assumption that no country merchant can teach you anything about building and conducting your business. Huh me no huhs until you have finished, and if at that time or thereafter you can honestly say that you failed to get one single new and valuable idea from this story of Kinder's Store, and will write and tell me so, I shall be glad to hear from you.

For upwards of two months last fall I was in the small country town where Kinder's is located, and on various errands I went in there occasionally. My first visit made little impression, because, unfortunately for me, I have always had to live in and around cities more or less, and I was accustomed to modern stores. But one day I went to another store in this town—a typical old-style country grocery-and-supply institution—and I woke up.

A Contrast in Retail Shops

EITHER in real life or in art, as above referred to, everyone has seen the sort of place I mean. In the first place, no matter how much floor space it occupies, it is always too small for its stock. Goods overflow from shelves and bins, stands and show cases. To do up two bits' worth of sugar the clerk has to shove aside on the counter three wrapped orders, four or five pasteboard frames propped up to display new canopeners, patent mousetraps, handy tubes of glue, or novelty knobs for replacing those that have burned off the teakettle and similar covers; to push to the floor a sack of flour and a gross of tins of fine-cut, and—probably—to wipe up with his sleeve two or three blobs of fiber and juice that, before somebody set a case of peaches on them, were tomatoes. To get the length of the store you are compelled to step over boxes of fruit, to stumble over a heap of squash, to slide through the morass formed under the spigot of a molasses barrel, and then to cut or squirm your way through a few yards of chicken-fence wire that has been there since Deacon Simpson bought two yards last Wednesday for his new rabbit hutch.

I say nothing in this description, intended to remind you of the typical country store, of the dirt, the dust, the dried cabbage leaves, the soggy bananas laid on top of two cases of eggs, the litter—once partly liquid—round the cigar counter, the ashes and clinkers by the old base-burner stove, the traces of rats and mice that are everywhere evident, the flies in their primal profusion and their overfed slothfulness that makes each journey of theirs down a ham or your face a long traverse; I do not refer to the difficulty there is had by the proprietor and his clerks in finding any solitary thing you have on your list to buy; nor to the odor of coffee, stale cheese and rancid butter that pervades the place; nor to the feeling the floor gives you that if it were ever scrubbed the mud that would ensue on the inception of the enterprise would remind one of last spring's thaw—I leave all these things to your recollection, whether it be years old or hours. For this is the typical country store of my experience, and not unlike the store you may find right on the next corner in your own big city unless your experience is different from that of most. That was the sort of store I found plentifully in the small town where Kinder's is located, because I went to observe and see.

Going back to Kinder's was a revelation, therefore.

To begin with, it is a very large establishment, outfitted to supply the needs of town or country dweller in every line save that of clothing and dry goods. Generically it is to be described, I believe, as a grocery, hardware and implement store. At present it occupies four separate buildings, but that is due to its growth, and if Kinder rebuilt he would undoubtedly use only two edifices—one for his salesroom and one for a warehouse. By connecting up his present layout with doors it is just as good as one store now. The principal point in this connection is that there is plenty of room. But, as his manager pointed out to me, in country towns ground space is a small part of the original investment and need not be skimped as a matter of economy, unless it be as a matter of false and mistaken economy.

Goods That Sell Themselves

THIS sense of roominess, airiness, lightness and comfort that you get on entering the store is augmented by the height of the ceiling. Until it was pointed out to me I had not thought what a twenty-foot ceiling could do in the way of increasing the spaciousness and beauty of a salesroom. Perhaps in colder climates than ours a high ceiling would make winter heating prohibitive—I should refuse to commit myself on that point. But where the floor space is large and the use of skylights undesirable or impracticable, there could be no device employed that would add more to a store than this same high ceiling of Mr. Kinder's.

Incidentally it enables him to have a practicable mezzanine floor, or balcony, surrounding the store on three sides, and materially increasing his available space without detracting from the appearance of the store or shutting off light or air below. When I was there Kinder was not using this balcony, but I venture to say that he will be doing so in a year or so, as his business is still growing, and very rapidly.

I think the second outstanding feature of this model modern country store is the efficiency of its operation. One morning while I was there a Japanese came in and asked for a half pound of a kind of tea of which I had never heard. I had nothing on the clerk, either. But in fifty seconds, by my watch—which is a fair average watch of the kind largely advertised and sold, but never in jewelry stores—that Japanese had his tea, had put down his money, had received his change, and was on his grinning way. Two hours later, while I was talking with the manager of the implement department, a farmer came in and said he had been looking over milking machines and had decided to buy and install a certain brand which he named. That milking machine had more parts than a sewing machine, it weighed round seven hundred fifty pounds, packed, and it cost as much as a string of good cows. And yet the deal was completed, the money was paid down, and the apparatus was loaded on the farmer's small truck in just eight minutes from the time the farmer made his appearance.

I saw a hundred examples of similar nature in Kinder's. Did a man want garden seeds? There they were, in one corner, on an attractive rack which displayed some four hundred varieties of garden and flower seeds, each so that the whole package, picture and all, could be seen at a glance. Mister Buyer named his poison and from the rack came the packages as fast as he could make his choice. Of one variety of beets, I think it was, he decided to take four pounds. The clerk glanced at an index figure on the display rack, instantly put his hand on a drawer in a case below the rack, and in thirty seconds those identical beet seeds were added to the purchaser's pile. There were two things about that seed display that represented one hundred per cent salesmanship—the goods were instantly accessible, and the display made you want more than anything on earth to get yourself a hoe and a rake and a pile of seed packets and start a garden.

I'm willing to wager that seed display sells forty per cent more seeds a year than the customers come in to Kinder's to get. It creates a desire—which is something large firms in America are now spending half a million dollars a year to do, with no greater proportionate success than this country dealer.

Was it butter that was wanted? Very good; please step this way. In a spotless glass counter—counter, note!—in which coils of pipes were gathering the whiskers of congealing moisture to give you a shiver of cold up and down your spine, were six varieties of butter and two of oleomargarine. One carton of each was open, displaying the contents. That little trick alone ought to be worth ten thousand dollars a year to the butter sellers of this country—a frank and guileless display of the goods inside as well as out. Also, installed anew every day on receipt of the quotations from the wholesalers, there was above each brand of butter or oleo a card showing its price. All the facts on the table—and a smiling clerk to serve you, or, still smiling, to invite you to come again if you were not satisfied and went away butterless.

Suppose it was a gun or a monkey wrench. Right-o! In a corner the gun racks lined the wall—they form the backs of the mirrors in the show windows fronting on the street. Kinder carries a good assortment of guns of all sorts, sizes, makes and calibers or bores. But what he does more than that, in line with his established policy of displaying everything he has to the best advantage and with all the facts in plain view, is to rack those guns and rifles so that the buyer can look them all over, full length, without taking one from its place. This is accomplished by setting in notched plates at top and bottom of the cases on the diagonal or the bias to the front of the case, so that you see every gun in the case from butt to front sight.

Monkey wrenches—in fact, all hand tools—are displayed hanging from pegs or racks in large wall cases, and Kinder is the only merchant I happen to know who spreads before you not one but half a dozen of each size, weight, quality and make of tool. There may be no great inherent value in this method from the viewpoint of selling, but the richness of the exhibit is unquestioned. If you don't want two hammers, or three or four, when you see them so temptingly displayed, then you are built differently from me. In any event, there is no hunting through drawers for your monkey wrench. You take it and pay for it and go.

All staples and very many unusual and probably little-called-for articles in the store are spread out for your inspection in much this same way. Bins, pigeonholes, shelves, show cases, glass-inclosed counters—in some sort of container, as accessible to the hand as it is visible to the eye of the customer and clerk, what you are seeking is there. But it is in connection with other items that the Kinder system seems to me worth describing. I am not through with details as regards the displays referred to above, and shall come back to them; but first I want to give you a bird's-eye view of the store from the viewpoint of efficiency of arrangement and the readiness-to-serve of every department. What appealed strongly to me was the arrangement of parts and spares for everything a farmer and his wife use.

Spare Parts a Specialty

KINDER claims that he can remember only half a dozen times in the last five years that he has been compelled to send away for a needed part for a machine or appliance or tool sold in his store. If you have had my experience this is a recommendation that would make you a lifetime customer.

Usually when you buy a little novelty or a patent pencil or an automobile you will find, on losing or wrecking some vital integral part, that it is cheaper and quicker to buy a new original than to attempt to make the replacement. If you buy it at Kinder's, and the manufacturer makes extra parts, Kinder will have them. Not only that, but he will have them displayed as he does his butter and garden seeds. If you have the brains of a cricket you can walk into the store and locate the piece you want, almost without a clerk, and in any case in one minute of time.

Take mowing machines. Kinder handles three makes. To the tiniest screw or nut on that complex machine he has duplicate parts, and he has them arranged in bins or drawers or shelves so that you walk directly to the size and kind of part you want and put a hand on it.

It is true that this takes room, but it is also true that it saves time and patience. And as I have remarked before, ground space in any country town is about the cheapest thing a merchant can buy in making his capital investment. As far as that goes, it would seem to me that ground space where they sell it by the square millimeter or whatever it is would pay out if you consider wasted time and vexation of spirit and disgruntled customers on your books or in your mind!

Kinder has spent a lot of time—or rather, his bright young men have, and chiefly a bright young man named Geiselhart—in figuring out the most efficient and attractive containers and holders for stock, and a small book might be written in description of the achieved results. Mower blades, for example—articles Geiselhart assured me are difficult to display and keep clean and sharp without jeopardizing the lives or at least the fingers of clerks

(Continued on Page 30)

Oldfield Victories

At Indianapolis, 1920, winning car, Oldfield equipped, covered entire 500 miles at 90 miles an hour without a single tire change—an unequalled record. For past two years Oldfield tires have won all important motor classics, crowning their victories this year by capturing the French Grand Prix, greatest European road race—the first American made tire to win this event.

Oldfield Achievements

Since its organization two years ago, Oldfield has sold $12,000,000 worth of tires and established over 5,000 dealers, which indicates the immediate recognition by the trade and public of Oldfield quality and value. To give prompt service to its constantly growing list of dealers Oldfield has established warehouses at 11 convenient shipping points throughout the United States.

"999"—30x3½ Anti-Skid—$9.99

OLDFIELD tires have come to their present position of influence with the trade and public by the straight road of greater values.

In sales volume and dealers obtained the Oldfield Tire Company has made tire history. No less noteworthy have been the mileage, reliability, better hold of the road and appearance that is a credit to the finest cars built. Wherever good tires are appreciated, wherever the test of hard service is the key to popularity, Oldfield tires are firmly established.

Coming up into volume production in the past two years, the Oldfield Tire Company, fortunately, has had no long time contracts for material. Oldfield therefore is in a position to take advantage of the present low prices of fabric and rubber and the increased efficiency of labor.

Realizing the heavy demand for a 30x3 and 30x3½ tire at a low price, Oldfield has made the market situation serve the light car owner.

In making this low price it was necessary to use every economy in purchase, manufacture and distribution, and therefore it is necessary to eliminate adjustment expense and guaranty.

Specialization was obtained by separating the manufacture of this size from all others. Machinery of a new type was installed. Under the most favorable conditions quantity tire building was started—on a special, standard size, four-ply, 17¼ ounce fabric, 30x3½ tire to be known as the Oldfield "999". This tire will be sold to the public at the lowest price ever quoted by a company of Oldfield's reputation with the public and the trade:

30x3 inch, price $8.99
30x3½ inch, price $9.99

The Oldfield "999" is an outstanding and exceptional value. It sets a new classification in the tire world. Previously your choice lay between quality and low price in buying a 30x3½ tire. The Oldfield "999" now combines both. See it at once—at your dealer's. This is the only way you can appreciate this latest Oldfield achievement.

Tire dealers will find in the Oldfield "999" an exceptional opportunity for increasing their business. Those who are not handling the Oldfield line are invited to communicate with the nearest Oldfield warehouse, listed below, for prices and terms.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO., AKRON, OHIO

Akron, Ohio
Atlanta, 249 Peachtree St.
Chicago, 1920 Michigan Blvd.
San Francisco, 1414 Van Ness St.

OLDFIELD WAREHOUSES

Dallas, 2121 Commerce St.
Kansas City, 2001 Grand Ave.
Los Angeles, 1165 S. Figueroa
Minneapolis, 444 Stinson Blvd.
New York, 1871 Broadway
Philadelphia, 312 N. Broad St.
Seattle, 1518 Eleventh Ave.

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and customers twenty times a day—are set forth in vertical stacks between big wooden pegs driven into the wall and with chains caught across the ends of the pegs to prevent the deadly knives from falling out and scalping some innocent bystander.

Plowshares are in shelf bins. These, in common with many machinery parts, are difficult of identification, as to size, make, and so on, when stowed away as units of the original machine; therefore all such are indexed and cross-indexed on a large plat Geiselhart has devised, which names every conceivable variation of the wanted article and refers you, by the simplest possible system of letters and numbers, to the right bin. This card also carries prices.

One more point in connection with spares or extra parts—as far as practicable the pieces for each given kind of machinery are in a place by themselves, so that the man who wants a five-eighths one-inch set screw for a cream separator—if there is such a part—doesn't go looking for it in the tea and coffee department or even in the place where set screws are kept. He finds it under cream separators, and there is no confusion of mind on that score.

All this to give you an idea of the promptness of the Kinder service. At best, as I am told by experts on the subject, the average buyer or customer of a store is about the easiest man on earth to confuse, once he is in the store with his memorandum or list in his hand and a vague stare in his eye. You know yourself that when the wife asks you to bring home a Number Double 0 sewing-machine needle your first inquiry for it is made at the ribbon counter, and that you work back from there through hosiery and lingerie, getting more purple at every step, and probably wind up yelling for an officer in the dress-shield department.

It was ever thus. And even when it is something for yourself, and you know where it is kept and exactly what you want, the chances are ten to one that you will get rattled before you reach your proper counter, and even then have to waste a good half hour when you might be out golfing—a half hour arguing with a clerk as to which of you really knows what you desire.

Scientific Arrangement

KINDER doesn't offer you anything else; Kinder doesn't confuse you. At the door you say you would like a pound of sixpenny finishing nails or a combined reaper and harvester or a bottle of vanilla extract, and in anywhere from one minute to ten you can walk out of the store with your purchase in your pocket—or bouncing along under you. And that's service!

Outside, Kinder's is just a building—any building—distinguished from many of its neighbors only through the simple process of being kept clean and neatly painted, and because of its extra deep and well-handled show windows. These deserve a special chapter for themselves, and don't get it. You must take them for granted. Entering by any one of the three big recessed doors you see a very large, high-ceilinged room, and your first impression is of the roominess of the place, which is accentuated by the appearance of having in it a huge stock so tightly dovetailed and so scientifically arranged that it is full to overflowing but never, at any isolated or occasional spot, quite overflowing. Although there may be two hundred people in the store, and fifty clerks, no one is crowded or hurried or uncomfortable. This is because every foot of space is employed with an uncanny scientific accuracy. The main aisles are fifteen feet wide or more, and those between the shelf racks in the center of the store probably four or five feet. That is because these latter passageways are mere laterals through which pass not more than two or three people at a time.

Between the two principal entrances in the front of the store is a small rest room, equipped with telephones, stationery and comfortable seats. At the right is the grocery department; straight ahead the delicatessen and bakery what-you-call-its; in the dim distance—where it belongs—the bookkeeping, accounting and credit office; and at the left the shelf hardware-and-tool section. The entire center of the floor, with the exception of the space devoted to the fenced-in platforms on which department managers, telephone operator and information clerk have their places, is given over to tiers of shelf racks containing that multitude of odds and ends without which a country store—and most city stores—is nothing, and most of which, in the old-fashioned store I tried to describe above, are stuck on counter tops three deep when they haven't fallen to the floor to be trodden under foot of men. A statistician would have a bacchanalian orgy in Kinder's figuring out how many miles the various articles in this miscellaneous division would make if laid end to end; but, what is much more to the point, you cannot walk up and down those narrow passageways once and come out of them without experiencing the need of a dray in which to haul your purchases away, and in need of a personal bond issue with which to pay for them—and every article something that you suddenly discovered you had to have and couldn't get along without a day longer. Part of the Kinder system of making his goods talk for themselves—and talk persuasively too! He creates a desire.

Through a wide door in the center of the left-hand wall you enter the big implement salesroom, which is cool and smells of metal and that hard paint they use on new plows and cultivators, and the greasy dressings they use on harness and trace chains. The floor here is covered with implements, but not so covered that you cannot find your way about and see what you want and several things you begin to want, all with price tags attached. Shelves and bins for extra parts line the walls and there are a thousand clever little scientific devices here for making the work of clerks easier, keeping the place in order, and facilitating service.

Just to mention one of them: If you have bought chicken wire or screening in your time you have observed the time-honored method according to which the clerk lays the roll on the floor, essays to measure off your footage with a yardstick, has the roll come up behind when he isn't looking and slap him one, finds that he has forgotten whether he marked off ten feet or twelve and has to do it over, then takes the snips and begins cutting, only to have that treacherous roll close in on him at the critical minute and take a finger off in the shears—that good old way that always left the wire or the screen on the floor afterwards for everyone who came in to fall over, and that ruined more goods than were wasted in the Belgian-hare fad of twenty years ago. Kinder's bright young men had been there, and for forty cents they built a device that is simply scientific perfection. At one end of a counter they set a troughlike gutter. That's all. The roll of wire or screen is dropped into that trough, the required amount of material is pulled out from it as it lies helpless on its back, and the slack of the measured goods is pinned down by a five-pound weight laid on it with the left hand while the right performs the cutting operation with the snips. Too simple to be worth talking about, of course, and yet I doubt if you can show me a better way.

In a separate room at the back of the store, opening on a wide alley—why does any modern city tolerate blocks without wide alleys traversing them?—is a department that I believe few country stores have. It is a delivery-order room, corresponding to a shipping room, and fully stocked with staple groceries. Orders that come in—some by telephone, some by personal visit, and some by mail—are sent to this room and put up there and sent out from there, so that the salesroom isn't cluttered up with packages and orders waiting to go out.

Kinder now has many of his country customers broken to the habit of bringing their lists in in the morning when they reach town and calling for the filled orders in the afternoon. Three men handle this business and do it efficiently: because here, as throughout the store, everything is in place and order, and the latest improvements and some of them that Kinder's men have invented are installed to speed up order filling.

Quick Turnovers the Rule

ACROSS the alley is a heavy machinery salesroom, and at one side of this a spotless modern kitchen for the manufacture of delicacies and the baking of bread, pies, and so on. Kinder does not make the bread he sells, but he has an everlasting strangle hold on the bakers of the region because he can do it and they know he can and that he will if they try any tricks on him.

In still a fourth building Kinder's surplus stocks are stored, and this warehouse of his has a number of outstanding advantages: It insures clear floors and corners for moving stock, it enables Kinder to take advantage of market conditions and plunge when the plunging is good, and it obviates any shortage of stock when some seasonal or accidental cause induces a high demand. But I want to say in passing that Kinder is no believer in playing the market when he can avoid it. He has the least possible amount of money tied up in futures or in surplus stock.

As his right-hand man, Geiselhart, said to me: "The money that is made in any kind of merchandising is in the quick turnover. Where we have sources of supply near enough to us to give us quick action we don't buy one pound or yard or package more of any commodity than we can sell within a reasonable period of time. Take paints: I order a quarter dozen cans of paint often—usually not more than a dozen. I know the demand pretty well, and I don't put any money into stock that is going to accumulate dust on the shelves waiting for a buyer. There are articles we have to hold for some time—things people only want once a year and want then badly. But the bulk of our stock moves through the store in sixty to ninety days, and lots of it every week."

A Geiselhart discovery or invention or whatever it is is the floor covering used throughout the Kinder store. I noticed it after I had been in the place an hour or so. It is dull looking and well marked with footprints, but it is practically noiseless and no dust rises from it. Geiselhart grinned.

"Roofing paper," he said. "Nothing more. It is the cheapest floor covering I know of; it is easy to lay and easy to replace; it deadens noise; it wears a long time; and it is no job to clean it with a little treated sawdust. The preparations used in manufacturing it catch and hold dust and keep the floor sanitary. We will never use anything else it beats high-priced hardwood, painted floors and linoleums any way you take it."

Have you failed to get your new idea from this modernized country store up to this point? All right; now try a few of these details:

All nail bins are built to take upward of a hundred fifty pounds of nails at a time, with the result that a hundred-pound keg can be dumped in before the stock supply is quite exhausted. The usual bin capacity is one hundred pounds or less, and the bin cannot take a full new keg until it is empty, which is often when a customer comes in in a hurry and wants five pounds. The bins are built on the floor, for five good reasons, all of which I have forgotten, but they are raised from it sufficiently so that the scale scoop can be placed on the floor below the lip of the bin. The latter is formed by a two-and-a-half-inch riser with a beveled edge and lined with sheet iron, and nails come out of these containers almost as easily as wrong dope from a race-track tipster.

Ingenious Methods of Display

GARDEN tools and suchlike are displayed in quantities, most of them hanging perpendicularly from pegs or pairs of pegs, and all of them with a deliberate effort to make them attractive. There is no rummaging around in a dark corner for a rake at Kinder's. You walk up to your rake display and you decide what you want and it comes off in your hand like a banana from a bunch, and the price is plainly marked on the handle. If your store has this same improvement, good! But have you considered, also, that one thing Kinder's never allows to slip from mind—attractiveness; self-advertising?

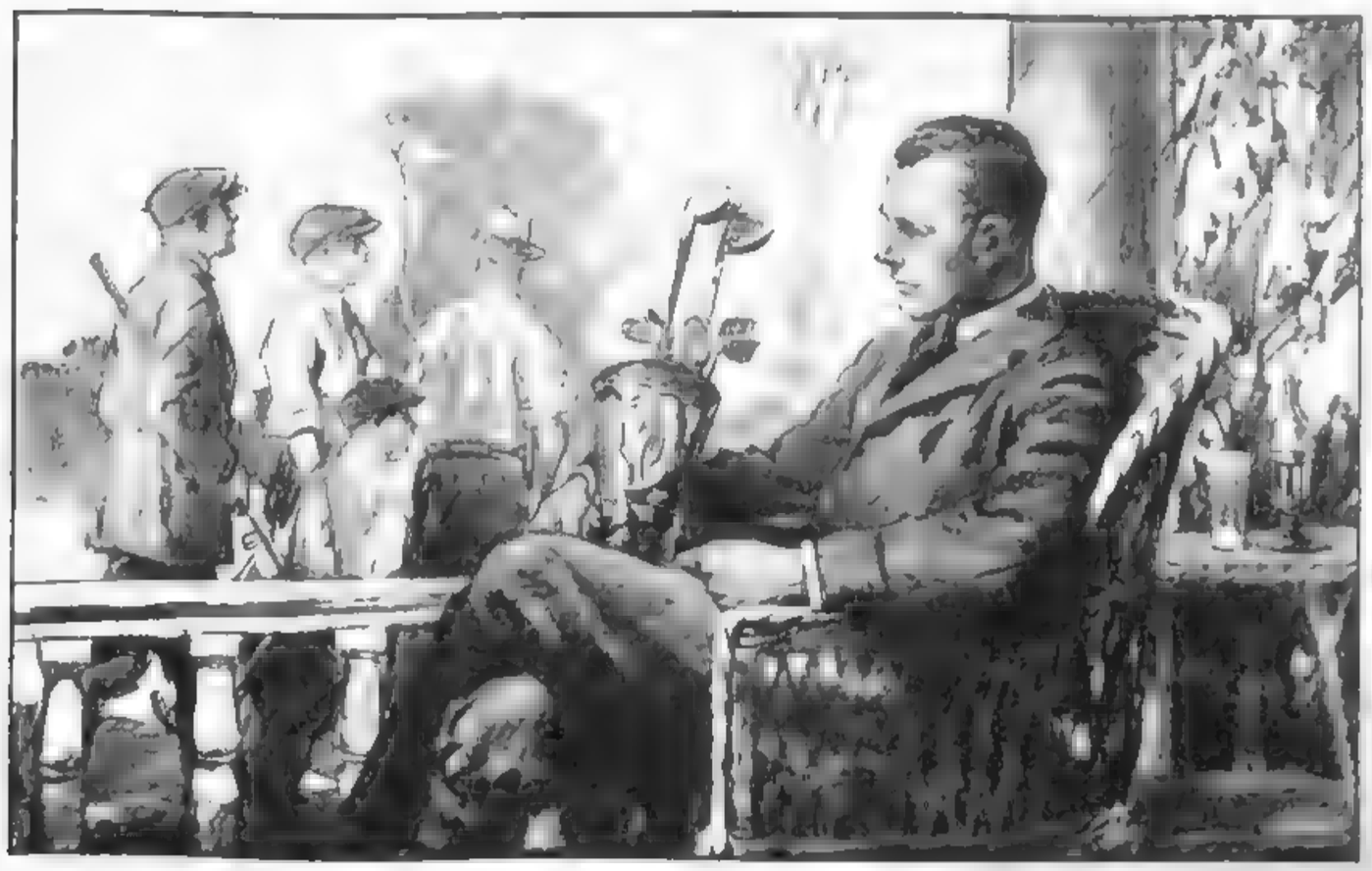
Practically all the drawers—and there are thousands of them in the store—have a double capacity because of small sliding compartments and drawers moving on moldings inside near the top of the drawer. Geiselhart pointed out that drawers have to be fairly deep to be economically built and easy to handle, but that the average piece of stock going into a drawer is small and doesn't take up much room. The increased capacity of his double-decked drawers is one advantage; another is that the grouping of similar articles or individual parts of the same apparatus or machine is neatly gained in this way.

I was told in this store, and had it confirmed later, that merchants lose to petty thieves and shoplifters more pocketknives than any other one article. Kinder's had his experience until recently, when display cases were built with the usual high shelf under the top glass for pocketknives, and on this twenty or thirty long, narrow boxes with plush-covered tops. Each long box has on its fancy top six small neat clips, into which the sample knives are slipped and under which, successively, are the boxes of corresponding stock knives. The clerk may take out a dozen of these long boxes before his customer is sold, but when the transaction is completed there must be six knives to each show box or the shortage will be apparent.

In the matter of show cases Kinder's gives you an idea a minute. They are constructed both for use and beauty—both for customers to lean on and swap stories with the clerks, and to display, to the best possible advantage, clever little devices that will make the customer forget his story and reach for his pocketbook. They have a number of purely mechanical features that I have not seen all combined in one case anywhere. The tops are clear of supporting trusses, braces and rods, which makes them easy to look at. Every piece of glass in them can be replaced from the outside—and accidents will happen. Each show case—and for that matter every counter in the store—is raised three or four inches from the floor on the inside. Until I tried it I didn't see much to that idea, but afterwards I saw that a clerk could get a strangle hold on a buyer much more easily if he could stand close without stubbing his toes. And Kinder says there is money in the trifling device.

All show-case shelves are adjustable and may be placed at any height and almost any angle required. Many displays in Kinder's are seasonal—change every month or every quarter—and the ease with which the show-case trays and shelves can be shifted about or changed as to width, and so on, facilitates the making of fitting exhibits no matter what the articles used. Another Kinder feature is the use of a slanting bed or floor for most of his show cases, so that goods set forth there can be easily seen by the customer and also so that samples may be displayed above and stock carried below, under the slanting shelf. The use of glass shelves is not new, but Kinder's men have a knack of so laying out the goods placed on these transparent frames that everything in the case, from top to bottom, can be seen from above. To add to the ensemble, as you might say, most of the show cases are backed with mirrors, which heightens the general pleasing effect materially. And finally, ease of access has been considered in designing these cases and each one is

(Continued on Page 32)



Why so many men begin to give out while still young—

Science discovers our food is failing to supply two basic needs . . .

FOR years he had eaten plentifully and thought that he was being really nourished. And yet—suddenly—there came a downward turn. He is surprised to learn that health is going—surprised to learn that his food, although plentiful, never supplied the elements necessary to build up and maintain health.

We now know that our food can never really nourish and sustain us if it lacks two great essentials—the life-giving elements which build up our body tissues and the elements which keep our bodies free from poisonous waste matter.

It is now known and acknowledged that American diets often lack these basic elements and that faulty eating lowers the vitality and resistance of many. As a result, yearly, thousands of men and women still young die from old-age diseases.

A familiar food with remarkable properties

Today millions are securing these needed food essentials by adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their regular diet. For Fleischmann's Yeast combines in a remarkable way these two health maintaining qualities.

Fleischmann's Yeast stimulates digestion, builds up the body tissues and keeps the body more resistant to disease. It richly supplies the life-giving vitamine.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast spread on bread, dissolved in water or milk, or plain

In addition, because of its freshness, it helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter. You get it fresh every day.

A noted professor and doctor of medicine says that fresh compressed yeast is more or less of a stomach and intestinal antiseptic, that it increases the action of the intestines and stimulates the production of white corpuscles.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a food assimilated like any other food. Only one precaution: if troubled with gas dissolve the yeast first in very hot water. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

Eat 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals. Have it on the table at home. Have it at the office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. *You will like its fresh distinctive flavor and the clean wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.*

Beware of new and untested yeast preparations. The name Fleischmann is your protection and guarantee of uniform purity and strength.

Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast and get it fresh daily. Keep it in a cool dry place until ready to serve.

Send 4c in stamps for the valuable booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Use coupon at the right, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. TT-29, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Laxatives gradually replaced by this simple food

A noted specialist, in his latest book, says of fresh compressed yeast: "It should be much more frequently given in illness in which there is intestinal disturbance. . . ." This is especially true in cases where the condition requires the constant use of laxatives.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food, always fresh, and better suited to the stomach and intestines than laxatives. It is a food—and cannot form a habit. In tested cases normal functions have been restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks.

Eat from 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day.

Skin disorders cleared up

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. It has yielded remarkable results. In one series of tests forty-one out of forty-two such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

Mail this coupon with 4c in stamps

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY

Dept. TT-29, 701 Washington St., New York, N.Y.

Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

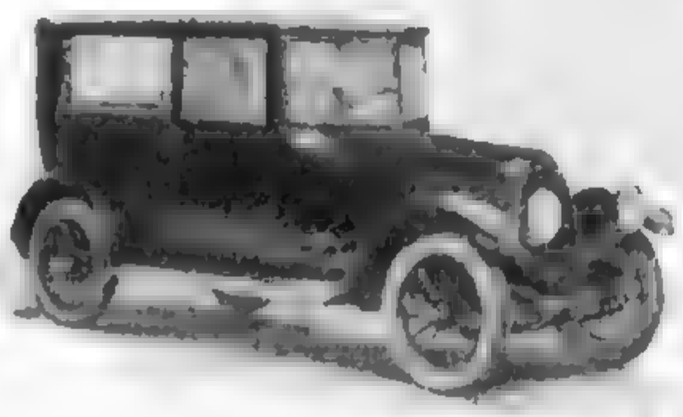
(Please write plainly)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

The FRANKLIN



Things you hear about the car

The most comfortable car to ride in

The easiest and safest car to handle

A car notably free from trouble

The most economical car to operate

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Prices Effective September 1, 1921 (F. O. B. Syracuse)
Touring Car $2350 Sedan $3350 Other Types in Proportion

(Continued from Page 30)

built so that its doors offer the least possible obstacle in the way of quick delivery of the goods within.

Speaking of adjustable features reminds me to add that most of the shelves, partitions and bin walls in the store are so constructed that they can be moved in or out or removed altogether. There is nothing inflexible about a Kinder device—if the stock changes containers can be changed to accommodate. There is no continual rebuilding and rearranging necessary, and though it is probable that this meant a large amount of heavy thinking before the store was built it has paid for itself many times over in convenience, economy and efficiency since.

"No man planning a business house," observed Mr. Geiselhart, "can foresee the needs and requirements of the future completely. There are some changes we would probably make now if we were to build again. But they are very few, for the reason that almost every section of the store can be rearranged to accommodate new needs and meet new conditions. In a manner of speaking we left wide hems in the store's trousers when we cut the pattern and we can let these out to a considerable extent as the boy grows or the fashions change."

Tricks With Wall Cabinets

A word as to Kinder's counters. Most merchants are satisfied if a counter performs two services—furnishes room for wrapping and trading, and holds stock underneath. Kinder added one more service. He made every counter in the store with a false front covered with glass, and in the recess thus provided he displays goods. Not only does this increase the talkativeness of his stock in its own behalf, but it is amazing how it lightens up and brightens up the store. Slathers of white enamel paint, the lavish use of glass, and the employment of every available portion of store and fixtures as a frame for attractively displayed goods make window-shopping a pleasure and a favorite pastime in this establishment—and the windows run right through the store and into every part and department thereof.

Finally, as far as the physical aspects of this surprising country-town store are concerned, there are two or three Kinder tricks with wall cabinets that are worth mentioning. One of them cheated the owner of a patent wall-cabinet door out of a round sum of money, and the way of it was this:

Selling experience teaches us, I am told, that if the customer desires, say, a couple of paint brushes he is very likely to want to see what you carry in that line and treat himself to the pleasure of picking them all over two or three times before making his choice. In Kinder's case he wanted to display his stock of paint brushes—only for example, as many of his displays are handled in this way—so that the buyer could look 'em all over while the clerk was getting down and laying out the brushes he thought he fancied. But if the stock were carried in the shelves behind the door on which the display was made the latter could not very well be left closed while the customer made his tentative selections and at the same time opened by the clerk for the fishing out of particular brushes from the stock.

There is a patent cabinet door, it appears, that opens like taking off a lid and that remains parallel with the line of shelves behind when so opened. But it costs in the neighborhood of fifty dollars. Kinder's bright young men beat the system by a device as simple as that one used in unrolling chicken netting. They put the display on one door and the stock behind the next one adjacent. Nothing more than that. But that little idea saved spending a thousand dollars on patent fixtures and got exactly the same results for the store and its customers. The man who wants a paint brush at Kinder's stands before the display and chooses; the clerk moves over three feet—out of the buyer's way and line of vision, by the way—and behind the door that displays, say, putty knives or scissors, he finds the brush stock wanted.

Another small item—to avoid difficulty in closing these doors because of stock littering the protruding shelf below them, Kinder installed rows of shallow drawers above the stock shelf and below the bottom line of the wall cabinets; therefore, if there is anything less bulky than an ice-cream freezer or a wash boiler on that stock shelf the cabinet door can be opened and closed without waiting for a preliminary house cleaning to make it possible.

But as a general rule there is very little accumulation of stock or waste anywhere in Kinder's except where it belongs, for the reason that every single night there is a complete and thorough cleaning-up job done by everyone in the store. Nothing is ever allowed to get behind. After closing hours in the evening fifteen minutes is devoted by the entire staff to picking up, dusting off, furnishing, setting straight, rearranging and generally putting in order the whole store for the next day's business. I know of stores that are not by any means small country establishments wherein it is the practice and custom to chuck stray bits of stock or bits of twine or odds and ends of wrapping paper or empty boxes almost anywhere, in the hope that someone else will pick them up. In a well-organized and skillfully planned institution just opened for business this sort of slackness can go on nicely for about three days and two hours—then, all at once, the place takes on the appearance of a junk shop, and the task of cleaning up becomes so formidable that the store has to be closed for a week while it can be accomplished. If there is so much as a broom straw at Kinder's that has lain on the floor or under a counter for twenty-four hours there is something wrong, and if Mr. Kinder happens to observe it that wrong will be speedily righted.

A Friendly Atmosphere

In such a modern store you might look for modern formalities in the business—the sort of machinelike politeness and mechanical obsequiousness that seem part of the game. But Kinder's just jogs along. The air of a good old-fashioned village permeates the place. The clerks know all their customers and call first names. No one of them is too busy to inquire about the wife and kids or the crops or the latest developments in the hog business, and except for the dirt and chaos and the group around the old base-burner in the rear there is nothing lacking to make this one of the old-time country stores you read about or remember. And I am not at all sure that here—at the end—is not one of the most interesting and instructive facts about this model store of Kinder's. I don't know but that you could let his labor-saving devices, and his skill in displaying his stock attractively, and his tricks and devices for increasing efficiency and beauty in his institution—I don't know but that you could pass them all and take a note from his book on the homely country atmosphere and pleasant friendly spirit of the big store, and, with that alone as your gain from him, find yourself and your place of business, large or small, materially benefited by the lesson.

Because, after all, better human relations with your public are worth more than all the modern fixtures and up-to-date methods on earth, and if you can make your shop or store or emporium a friendly and a homely place, your customers won't care so much about speed or efficiency. People will probably continue to crowd the big cities, but human nature will never fail to respond to a slap on the back or to being called Bill and Jack—not while the world stands.

fresh from the factory

We have always guaranteed the quality of TUXEDO—now we guarantee its condition when it reaches you.

© Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
—which means that if you don't like TUXEDO tobacco you can get your money back from the dealer.

Read the little booklet attached to every tin—The story of FRESH TUXEDO.

THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS

(Continued from Page 7)

the irony of a man's fate, thrusting him out of bed early when his luck is hard or his brain thick. What ghost of industry is it that starts these poor devils from their dreams at an hour when even a radish would come out of its bed hard?

A greasy hobo alongside the track was making coffee in a jagged tomato can. He gave me a doughnut and a drink of that delicious brew; and after that I traveled with him and shipped the Detroiter. At first, I was actually proud of having been selected by this hobo as a traveling companion. He had a kind of dark brute wisdom which made our journeying together as important as a tragedy, but I shipped him, too, somewhere this side of Omaha. He had too great a contempt for shacks and bulls.

I ought to have had an unrivaled sensation of triumph, coming into that town where May Gowdy had first seen the light, and perhaps I did have partly. I must have felt as if I had had a hand in creating it, and as if I had conjured it up there on the banks of that great river to verify my dreams; but over and above everything else, what I felt was the fierce pang of hunger. I hadn't had a square meal in days.

Do you know where I slept that night? It's in the diary. Here you see this symbol of a cross inside a circle? My hobo told me that means "You will get good treatment here" when you see it chalked up on a gate. I didn't use it for that, though. I put that down there to bring back to my mind the fact that I slept that night in an empty police ambulance. I didn't want to be found dead with that confession on my body, and that's why I used the symbol.

Isn't that quaint? But you've got to remember that I had lived all my life in that town where they make wooden minnows.

I wanted to hunt up May Gowdy's folks worse than anything, but I wouldn't go there with that starvation look on my face, naturally. I toughed it out till morning in the ambulance, and then I got a job shoving a truck at the transfer platform—a piano in one load and a yeast cake in the next. I couldn't seem to come alive, though. I found myself wondering whether May's feet had ever rested on this very spot, and then I would hear that devilish who was squirting tobacco juice and whipping up the slaves there yelling at me to stumble over, stumble over.

"What kind of a sleeping beauty are you?" he wanted to know, and he was too hoarse to listen to reason too.

That night I borrowed half a dollar of a man—Nels Nelson, his name was—and got back my suitcase, which I had sent on ahead from one of those small towns where I had agonized overnight

I arrayed myself and started for May Gowdy's house. I found it as easily as if I had been returning to it in a dream. A wrinkled little white house, with a neat patch of lawn and a picket fence and a brick walk and nasturtiums growing round the cellar window. The lawn and the flowers had just been sprinkled. The wet hose was coiled up there on that brick wall where the bricks had been set in zigzag. There wasn't a hint of dust in the air, and the sun was low.

Mrs. Gowdy was standing at the gate, with a brown wart on the side of her nose and her hands crossed under her apron. She looked like home, you're darned right, and I don't know why I didn't mention right away that I was a friend of May's. I think I was afraid of the effect that announcement might have on the family's opinion of May's city friends. Be that as it may, I merely asked her in a feeble voice if she would care to take a roomer, and a whole train of possibilities flashed in my brain when I put that up to her.

Possibly she would rent May's room, May not being home, in which case I might rummage around and find a glove or some like keepsake I wonder if she suspected me of these designs of petty larceny.

She certainly gave me a long, musing look, and then said: "I don't know. I should have to ask Mr. Gowdy. Won't you come in?"

I went in. That little house was clean—it was clean, man. It frightened me to hear my feet grit on the linoleum in the hall. I was the only wreckage there. I remember sitting in the parlor, staring at an organ with an oak-leaf rack and a brown plush stool, and thumbing the keys.

Mr. Gowdy turned out to be a big bashful brute with freckled hands.

Mrs. Gowdy said: "This is Mr. McCarty, paw. He wants us to take him in to room."

Gowdy said, "Where's he working?"

I told him.

Well, the upshot of it seemed to be that Mr. Gowdy didn't know whether to take me in or not. He looked at me as if this was the strangest problem that had ever come into his life, or into any man's life—something he couldn't have guarded against. He didn't know. Who in the world was going to tell him, where in the wilderness of thought was he going to stumble on that necessary knowledge?

He rasped his finger across his chin and thought. Mrs. Gowdy thought, too, with her eyes fixed on the ceiling and her hands under her apron. The house was as still as sorrow in the heart, and everything was slow. The clock ticked slowly like a ship's clock. It mooned at me with its cracked yellow dial, and shadows stole across the floor. Isn't it strange how my romantic May could come from this phlegmatic stock? I began to see how it was that she had run away and got into that rough man's game.

I was afraid to move, afraid to sigh or so much as crack a joint or twiddle a toe for fear of breaking the spell, and it was in that perfect silence that I heard a woman's voice raised impatiently on the other side of those folding doors.

May Gowdy's voice! She was here! She had come home! She had been beforehand with me! I knew that voice by some unnamable little quirk in it that nobody could mistake who had ever heard it, and you can well believe my heart was pounding, and that little house began to look clear gold. I heard a man's voice next, and suddenly I saw that a good deal of this abstraction on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Gowdy was due to the fact that they were straining their ears to catch some of that and deal with me at the same time.

He said, "I guess we can, can't we, mother?" and she nodded and cocked an ear at the folding doors again.

I began to be on pins and needles myself. I gawked at the house cat which had come to a halt at the door and opened its mouth according to the voiceless gospel of some cats, as if inarticulate from sheer stress of emotion.

Mrs. Gowdy said in tones of entire conviction: "That cat wants out."

She got up and let it out too. Do you know, there was something habitual and serene in that act of common charity. It was a part of this completely calculable world of little things. I felt as if I were entering a calm. You get that same sensation drifting in the horse latitudes, they tell me—a sensation of being suspended between heaven and earth, somehow, and as if there never again would be so much as a ripple on the placid surface of things I thought of May, there, right at my elbow, and how pat she would be to my domestic scheme; how she would slide into it as smooth as a bolt and bar out the world forever On the heels of that I heard the break-up behind those folding doors.

A heavy-set, pallid young man came scooting past the parlor door and out into the street like a madman He nearly bent the street door outward on its hinges when he slammed it to, and right on his flying heels came May Gowdy herself, and the perplexity in her blue eyes gave way to astonishment and joy and shining welcome when she saw me.

"You've done it! You've done it, Bob McCarty! You've made the grade," she cried, and took one of my hands in both of hers.

I gave her my other one She ran a shrewd eye over me from head to foot, and something seemed to catch in her throat, I thought.

"Why, you poor kid, you're as thin as a rail! It's positively awful"

I got hold of her hand like a drowning man, and jerked out, "How are you, anyway?" and she said, "Swell."

Gad, it was affecting! We were like old friends—we *were* old friends, separated since the rose dawn of a young world, where we had foregathered unabashed

You know what it is like maybe, when you are learning a new instrument and drop it for a day or two and then pick it up again. You find you have more knack with it, if anything, than when you left off. That was how it was with May and me. She fairly crooned over me, and those expressions of pity brought a lump into my throat, I swear.

"What were you thinking of, you queer fish—hiring a room here?" May fired at me when the old people had told her what I had been up to. "What are friends for? Don't you know your money is counterfeit here? You certainly need a guardian. Come with me and I'll show you your room. I've got a thousand things to ask you."

I felt my eyes stinging me when I was following her upstairs. I was weak for lack of food maybe; but over and over that, she was heart-affecting. She seemed a different girl, too, here in her own bailiwick; softer and mellower, dressed as she was in that blue-flowered contraption scattered over with medallions of canary-yellow silk. That thing curled round her like a soft blue flame, opened at the throat in a misty circlet and hung in at the hips affectionately. It was the last thing in accommodation. Even clothes clung to that girl, as I told Syd Hecker neatly later. How could he blame me?

"You're not really going farther West?" May asked me.

"Not while this town has all its present population," I said, and she laughed.

"The same old Bobolink. You certainly are long on *sang-froid*."

"How comes it you're here?"

"It's just that I needed a vacation, inquisitive," May said, and I wasn't too abashed to note that trace of irony and that quizzical glitter of the eye and swoop of the lashes. She was laughing at me.

I looked past her at the bed, which was certainly designed to contain two enormous people—staring white and cool and dimpled like a snow meadow. I put my fist into it deep and heaved a sigh. It was a feather bed.

"Think what this will mean to a man who has been sleeping on gravel!" I popped out.

"Gravel?" May shrieked.

"I came in on a gravel train."

"How could you, brought up as you have been? Well, *au revoir*. Hurry down, won't you? Take one of my brother's collars out of that right-hand upper bureau drawer, if it will fit. He'll never know it. He's on the road."

She shut the door. I washed up in a soft glow, and my heart exulted, exulted, exulted; and anything like sober thought was not for me. While I was reaming the cinders out of my ears I stared like an idiot at those companion pictures, Before Marriage and After Marriage, one over the bureau and one on the door, and I certainly read favorable omens into those artless compositions. The frames were made of sea shells, and I could sit down to this day and draw either one of them free-hand if I had knack with a pencil.

What luck! What road magic, to have that girl rise up in my path, in a breath, like the answer to a whisper whispered pleadingly into Fate's stone ear! I didn't believe she needed a vacation either.

I brushed my clothes into shreds, curried and combed myself as lovingly as I knew how, shaved in cold water with her brother's shaving things, and coasted round the chin angles and jaw slants with anxious care too. I didn't want to nick or mar my loveliness on this occasion.

Had she expected me? No matter, she was here The world began for me here in this charming city, in this house, this secret citadel which the generality of men had passed up or passed by, tucked away as it was from everybody's eyes but the chief actors in the richest drama of the ages.

May and Omaha! What a prospect! A roof over me, a bed under me, a job ahead of me, that girl for my bright fireside angel, and the certainty of dying, if at all, only at an advanced age, with my boots off and my toes up and the slate clean—here, by and by and after all

She hadn't failed me. I had glimpsed so many beautiful faces, only to see them swallowed up in that maelstrom of our common humankind, that it seemed nothing short of miraculous to have one of them recur like this.

At supper I could clearly see that Mrs. Gowdy had been given her instructions.

"I'm not going to make company of you," she said. "May has told us all about you, and we feel as if you were one of the family almost."

She made me feel it too. I don't know how I got my drag with that good woman. My prospects couldn't have looked very rosy from where she sat, and she couldn't have been fool enough to think I had come there on account of the shape of the house or the way the chimney drew. I know now, of course, that she was hoping I would prove an antidote for that specific poison, Jim Harper. He had got too far away from home to be available. He never had been available, for that matter, in the view of the Gowdy conclave.

"He never seemed to want to settle down, for one thing," Mrs. Gowdy told me privately. We had strolled into the parlor and were waiting for May to come down from upstairs and carry me off to what her mother referred to as "one of her shindigs at the gymnasium." "No principle, as I told Mr. Gowdy that first night, when she came towing him in. I didn't like his eyes, and I told her so; but the man seemed to carry that girl right off her feet from the go-off. I don't know how to account for it. She always had kept her head so well before, where men were concerned, and I used to say there was safety in numbers."

"Numbers?" I uttered smilingly, but I felt as if the mask had been torn from my face.

I suffered a contraction of the walls of the heart. I felt as if somebody had gripped that organ with an invisible hand that went through the chest wall as if it was nothing, and got its thumb and finger on the dictating ganglion that, when left alone, you understand, forces the heart to go on beating willy-nilly.

"Numbers, yes," Mrs. Gowdy went on. "I'd like to see anyone keep track of them. Of high and low degree too. Of course it was all just for the good time they could give her, as far as that goes. Girl-and-boy affairs."

"Girl and boy—yes, certainly," I muttered feebly.

"For that matter, she's come through it all with colors flying by always being the lady," that fond mother said. "I've always made it a point to tell her that anybody doesn't have to advertise the fact that they're a lady, and people learn to act accordingly. I don't know whether you've seen his picture or not?"

She lifted it down from the runner on the organ, a cabinet photograph done in sienna, in an oval silver frame. I knew him in a second. I knew those shallow eyes, the eyes of a depredator and a woman killer; those full lips, that wisp of a mustache over the upper one, and that mass of limp black hair with its specialty cut. The temples were practically shaved, and the hair was combed well back, and showed the comb tracks all the way.

Good-looking, yes. A good kid, a good spender and a good loser, May had said, and I didn't doubt her—but I shared Mother Gowdy's fears about the man the instant I laid eyes on him.

"He's not the man for her, Mrs. Gowdy," I said earnestly. "I've studied physiognomy, and I know what I'm talking about."

"He can lie faster than two horses can trot," she said impressively; "but you tell May that and she only fires up in his defense."

"You have to play iron—you can't force it," I said sagely, and I added in heartfelt tones that it would be a miserable thing for so fair a creature to fall into the wrong hands.

"She wouldn't have deserved it," I faltered, and Mrs. Gowdy was thoroughly in accord.

"I know, but what's anybody going to do?" she whimpered. "She's headstrong, and she wraps her father right round her little finger."

"She's a modern from crown to toe," I thrust in.

"I used to think," Mrs. Gowdy said dolefully—"I know I told Mr. Gowdy before she was born that I hoped it would be a girl, because girls were more comfort to the mother, somehow: they didn't get out into the world so early, and then they were more manageable. But my sorrows, she kicked over the traces and left us before

(Continued on Page 37)

GOODYEAR

A view of Grant Park, a popular parking place in Chicago, where, as in other parts of America, "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind"

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THE very evident preference of the people of America for Goodyear Tires for passenger cars has been openly and honorably earned. Year after year, without interruption or exception, Goodyear Tires have given them good service. They have delivered great mileages, of a peculiarly satisfying kind, distinguished by an unusual freedom from trouble. Their quality today is higher than ever before, and public preference for them is greater than at any previous time. To be sure of economical tire equipment on your car—make certain you get Goodyear Tires. More people ride on them than on any other kind.

Buy your lamps five at a time in the Blue Convenience Carton

Read!

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Young eyes must be protected from strain if, when older, they are not to be dimmed before their time! Protect them against glaring light. But, equally, protect them against the dim, eye-straining light that is so often mistakenly chosen for "soft" light!

The cure for glare is not dimness! Every room should have plenty of light; but this greater light should be carefully *shaded*. The softly diffused yet brilliant light of the White MAZDA lamp is often the best solution. In other places you may use frosted or even clear lamps of considerable candle-power if you will but conceal them from direct vision by means of shades of dense glass, silk, cretonne or other attractive material.

Use plenty of floor and table lamps. Have light in more than one part of the room. Try MAZDA Daylight lamps in the kitchen, laundry and sewing room. Investigate the many pleasing effects you can get for every room in the house, and do not be satisfied until you have so placed enough light that every activity of the household may be carried on without glare—and without eye strain.

Look for the NATIONAL MAZDA lamp dealer near you. You'll know his store by the Blue Convenience Cartons on display. He will be glad to advise you what sizes of lamps to buy and how to use them properly. National Lamp Works of General Electric Co., 109 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

(Continued from Page 34)

she came of age. She might just as well have been a boy, for all that she'd have acted any different."

"I sized her up as one that would leave the nest as soon as she found out she had wings," I put in.

Mrs. Gowdy sighed out: "She has so much poise, don't you know. Altogether too much, I say. Nothing fazes her. She might have been made love to half a dozen times this summer for all she would come to me with it.

"I can't tell what she's thinking half the time. She doesn't confide. Young girls nowadays have that ability to wipe telltale expressions off their face just as smooth as you could do it with an iron. . . . Sh—sh, that's her step on the stair."

May swept in, glowing in her pink-and-white-striped coat, and wearing the little hat with heckle feathers on it that I had seen adorning the newel post.

"Turn round," her mother commanded.

May pirouetted.

"Well, I guess it will pass muster. Do you like it as well as you did when you got it?"

"Why, mother, what a question! I just love it! I could eat it!"

But as soon as the front door had shut on us May chuckled. "Don't you tell my mother for the world, but I'm beginning to loathe this striped coat. It just seems as if all creation was appearing out in them. I wish now I'd bought the tan one in combination with some bright-colored sweater, just as she advised. I haven't made friends with my hat either."

I lavished praise on that hat, and May put her cool hand over my mouth.

"Naughty Bobolink, you only say that! My face looks a perfect moon in it, and Jim told me so before he left. I wish I had taken the sand-colored one that looked like the Desert of Sahara with a rose dropped in it. What were you and mother talking about?"

May always did believe in the direct attack.

"Don't fib to me," she went on in a rush of words. "I know. She set Jim's picture back at the wrong angle. I couldn't see the light on it as I came in. I suppose you know the whole family is up in arms against me when it comes to Jim. They're simply wild, and I don't know what they've got against him. He's one of the best quarter-milers in the state, and I think athletes are apt to go straight if for no other reason than to keep in the pink of condition, don't you?"

I couldn't say, of course, not having been an athlete.

"Perhaps you're a brain athlete, though," May shot at me with a lingering spur of light in those astonishing blue eyes. I pleaded not guilty to that indictment, too, and May was kind enough to say that I reminded her of Jim strikingly. We both had that hollow in our cheeks that gave us just a darling hint of the ascetic, and May was mad about ascetics.

"You flatter me," I said huskily.

"Well, of course, not that you have his physique, quite," she qualified; "but you're awfully alike in little things, like having consideration for the girl, and not creeping too much mush into your talk, and remembering to walk on the outside. You both have little bashful ways too. You really are bashful, do you know that, Bobolink, you great boy? Have you had much to do with women?"

That direct attack was certainly withering. I was caught either way, unless I could strike the proper pitch of sophistication and satire, and I couldn't strike it. May laughed and pressed against me.

"Don't apologize. You are refreshing. I never could get on with these blasé men, and it really does add to you, in a woman's eyes, when she knows that there really is at bottom a touch of the devil in you for the right one to wake. I only hope you don't make my mistakes."

I stumbled over a brick in the sidewalk that some long-ago frost had heaved up, and I confess now that I hadn't much more chance to jump aboard a conversation like that than to nail a fast freight, and I knew it. I stood still, goggle-eyed, and it went by me and by me, with glimpses of daylight in between. And impulse on impulse, I felt the tide of love whispering fuller and clearer, rising, rising, brimming at my throat, at my nostrils, like a sweet enemy, as Swinburne says. Fluid death. Arm in arm with that radiant bit of femininity, as I was, I couldn't sense it that we were really dated up for the first time this evening. Surely I had known her intimately on the threshold of life, and was now gliding back, as into a remembered street, where some haunting quality in the dusk bids us stand still and remember. The battle ground of hearts once, now only of memories and ghosts of memories, piercing sweet to the man meshed and entrapped in those nets of circumstance thrown by the conquering devils of chance.

I formulated that thought for May, and she said I certainly could come through strong when it came to slinging English.

"I'll have to leave you in the cage here during the drill," she said.

We had got into the gymnasium, and I prowled back and forth in that cage like a panther, looking out through wire netting to the gymnasium floor in company with a gathering throng of young men, among whom I spotted Sydney Hecker, that pallid young man I had seen running out of the house of Gowdy at top speed.

I struck up conversation with him right away, and he played flint to my tinder. When I told him I was a stranger in a strange land, and that May had taken pity on me and brought me here, he looked at me as if he thought me capable of arguing that religion itself was only fake insurance.

"She's a pretty keen girl," I vouchsafed. "This Jim Harper is a lucky man."

"Just at present," Syd ground out, and I bent towards him confidentially.

"Is she quite so crazy about him as she gives out?" I whispered. "Isn't there just a chance that absence makes the heart grow fonder—of the other fellow?"

His mouth had the loose flexibility and deep corners of a cod's mouth, and he shut it against me. I made no effort to pry it open, because the wand drill was on, and I feasted my eyes on that squad of fifty girlish figures rising and falling, charging and recoiling, a hundred slim arms flashing and weaving there all in unison, self-forgetful and superb; and my supple May at the head of the phalanx, rolling the wand over her shoulder blades with clever little twists and tautenings. The sight of those white arms in action thrilled me like a note of martial music. I glared through the mesh, and when I thought about that something elusive in her character that made it hard for her to make friends permanently with her clothes I plucked up enormously.

There was a dance after the exercises. She came to me direct from her locker, in blue satin, with the tiniest of silk shoulder straps, no wider than that intriguing little mole on her left shoulder blade, just where the up-and-down wrinkle came when she shrugged her shoulders. If I haven't mentioned that before it's only because I hadn't seen it.

I looked into those eyes, and they tranced, they rested me, just as the dancing points of a rare gem or a wood fire have a mesmeric effect on the dreaming brain. She couldn't be with me for more than a minute, though, because the music was starting up, and she was pledged for her first dance—just the first—with Sydney Hecker.

"He needs consoling, and sometime I'll tell you why," she cried.

Flushed and sparkling, she was all for sweeping me into some other woman's arms, when I told her somberly I didn't dance.

"Don't dance?" she exclaimed. "Oh, I can't believe that! Well, you *are* fresh from the mint, aren't you?"

I began feeling weak in the epigastrium again, and I would have sold myself into slavery for the power to imitate those foppish churls who acknowledge a waxed floor as their native element.

May hooked her friend Laura Milburn by the elbow, and got her to take pity on me and show me some of the new steps. Laura was full-bodied and a little sluggish, but she had hair the color of corn silk, and raven brows and steel-gray eyes and the gentlest, prettiest of voices—the voice of a woman who has suffered much. She took me in hand out among the chest weights and the flying rings, in that niche containing a plaster cast of the world's leading woman athlete.

"I'm afraid I can't make much of a fist of this," I said huskily. "You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

I tried to speak like an old battle-scarred veteran whose time had been too strictly passed in feats of arms and derring-do to acquire these soft graces, and Laura took that stuff at face valuation. We got talking about Jim Harper—it's wonderful the number of people I found who were willing to talk about Jim—and Laura turned those great sad eyes of hers on me, under those enchanting brows, and murmured: "I do hope she'll make him happy."

"Is there any doubt?" I pressed her.

"There's always doubt," Laura said, "where two people are as strong characters as they are. One or the other will have to bend the knee, and I'm afraid it won't be May. He's the grandest man to get along with, really, if a girl will only learn his ways and when not to oppose him."

"Not your ideal of a lady's man, I gather. Not the kind that will knuckle to a whim."

"Not at all. That's why so many lost their heads. He just had always been able to draw them by crooking his little finger, and you can't wonder if even that got to be too much exertion for him finally. I know. I was singed myself, and I know if there's one thing Jim stands out for more than another it's womanly women. He put up with May's dragging him about from one shooting gallery to another while he was courting her; but marriage is different—don't you think so yourself?"

"Shooting galleries?" I gasped. "Does she countenance that sort of thing?"

"Yes. Didn't you know that? She's nuts about guns, and they say there isn't a woman in the state that can touch her for target shooting. She used to run up quite a bill for clay pigeons, too, in the season. She's mad to go West now and join Jim, and I really think that's half his lure. She's awfully romantic."

A curious shock went through me, and I thought I knew why Jim wouldn't like May's developing proficiency with guns. It struck me as incongruous myself that that delicate beauty could take anything like a rifle in her hands with satisfaction and credit to herself.

There wasn't time to develop that thought, though. May came whirling up, released from Sydney Hecker, and took me in hand, guiding me out among the horses, bucks and parallel bars.

"Now we'll see whether or not you can dance, or whether you're just plain Mister Modesty," May said with resolution in her tones.

Well, I had taken one or two dancing lessons from a homely girl back there in Dowagiac, but that was before I had learned to see possibilities in every woman's face, and her nearness didn't count. May's introduction of me to things terpsichorean was a far cry from that affair.

"I'm mad about dancing," she said; "perfectly mad about it. Once I'm on the floor, with speedy music, and a pair of stalwart arms around me, I don't look above the shoulder seam. Actually, I'm hardly conscious who my partner is if he can dance. Shameful, isn't it? Their brains or build don't count with me then. It's the way they handle their feet."

I grinned in ghastly fashion and said helplessly: "My feet have got nothing but their cubic contents, I'm afraid."

"He's just putting that on, don't you girls think so?" she tossed over her shoulder to three or four of her consortless companions who couldn't for their dear lives help gravitating towards that splendid alabaster nude in the alcove as a vantage point.

My hands felt as big as gin carries, and my legs were spavined and covered with Charley horses when I essayed to sway into it with her and failed.

May said: "Well, the bottom hasn't fallen out of everything yet, I hope."

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks," I said miserably.

I shouldn't have risked making that crack a second time. It went through with Laura, but it left me open wide with May, and she hopped into the breach hard.

"Hear the man! Anyone would think he was seventy-four at least. Why, how old are you, Mr. McCarty?"

She had called my bluff, and I don't know to this day what I said in answer to that body blow. I think I told her the truth. I had the crumpled, collapsed feel of a man hit wickedly amidships and dropping to the mat for the count. I got a taste of May's poise, too, during the half minute—or half century—while she was waiting for my reply without taking her interested eyes off mine. She didn't lose one opportunity in those early clinches to get under my guard with some little piece of outspokenness that gave me the old mazed, glassy-eyed, boiled-in-oil feeling that girls seemed to have power to plant in

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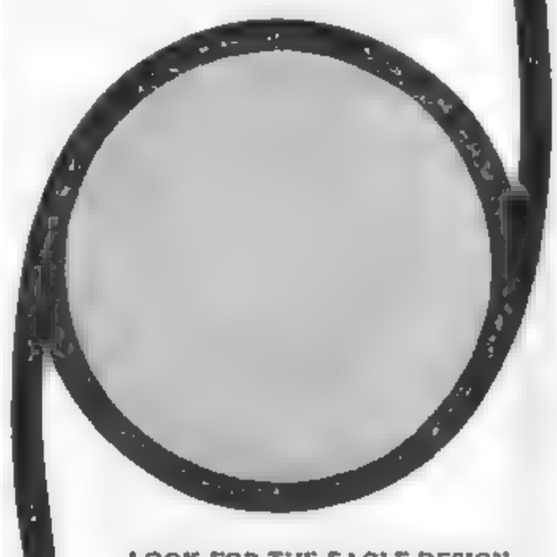

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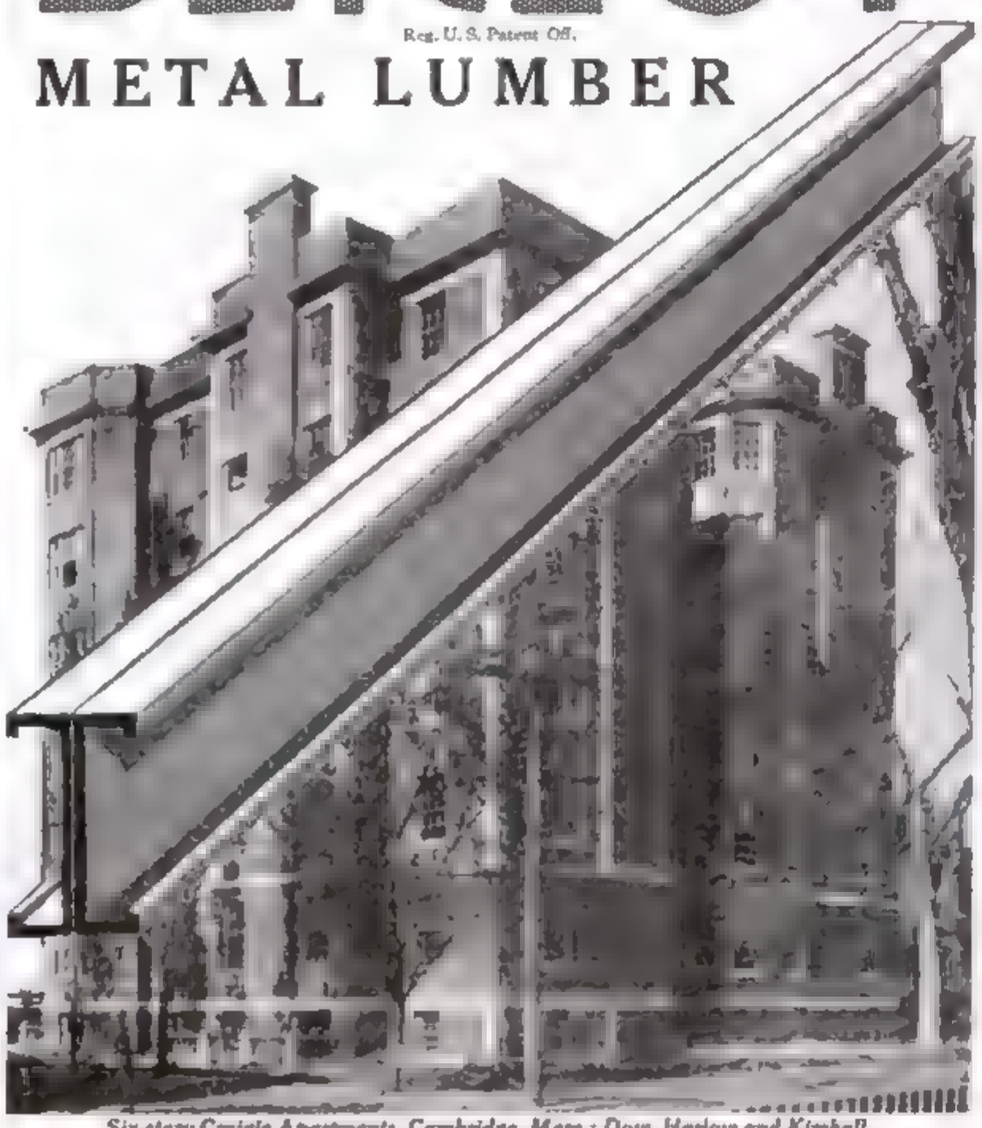

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me, and that feeling alone would have made recluses of better men.

"Do you know, Mr. McCarty," she said to me, "I think you must be just a little bit conceited."

"Conceited?"

That was a right chop to the jaw, and my head snapped over.

"Yes. You act as though you thought everyone in this place was looking at you. They've got other business to attend to. Now can't you just forget you are dancing altogether, and just sway into it, and give yourself up to it as if you meant to enjoy yourself? Crack a smile. We only pass this way once, you know; and if there is any little thing that can give pleasure, don't you think, instead of always denying ourselves, we ought to? There, isn't this divine?"

It's a fact, the coy motion of her body seemed to oscillate the air along her flanks, and for a second I was lapped in Elysium. And then I stepped on her, and groaned apologies.

May said: "You're awfully sensitive, aren't you? Or susceptible, or something of the sort. I'm perfectly all right. Not in pain the least bit. Do I look it? Really, I never think anything about getting stepped on when I'm dancing. You've got to expect it. There, just let yourself go, and limber up the knees."

I told her humbly that one of my great difficulties had always been to keep from climbing my partner.

"Climbing your partner?" May repeated, aghast. "You do have an awfully funny way of putting things. Has anything happened, when you were younger, to put a crimp in your vocabulary? Now—why, you are doing it like a veteran! I wish I had never had worse partners than you are to dance with. All you need now is experience, and you'll be wonderful. You're so strong and carry yourself so well. What step are you introducing there, Mr. McCarty?"

"Something that just came into my head."

"Well, you are progressing! There, you see you've taught me something!"

I had it on the tip of my tongue to say "Impossible," and for just that second all the ligaments and muscles and pulleys in my face ached with the effort to keep a civil expression moored there, and yet the upshot of all that tension was that I lisped, "It isn't much."

"Yes, it's good. I like to do it."

"I'm afraid I'm not turning enough. Isn't it getting a little monotonous for you?"

"Turn as often as you like. I'll turn with you, never fear."

"What signal shall I give you?"

"Oh, I'll know without signaling," May said, and I flashed out: "Can you actually divine my thoughts so soon?"

May whipped back "When they're not too far afield I can," and I stepped on her again.

"Don't mind that. It happens with the very best dancers. Just imagine that a girl is armor-plated. Now try to glide. Don't act as if you were trying to get somewhere. You're not catching a train, Mr. McCarty. Look, here we are in midstream! Don't get panicky. You're doing fine. You won't mind this little motion of mine, will you? It isn't quite conventional, but I do love to be a little raggy. There, the music has stopped."

When she passed me on to my next partner, as if she had forged and fashioned me from a crude lump of precious ore, she said sweetly, "Don't you let this wonderful man tell you he can't dance, Ethelberta."

III

BY GEORGE, what impressed me was the enormous cleverness she showed in handling material as rough as I was and getting away with it big! Nothing fazed her. Mrs. Gowdy had said that, and Mrs. Gowdy knew. She looked like a mere slip of a girl, and yet I felt that she must have been out in the world fending for herself ages and ages before I had taken my first step.

"What did you think of Laura?" she asked me when we were going home that night. I said noncommittally that Laura ought to sit to some sculptor for her lines.

"She has a beautiful torso, yes," May agreed. "Of course, though, physique isn't everything."

"It helps," I dropped out with an appreciative slant at her own perfections.

After a discreet pause she said in her soft, slighted accents: "You wouldn't have any way of knowing it unless I told you, but she was Jim's inamorata before he met me."

"Ah," I said fatuously, "it's all off now, of course!" and May retorted, "*Cela va sans dire*" delicately, and with a good deal of aplomb, it seemed to me.

"I suppose your conscience is clear," I said archly, and to my surprise May said she wasn't sure.

"I'm not so sure she wouldn't have been the woman for him after all," she went on murmurously, "and I told him so once. He simply wouldn't have it, and it would just about have killed me to have to give him up, but I wanted to be perfectly fair."

"What was your idea at that time, may I ask?"

"I told him we were too much alike. Like repels like, you know, and attracts its opposite."

"How—alike?"

"Well, we're both birds of passage, for one thing," she said reflectively. "Always looking for excitement and what's in the wind, instead of being willing to settle down and just watch the pot and mend socks and go round and lock the doors and windows when the clock strikes nine. People criticized Jim because he used to spend his time when he was away from me always and forever drawing to a bob-tailed flush, but I couldn't blame him in my heart of hearts."

She was just as frank as a comrade in arms.

When she had exhausted Jim she turned to Sydney Hecker and gave me a thumb-nail sketch of him. It seems he had come just before Jim Harper, and sandwiched in as he had been between two much more violent affairs, he had grown to feel rather morose about it all. Yes, ludicrous as it might seem now, Sydney Hecker had at one time been all in all to her, and no woman, she averred, was ever likely to forget totally even her eliminations, much as she might like to.

Sydney was too absurd. He represented himself now as being in a mood for anything, though really he hadn't anybody but himself to blame. He had actually threatened to ruin his life by going West in charge of a sheep car unless she would relent and take him back. To do this he would have to drop a lucrative job at the bank. Fancy that!

"That's what jealousy can do for a man," she said mildly. "He's jealous. It's terrible, according to his version. I've always said jealousy must be a form of disease, and I still think so. I think anybody is more to be pitied than anything else that is of a jealous disposition, don't you?"

"I suppose you never had a touch of it yourself," I suggested.

May shook her head, and truth looked out of those brilliant eyes. Right there I remembered a sentiment I had scrawled in my diary, "They conquer who think they can," and it came seething over me that May might not be totally inaccessible even to a late comer like myself. Hadn't she worn out her eye on that striped coat and the hat with the heckle feathers? What was to prevent her wearing out her relish elsewhere then?

And so for a solid week May and I attended things. She devoted her entire evenings to me, and wrote Jim about our doings with girlish exuberance, and once even went so far as to dictate a letter to him and dispatch it, written throughout in my fine Italian hand. Jim would see the humor of that, she said. He wouldn't mind. He didn't believe in turning an engaged woman into a mere prisoner of hope, unless he was a much changed man from what he had been.

So smooth had been our course that I was little prepared for that bombshell she threw into camp at the end of seven days. I flattered myself that I would go far in my rôle of supplanter, and I won't refrain from saying that I couldn't believe a woman who had even partially habituated herself to my style could find it in her heart to look elsewhere. I felt sure that if I were a woman other men would repel me by their grossness, and I couldn't understand even the faintest encouragement of their advances by May.

Imagine my surprise then on going downstairs one night after prolonged study of the picture entitled After Marriage, to find the family all shot to pieces, Gowdy looking like a thundercloud, and Mrs. Gowdy dissolved in tears, and a saturated solution at that. I checked myself in the doorway, but May wheeled round and dragged me in.

(Continued on Page 40)

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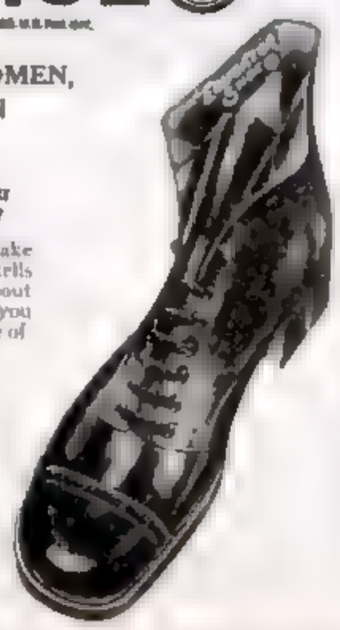

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(Continued from Page 38)

"Come in, you friend of the family," she said to me, "and listen to these lamentations. You would think bedlam had broken loose, and all because I have decided to go West and join Jim."

"Join—Jim?"

"Yes. Now don't *you* go to looking like the last leaf after it has withered and gone! I know my own mind, I hope!"

"I say they don't any of them know their own minds any more," Mrs. Gowdy moaned. "What she sees in that four-flusher!"

"Why I fall for that four-flusher, as you call him," May flashed out, "is because he's doing something more in the world than just count out dirty dollars at a bank. He's a man, and he's had the courage to strike out for himself, without asking whether he had support from the chamber of commerce or not. And now if there's any way that I can devise to come through in the pinches——"

"I guess there will be pinches enough and tears enough before you're done with him," her mother sobbed. "I don't know as he's anything better than a common gambler."

May turned to me and explained patiently that her mother thought everybody was a gambler who dealt in stocks and bonds.

"That's all old stuff," she reasserted. "My heavens, ma, can you think of any easier way of growing rich than getting it out of the dirt under your feet? Why, if you had a chance to go round picking up gold dollars out of the street I don't believe you'd stoop! Jim wrote me about an old man that came out there and stumbled on a glory hole and shoveled gold into sacks like so much powdered sugar. Everybody had told him that the place had petered out, too, mind you. And Jim says now he's worth his cool half million."

"It won't do him any good," Mrs. Gowdy moaned.

"Don't be narrow, ma," May said in those gentle tones, and I certainly admired the way she held herself in.

And right there, when everything hung in the balance, we all heard that distinct and imperative sound outside, accompanied by a scratching. You can't conceive the effect of that minute sound on those depressed elderly people. They lifted their heads as if they had been brought suddenly out of some dark depth, as if they were awakening after a dream of murder, to feel about them the blessed, soothing sanity of the bedroom walls and the sound of loved ones' breathing.

We all stared at the black window, as if cut short in our several concerns by some decree coming from a high source, and Mrs. Gowdy wiped away her tears and said gravely "That cat wants in."

The entrance of that cat effected a revolution in my soul. Can you understand this? It's psychological, I suppose. There I had been on the point of throwing the weight of my personality into the scales in a mad effort to dissuade May from that Western trip. I imagine I expected some sort of dream compliance out of her too—she did smile at me strangely, with a glitter in her eyes; that fateful glitter—and I had almost burst out with that story of an uncle of mine who went out there in the gold days and came back after three years, limping into town with one lonesome nugget in the heel of his shoe that he had earned by washing dishes after he had sickened of panning for gold; and when he saw how high feeling ran about the way he had left his wife to shift for herself all those weary years he rammed that nugget into his gun and shot himself with it.

Well, I had all but spilled that pessimistic yarn when the cat came clawing under the sash and dropped on the carpet. Gad, that furry face had every mark of the uncharitable coldness of a contemptuous foreigner domineering in a strange land! I began to think of life here, or in any given spot, as a series of reiterated exits and entrances on the part of this creature. There was something terrible to me in this manifestation of a subtle autocracy. I felt loaded down with chains. This bold green stare seemed to point directly to that perishing point in the monotony of days I've spoken about. Let it in, let it out, let it in, let it out. Just heaven, no!

I felt that what May craved was not so much Jim as open air. I did myself. I saw plainly that I had been almost seduced from the road by a bag of feathers and a sheet; but suddenly I felt strong again, and I got a rich picture of the perils of the road alleviated by May's presence. I wanted action right away, in order not to suffer a relapse, and I maneuvered May out into the hall under that wine-colored lamp with an incandescent inside in place of a wick, and glass pendants. And there in that romantic light I told her I was strong for that adventure of hers, and what was more I meant to check her up on it.

"When are you going?" I inquired.

"The day after to-morrow."

"Does Jim know it?"

"No, he'll get the surprise of his young life. I'm simply going to walk in on him unawares."

"You'll have me to back you up," I gritted. "I am heading for the Canyon of the Fools myself."

"Don't be foolish!" May said, and then I got the foolish little smile working that always brought the query as to what was in my mind.

I warmed to my work. I was half tempted to take her by storm, sweep her off her feet, guarantee her all the open air she wanted in exchange for the padlock of wedlock. And she read me like a book of print.

"You mad boy!" she whispered, with her cheek against the banister. "Go on where you were going and never think of poor me again."

"It's too large an order," I affirmed.

I was looking square into her eyes, and do you know I distinctly saw something scintillating there like a surprising liquid. I was amazed. It took me right in the knees and over the heart hard. I hadn't supposed there would ever be a suggestion of tears in those quizzical eyes.

Well, it's a great moment when a man realizes that he has brought a beautiful girl to the verge of tears on his account. I felt like crying myself, and coming all unglued. I was maudlin, I tell you. And what defeated me was May's never losing her self-possession for one instant. Right when I felt the glow of that crisis through my heart she stepped up to me close. I knew then that I wanted her for my very own. Wanting her made the fact stand out that she was near.

I made it nearer, and it might have ended as it always does if she hadn't breathed, naturally as a child, "Do you know—I think—I have got a cinder working around in my eye. Will you look?"

A cinder! Wasn't that a step-down for me? There I had been all but reduced to a thin jelly, and by what? Involuntary tears! Add historic might-have-beens. I twisted up a corner of my handkerchief with one shaking hand and came closer still, and wasn't I fearful to touch the appurtenances of that enchanted orb? I glared, and we both held our breath, and I rolled back the lid with a hand that felt as wide-fluked as a ship's anchor.

I said anxiously, "I don't see a thing."

"I've wept it out," May said composedly. "But truly it felt as big as—as a nugget of gold."

She was full of the old mischief that night.

"Promise me," she said, "that you'll stay here at the transfer, like a good boy, and let mother take care of you."

I got her by the two shoulders and looked her straight in the eye.

"Look here," I said, "you know better than that! You know where I'll be! I want you to remember that when everything else fails you've got me to bank on. I'm not asking anything for myself. I'm just putting it up to you that you've got me in reserve, that's all. I'm trekking right along until I see you safe into Jim Harper's hands."

May said "Really?" and there was a touch of that old, roguish, disbelieving light in her eye.

"Yes, really. If there really is a canyon where fools foregather, the sooner I find it the sooner I will find home."

"Silly! But if you do mean it, honestly, why don't you join Sydney Hecker in his sheep car? And then if it should so happen that you should get out of funds you could pawn that snake ring of his with the imitation ruby in it."

I wasn't listening. I was thinking to myself: "I wonder if she would stand for a farewell kiss. I wonder how she would take it."

I gave up the notion, though. I fancied that any such juxtaposition was bound to be momentous, and might detonate like a pinch of blasting powder. We might even lose our lower jaws.

And right while I was thinking that she brushed by me in a flash and kissed me with a kind of dewy, thoughtful air, and said: "Forget it like a good boy, Bobolink, and go to Los just as you intended."

I was warm all over, and at the same time I was mad clear through at the absence of any sort of passion in that kiss. Like a young mother's after she has tidied up her little boy and got him ready for school. And I had made the mistake of reckoning myself in with the primal forces which women have to take account of in this world. I had been willing to take that kiss out in thinking. I suppose I must have lacked that masterful knack of working fast in women's impulses that people say I have since acquired—and hanged if she didn't pay it in like legal tender! She certainly brought me up with a round turn by that endearment. A tear had been lingering on her cheek or in the corner of her mouth somewhere, salty sweet. It was like being kissed by an opening bud that had been dipped in sea water.

I turned my back on her, broken-hearted, banged the door and went stumbling along that brick walk in the dark, following the zigzag pattern. I stopped at the gatepost and clung to it. I had a piece of chalk in my pocket, and I pulled it out and put a cross inside a circle on the front side of the post. Whimsical little devil, wasn't I? Well, I *had* had good treatment there.

IV

WHERE was it I first came up with Sydney Hecker? It's not down here in the diary for some reason or other. It was at a place where there was some sort of tough carnival going on, I remember, and the sun was sinking. I heard a minister once describe life as a thing roaring along like a sunset. "Roaring" is the word for that sun. It was like a prairie fire, and the light glittered on the rails and I thought I had never seen so far in one straight line before.

I wish I could prepare your mind to receive the character of that perplexing Christian, Sydney Hecker, but I can't. I never understood it myself, never fathomed it. He was short and thick-set, with a moon face, a bell-shaped nose, pale, bulbous eyes and an undershot jaw. May told me frankly that what she had admired in the man was his good grip on morals, not his facial equipment.

Here he was, sure enough, just as she had said, in charge of a sheep car, rolling West and trying to find balm for his defeated soul, instead of getting out and providing May Gowdy with more close-ups of his moral worth. We hated each other on sight, but I meant to journey out of there in his sheep car, and I boarded him without compunction. He gave no sign of ever having seen me, and I humored him in that. I chimed in with him and helped him fill a tin washtub with water for the sheep, and then when the train started I climbed pleasantly in over the gate in the middle of the car.

He said at once: "Of course, you know you have no right to be here."

I laughed and said I supposed he wouldn't mind if I trundled out a mile or two to see the sunset. He looked as cold and wavering as a cuttlefish, and he fixed those protuberant eyes on me without a grain of sympathy or companionship in them.

After he had watered the sheep he asked me if I had ever heard of Jim Harker. I hadn't. He enlightened me. Jim Harker was, it seemed, a bull with a festive little trick of riding down freights on his bronco and roping hobos with a rope made of excellent Mexican horsehair.

"Rope them right off a moving train?" I inquired.

And Sydney Hecker said "Yes," heavily and sadly.

"Did you say 'is a man' or 'was a man'?"

"He's dead," Sydney answered briefly. "A hobo hit him on the head with a coupling pin. But his brother is still out here at Sherry Hill."

"Roping 'em?"

Sydney nodded. I opened my heart to him then, because I certainly did want to see that sunset on the prairie. I showed him my frat pin and told him an uncle of mine by marriage was a Mason and an Odd Fellow, and that I was going to Los Angeles to study medicine. It would have been poor policy to have said flat-footed that I was on the trail of the one woman in the world.

"Hide me, mister!" I whispered to him. "Oh, my golly, let me hide under the sheep at Sherry Hill!"

"No," he said resolutely.

"What harm?"

(Continued on Page 43)

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

(Continued from Page 40)

"No right," he mumbled. "You have no right here."

Right! He handled that word reverently, but we were getting close to Sherry Hill, and suddenly I felt the train slacken, and right away I saw Jim Harker's brother loping along in the cinders away up the track.

I hissed in Sydney Hecker's ear "I am going under the sheep," and he made absolutely no answer. It was like appealing to a gilt Buddha.

"Are you going to give me away?"

"If he asks me," he said throatily, "I shall tell him."

Where had I got a whiff of those ethics before?

I glared at him and said rapidly: "Suppose you were at a crossroads and a man ran by you that you knew was innocent, being chased by murderers. If those murderers came up and wanted to know which way he went, which way would you point?"

With a truly noble gesture Sydney folded his arms and said: "I should refuse to answer."

Wasn't that a perfectly safe solution?

"Look here," I yelled, "you call yourself a Christian!"

I hadn't the faintest notion that he would, but to my surprise he fired up and said yes, he did.

"And still," I said, "you are going to throw a fellow Christian to a blood-bitten bull like Jim Harker's brother. Is that Christian spirit?" And without giving him a chance to answer I crawled under the sheep.

They were rams. By George, it was close! I thought I should perish, lying there with all that belly wool tickling my face. I felt entombed and forsaken, and I looked for nothing better from that short-faced tumbler of a sheep king than betrayal. Jim Harker's brother came by, and I heard him draw alongside and ask Syd how many sheep there were in his car. Syd hadn't counted. Going far? Some place in the Far West, Syd thought.

"Beat again, little heart!" I kept thinking, and I could hear the hearts of those rams ticking, too, I believe, like a lot of alarm clocks wrapped in wool.

Every instant I thought Sydney was going to drop the onus of that deception, fling it from him with one stern gesture and invite Jim Harker's brother to burrow under those rams.

Well, he didn't do it. For some unfathomable reason he preferred to compromise his morality. Had he been actuated by regard for me? It's unlikely. I shall think to my dying day that Sydney was afraid to tell that sheriff that I was in with the sheep. He was afraid of awkward questions. Why had he let me get under there at all, for instance? Why hadn't he put me off himself?

His ethics had undone him, and suddenly that freight gave a savage jerk and creaked in all its members. Springs tinkled, brake beams groaned, and all the rams jumped one way and planted their hoofs in my face.

That was how Syd and I began our wanderings together. We hit it off fine too. This was a slat-box car, you understand. A platform extended over the sheeps' heads aft, containing hay, a worn blanket and a tin pail into which Sydney had thrust a grimy cylinder of Bologna sausage, a mass of pilot bread and a hundredweight or so of gingersnaps—his idea of what to take with him on his vacation in the way of food. It was characteristic of the man.

As soon as I had worked the hay up against the slats all round to screen myself from the wind and the brakies I prepared to take my ease. It was impossible. Sydney had got the moral problem in his teeth again, and was worrying it.

He came up to me and said in a low tone: "You are committing a sin by remaining in this car, and you know it. You've got to get off."

I asked him why he hadn't put me off at Sherry Hill if that was how he felt about it, and he moaned out something about my being the kind of man who would throw that up to him after he had given me a chance for my life.

"Certainly," I said, "you ought to have done it."

He inquired piteously if I meant to impose on his good nature like that. It got dark, and still we argued. The joy of it was, he had three times my strength physically. He could have pitched me off anywhere, and he preferred to argue me off and suffer the torments of the damned because I wouldn't succumb to argument. What man worthy of the name ever did succumb to anything so insubstantial?

"Do you know," he ejaculated at one time, "that you are actually robbing this company—robbing it?"

I felt that every minute spent in this conversational way was bringing me nearer to May Gowdy again. He shrieked those last two words at me, and I picked them right out of the air.

"Robbing the company!" I said, as calm as a preacher after a spell of ranting.

I became a sophist. The company, hey? What was the company? It was a corporation. What was a corporation? A thing without a soul. Could you commit an ethical wrong on a thing without a soul? Certainly not. What was ethics? A system of moral adjustment between creatures having living tissue. Corporations had no living tissue, bloodless and inhuman monsters. Therefore ——

He glared at me with ponderous mistrust and muttered: "There is something wrong with that reasoning. The corporation is nothing but the men who compose it."

There was a wild wailing or whistling ahead, and in a second we had plunged into a tunnel. As soon as we emerged I gasped for breath and yelled: "Wait till the corporation gets in court, and watch them deny that! They want to say then that a corporation is a separate entity, something all by itself."

He shook his head.

"It's against the law, and that ought to be enough," he mumbled.

You see? He had shifted off the moral ground—against the law.

I said earnestly: "Would you stake your soul on the proposition that this corporation has never sinned against the law?"

"That doesn't concern you," he said proudly, sternly. "If you look after your own conduct and let others look after theirs you'll get on better."

I got off the hay platform in order to face him more impressively.

"That's precisely what I say to you," I said.

Would you believe that anybody could be struck dumb by a flimsy counter thrust like that? Well, he was. He said nothing at all for what seemed hours and hours, and the countryside went by in a blur. It was night. We were both leaning on the gate at this time. We were like a couple of somber farmers, with the gate under our elbows and the sheep beginning to bleat behind us. A live-poultry car had hooked on behind too. The illusion of a traveling farm was perfect, and I think this was all that kept him from going to pieces. He had been brought up on a farm, and now his mental poise seemed to depend on the grip he had of that gate. He was all but turned inside out with homesickness, for one thing.

We slept together on the platform under the same blanket. Can you imagine it? And then in the morning he was wrathier than ever at what he called the false position I had put him in. He had been thinking of this all night while we were lying under that blanket. Had tossed and turned and hardly got a wink of sleep, and the burden of it all was, I was immoral, a moral bankrupt, I hadn't a scruple. That man actually appeared to have lived in a world where scruples had more currency than shekels or rupees. He referred to them with a kind of awe, as if they were negotiable in payment of just debts.

And when I began to throw out hay to the sheep he said, "Stop that!"

"Why?"

"You can't say you've been of any use to me, because you haven't," he grumbled. "You're only in the way."

That was his lay, then—no obligations.

"You've gone halfway across this state now," he said miserably. He walked back and forth all bowed over.

Where was it he accused me of stealing the egg? Let's see the diary. Riverton, I think—yes. That poultry car was right behind us, you know; and the man tending it must have played pitch in the caboose most of the time. Pitch and profanity and God-defying yarns, that's all there was there, Sydney said, and he was going to keep his skirts clear of it.

It was hot there at Riverton. Hot metal was coming to have a charm for me too. The cars were fairly tinkling on the rails. Suddenly I heard a hen cackle.

I went back at the double-quick and glared into that poultry car. Myriad wilted combs, fluttering throats, glazed eyes, parted yellow bills. They were stuffed into zinc compartments. By George, talk about the Black Hole of Calcutta! And this car had been patented four times too.

I looked in through those scaly yellow feet, and all the while those mournful thousands were cluttering, "*Morituri te salutamus.*"

I couldn't relieve their situation, it's a pipe; but I certainly was desperate for a change of diet from Bologna and gingersnaps. I stirred those hens up with a lath and stared under them, and sure enough, I sighted an egg; but it was situated towards the middle of the car. The lath fell short of that entrancing oval by a full two inches. Gad, what a vision of succulent frail loveliness! It began to look like a mirage, too, but a black hen there had the common humanity to claw it and send it spinning my way. I jacked up the metal screen with a bolt of iron I had picked up alongside the track, and the egg rolled into my hand—a strictly fresh egg. I got three of them.

Sydney, of course, accused me of theft.

"Theft?" I said. "What's theft? There's murder going on in the car back of us."

"Murder?" he shouted.

"Yes, of hens."

"Oh, hens," he said more calmly.

And I answered, "Oh, eggs," and began to tour around in the sheep. You can't imagine the gravity portrayed in all those absurd, resigned, bearded faces crowding up to us like mystified patriarchs huddling together after they had given up trying to piece the ends of destiny together. It was farcical. I felt as if I were traveling in a Noah's ark.

Sydney was silent a long time, and I knew that he was working himself up to the point of asking me to get off again. He watered the sheep with a small pail instead of accepting my aid with the washtub, and when finally he wheeled on me it was to ask me right out where I was going.

I said dramatically: "I am going into the Canyon of the Fools after May Gowdy, since you must know."

"May Gowdy!" he gasped. "You don't mean to tell me that she's actually gone out there!"

I did mean to tell him that, and he sank down and put his head in his hands.

"I'm afraid there won't any good come of that," he groaned.

"So I say," I countered; "and that ought to explain my presence here."

"What is she to you?" he inquired sulkily.

"I might say she's just a woman in trouble, but she's more than that. She's the bright particular star in my firmament."

Syd faltered out that I was nothing but a tramp, and how I could have the gall to aspire ——

"Somebody must if she isn't to fall into Jim Harper's hands," I suggested.

I saw my chance then. I told him frankly that I was a tramp, even as he had surmised, and I asked him to guess what had brought me into that condition of degradation. Without waiting for him to hazard anything, I plunged on and confessed that not so very many moons ago I had been much like other young men, putting my nose to the grindstone every morning and ragging around nights; and then a girl had thrown me over, and after that I had started traveling as a means of easing the agony of rejection, and gone from bad to worse, until now I was an outcast and in a frame of mind to stop at nothing short of murder.

"A man can get to be an outcast overnight," I said mournfully, "but it isn't so easy to climb back into the fold again."

I went on to say that this sort of road taint adheres and agglutinates, and Sydney's face got as white as chalk, and his eyes were awfully big and lambent. And do you know, just as I had hoped, he couldn't resist touching on his romance with May. I knew well enough he couldn't, mad with pique and homesickness as he was. Yes, he was mad too. With this sense he had of weak connivance in a moral outrage, mind you, he wanted to choke me. He would have seen me ground under the wheels of that disgusting, clanking, odorous sheep chariot of his, and yet he felt compelled to tell me the story of that unfortunate affair of his. He fairly lost sight of the outrage of my being there in this forcible remembrance of his loss, and he painted that shipwreck of his hopes in dark colors. He told me where he had first seen May Gowdy, what his sensations were, and mentioned some snappy little thing she had said that had set him thinking.

"I will say one thing," he admitted in that sorrowful voice. "I found out later that, with all her good qualities, she isn't one of these women who keep their lips sacred for the man they are to marry."

"I don't want to appear cynical, old man," I thrust in, "but haven't all those women taken the veil?"

He couldn't say.

"She's perfectly omnivorous," he whispered. Heartless, too, and how so beautiful a creature could be so utterly devoid of the finer feelings was what Syd wouldn't undertake to say. Meet a man and encircle him one day, and fend him off the next with a light laugh and a bit of pleasantry, leaving him dangling with that hideous fear of what had happened in between.

"It just seems to be a question of how much powder a man will burn for her," he admitted at length.

"Powder?" I yelled. "What do you mean—powder?"

"I mean what I say," Syd came back sulkily. "When she wasn't at a dance she had to be at a shooting gallery. Why, look here! To show how she is, she offered me one night to strike out with me and marry me, with a rifle in the hollow of her arm, and take our honeymoon in the woods with just money enough in our pockets to prevent our being taken up as vagrants. Twenty-three cents, isn't it? Live off the country and sleep in barns and haystacks, anywhere and everywhere, and milk cows when we were thirsty."

"Oh, golly, what broke that plot up?" I whispered.

"What broke it up? I broke it up," Syd said. "Do you think I would be mad enough to take a woman on those terms?"

"No, you probably wouldn't," I agreed.

Man, it brought tears to my eyes to think of the opportunities that man had probably let slip through his fingers in one short lifetime! Think to what lengths he and a girl like May wouldn't have gone in the circumstances as outlined! What's over Niagara in a barrel?

Do you wonder she switched to Harper? Syd told me about that too. It seems he had taken her to ride in a borrowed horseless carriage that broke down right outside a country church, and May stepped into the church just to be out of harm's way while Syd was spread-eagled beneath the axles. A game of Copenhagen was going on in the vestry. You're probably acquainted with it. Everybody stands round in a circle with their hands on a piece of rope, and the captive in the middle, blindfolded, tries to grab one of the hands. It's a rule of the game that you can't actually take your hands off the rope, of course. You merely shift them up and down, and there's a forfeit.

You can't imagine May's not sitting into a game like that, I suppose, with her temperament. Syd came in just as she was having the forfeit exacted, as luck would have it, and the man in the center of the ring was Jim Harper. The fact that Sydney happened to know Jim Harper very well didn't mend matters in the least. What he had to think about was May's reaction to the whole degrading business.

"It took her by surprise, of course," Syd said, "but still she was as composed as could be afterwards. She told me it was no use crying over spilled milk, and why make a scene and appear odd by refusing to pay the forfeit? She always was too plausible," Syd roared at the end.

And do you know, I had pushed that inquest, that post mortem, just far enough to suffer a kind of interior twinge myself. It did take the tuck out of me and no mistake, but I reflected that it was past and gone. Syd said the tide had turned that day, slacked and ebbed. May began to be seen with Harper everywhere, and she had been just mad enough to egg him on into this Western adventure, with the idea of joining him when he got his feet placed.

"He's let in for it now," Syd said bitterly, "and I hope he likes his bargain."

I listened hard. I heard Syd's words, and I heard, too, the clack and roar under me, like a kind of iron oratory proclaiming the annihilation of weary space, and I wondered how it was with that starry little pacemaker of mine, May Gowdy. I felt almost brotherly enough to tell Syd what it felt like, being kissed by May, in case that wonderful woman hadn't been careless enough to pay him a like forfeit. It may seem ludicrous, and it is ludicrous, but I felt even then that, barring accidents and such slip-ups as that one in the vestry, I was the only man in the world that had been so consecrated. I wondered hopefully if she hadn't seen fit to be a little standoffish even with Jim, a wee bit ulterior, in

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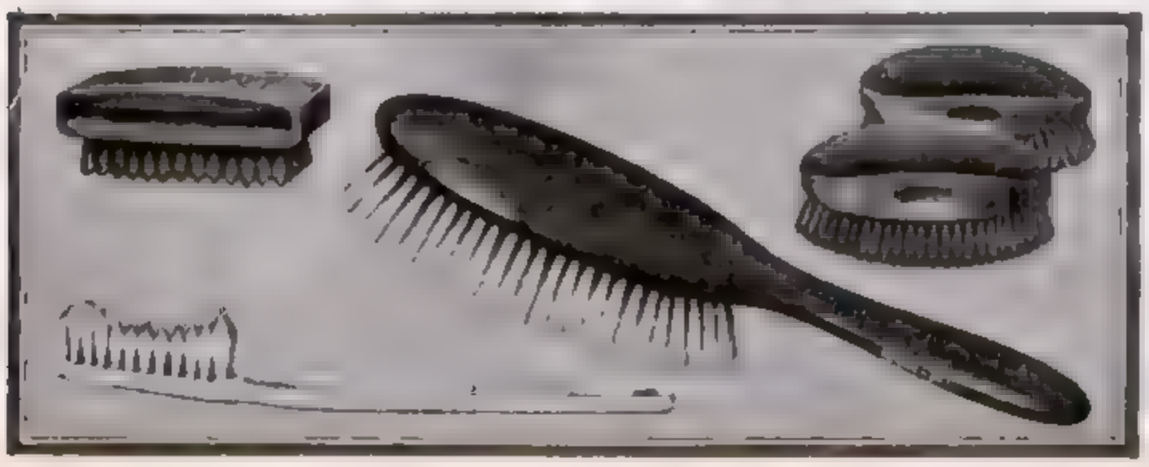


short, and I decided in the affirmative. I pictured a state of things where Jim had been practically forced into exile with the promise of a kiss for full success, and I decided that he hadn't got it yet, although it might be flying towards him on the Western Flyer.

Syd and I turned in and slept together like twins that night. But he woke up the next morning in a blacker fit than ever, and watered the sheep with the small pail again. He felt condemned to think he had unbosomed himself of that precious store of heart's misery to a renegade of my stamp, a man without finer feelings, a man capable of abstracting forcibly an egg from a patented poultry car.

This was the third day of our partnership, I think, and as I was eating gingersnaps out of his pail I could see slow defiance gathering in him from some subterranean source, as you have seen pools fill up at high tide on a salt marsh; the slow righteous stuff that nothing can check, backed by every moral reasoning. He was rendering himself impervious to the assaults of logic, and he said in a low fierce tone: "Now, then, you've got to get off at this tank."

Well, sir, we went past that tank and I didn't get off. I could see a seven-thousand-foot elevation right ahead, and I told Syd I hadn't come provided with an alpenstock.

I will say this for him: He never threatened violence. He was the dove of peace to his last tail feather, and to the bitter end he clung to moral suasion. His position by now was thoroughly false, that's certain. Looking out through a hole in the hay, I saw him act the part of a disgruntled conspirator. He held converse with brakies in a guilty undertone. I expected momentarily to hear him shriek out "Your man is up there in the hay."

But he refrained. He must have decided that he could never shake me off.

We had been climbing imperceptibly for some time, and now we pitched headlong into a valley and the trucks hummed under us. The sun was going down. Jove, it was a kind of curtain magic, a deep glow offset by color in the sky, with flaky crimson clouds floating over and the jagged crown of a great mountain tumbling up! The sun came floating down like a golden bubble which a breath of air would sway and cause to vanish in a wreath of fire. It lit on top of that mountain, flattened its lower limb and rolled down out of sight.

I took my breath down deep. There I was, thundering down the clay banks and rubble and stony gorges of the Rockies, blinking my eyes and actually mistrusting that all that wild territory was a dream. I caught sight of tiny trees deep down, blurred by the rush of air, and splashes of green too—great shadowy acreages. It was a sheep country, and if you ever want to bag anything beautiful get a shot at that.

I forgot myself, forgot Syd, drifted away in the smoke. I wasn't even afraid of the terrifying night cold that we were about to inherit on the death of day in those mountains. I was afraid of nothing. I simply stopped eating gingersnaps and craned my fool neck around that gate. I was happy, and I should have laughed at the offer of a standard Pullman.

I broke all bounds, and yelled at Syd. "Come alive and catch some of this!"

He was in the middle of the rams, fingering their beards and brushing cinders off their backs. It's hard to walk through sheep naturally. You have to straddle them, sliding your leg over two or three fat backs in a row. He made just one grudging step and then stooped and blinked through the slats.

We were tearing down grade again, boring into that dusky valley like a weasel into dirt. And that mountain swelled up and looked huge and bloated, with a gloomy kind of gory light at the top like a play of internal fires. What tonnage hanging up there! I watched the red fading from those rock faces, and a purple or plum color flowing in.

And then we were shooting up again on the heels of momentum. Those hot engines ahead began to clash and cough and sputter. The train slacked and quarreled with the couplings, and all the rams jumped one way again, and stood still, with that exasperating resignation on their bearded faces. I felt myself coming up out of the lower world, the light flooded back—fast—pouring over the mountain in red waves.

We barely crept along. We came on as sluggish as a caterpillar on a back fence. And then we topped it, we made the grade, we trundled through a narrow canyon, and there the sun was again, dead ahead, at arm's length, gorgeous, gorgeous, and sinking down exactly as before.

This second setting picked me tight up, and I yelled like a fiend thrown up out of trouble for a minute. I got a lot of cheer out of that. We fell down into that second valley. We seemed to let go all holds too. I left my stomach hanging on the breeze, and I had a feeling that every last little thing that could possibly revolve had been slicked in grease. We roared down into a tunnel, choked and coughed. I got my arms around a ram's belly and shoved my nose deep into the wool, and after an eternity we shot out again; shot out like a greasy bullet out of a dirty smoothbore, into the light again, with the clean air rushing past in a blue stream; and there, rolling ahead of us in smooth billows, was a great yellow plain, and thousands and thousands of miles away this time was the sun, still sinking!

I laughed at these three sunsets like a madman. It was a race! It was a feat like Joshua's, stopping the sun, but this time on the very edge of the world. With the sound of those released engines roaring in my ears, I felt that all this was symbolic, and that the sun would never set on my fortunes now. I leaned on the gate, and I fancied May somewhere over there just ahead of me, encouraging me with those comprehending eyes—how is it Sir Philip Sidney calls them?—those long-with-love-acquainted eyes?—daring me to come on; to come on in my rags and my dirt, with my starvation eyes and my heart on fire with queer notions of derring do. What a howling little genius I was then! And why not? Isn't it after all a stroke of genius to seize the immense opportunity there is in youth, to fire the heart and loose the imagination by touching the spring of doubtful adventures?

I don't mean to bracket myself with Syd Hecker, of course. He was clay that the potter had all but refused. He had been born only to torment himself. He should have pitched me off a thousand miles rearward, and he hadn't done it.

What do you suppose he was doing at the time of those sunsets? He was fixing up his cash account. He had bought a fistful of crackers at the last stop, and he was just remembering to set that item down with a stub of pencil.

As a matter of fact, it was the chicken king who cooked my goose in the end. He and Sydney got into consultation in the shade of the poultry car while we were standing on the tracks at Long-Legged River Junction, and Sydney had the inspiration to invite him into the sheep car while I was away foraging again for eggs. This chicken king was a cadaverous man with huge, luscious freckles, full of color. He was well-pigmented, and he looked as if he had been leading a wild life in the caboose. He moved like a wraith, too, but I knew in a moment that I should have to do what that man told me, just as much as if I had had second sight. Isn't that curious?

The two of them talked together like a couple of solid bankers, with side glances at me full of quiet contempt. You would have thought they were exchanging confidences about the state of the gold market. By Jove, there was something crisp and imperative in their utterances!

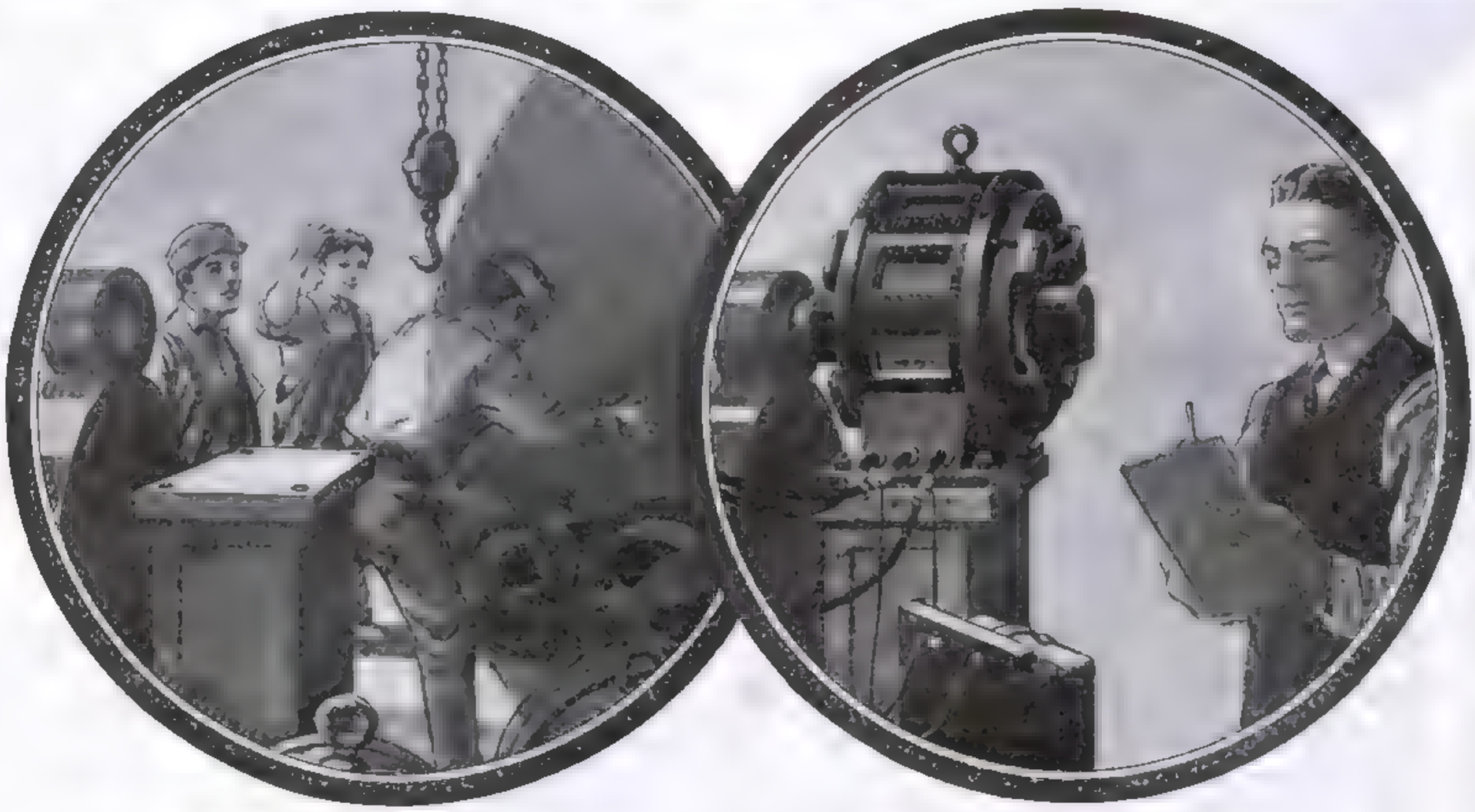
I saw that chicken king's head swing towards me as I came alongside, and just then the train started, and I got a grip of the gate and brought my eyes to a level with his. They were perfectly expressionless. He said to Syd, "Only sixteen died last night," and before the words were well out of his mouth he reached over absentmindedly and brushed me off the outside of that moving train as if I were a dead fly.

Not one word was interchanged. I doubt if he so much as told Syd when I parted company with them. Syd had got in among the sheep when he saw me coming, and turned his back on me. After sharing with me, too, for all those weary miles!

And there you have the difference between force and argument. It's barely possible this world isn't ruled exclusively by love and reason after all—don't you think so? That chicken king accomplished in three linear feet, with the flat of his hand and in the midst of conversation on another topic, what Syd had failed to accomplish in a thousand miles, with all the flock of arguments he had at his command too—my elimination, namely.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS



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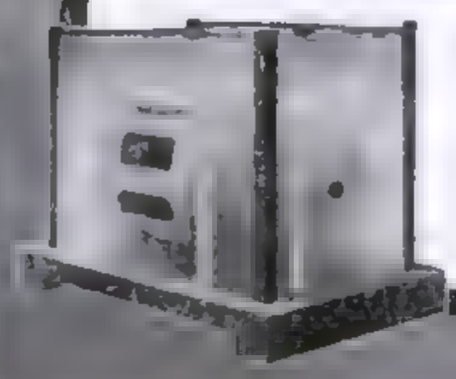

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Stick to Cinco it's safe

THE REMAKING OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 4)

seems safer from socialistic and Bolshevistic dangers than France. The revolutionary agitation that was so conspicuous in France for some time after the close of the war appears to have completely disappeared. In Germany, Bolshevism has no real hold whatever, if it ever did have. And even in the states of Central Europe, such as Poland, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania, radical sentiments or attempts at revolutionary changes are daily becoming less effective.

The truth is that the political aspect in Europe is rapidly taking on the forms that were more characteristic of these countries prior to the days of the war. The disastrous failure of Bolshevism in Russia to bring the common people anything but ruin and starvation is acting as a gigantic object lesson to the hundreds of millions in Central and Western Europe. They have turned their faces definitely away from any visionary programs for reforming the world, and are steadily getting back to the practical attitude of mind which characterizes any normal people. Thus in Germany, where the danger of Bolshevism was extensively advertised while Germany was attempting to establish her present government on a firm foundation, the political unrest to-day relates exclusively to internal matters. The German masses are enormously interested in practical politics for the first time in their history. They have established a republican form of government, which gives full representation to the masses and places the average man on the same basis in relation to government as is a citizen of France, England or the United States. This is a new experience for the German, but he is showing his interest and ability to function normally as a free citizen in a surprisingly uniform way. The whole atmosphere of cities like Berlin has completely changed since the war. The military spirit is nowhere in evidence and to-day Berlin appears to be just as unmilitary as London.

But it is not only in the appearance of things that there has been a change in Germany. I believe it is a safe guess to state that 90 per cent of the intelligent middle classes of Germany have turned definitely away from the military idea, and as the present government becomes more stable there seems less likelihood of any change in this tendency. The form of government may change to some extent in Germany in the course of the next few years, but it is clearly evident to any careful student that the German masses are never again going to surrender their new-found freedom.

On the Road to Normalcy

To a less extent this transformation in the attitude of minds of people is evident throughout the Central European states. Even in Poland, where military activity up to this year has seemed to be the one primary interest of the people and the government, there is now a noticeable change taking place. The thoughtful and practical element in the Polish population are now all thinking more about the future of Poland as a commercial and industrial country than about her position as a strong military state. In other words, people are rapidly wearying of militarism and with the return of more normal conditions and improvement in the general standard of living active interest is everywhere developing in the practical problems of wealth production.

These general facts are also becoming more evident in the smaller countries, like Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary and Rumania. Though intense jealousy still exists between all these newer countries and the situation has by no means settled down and permanently adjusted itself, yet there has been a marked change in public opinion and in the thoughts and acts of these peoples within the past year. Notwithstanding the feeling of bitterness toward Austria in the new states that were carved out of the old Austrian Empire, it is noticeable that Vienna is slowly but surely regaining her old position as the financial and commercial center of Central Europe. Despite prejudice and jealousy business men, producers and financiers in Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Southern Poland and Rumania are quietly gravitating back to their old custom of looking upon Vienna as the financial center and making use of her facilities in carrying on their commercial and financial transactions. The time-long experience of the Viennese in commerce and banking is an asset which after all has not died in the general upheaval of Central Europe.

In brief, if we view Continental Europe as a whole we are forced to the conclusion that the year 1921 is notable as the time in which economic and political conditions have definitely started on the road toward normalcy. Though it cannot be said that great progress has yet been made it certainly is clear that the definite tendency is in this direction. The several hundred million people who were crippled so disastrously through more than four years of war, through the loss of millions of man power and through the dislocation on a vast scale of the social and industrial organizations which had developed through centuries, have succeeded in raising their standard of living to a marked extent in less than three years' time and as a whole have now gone to work as wealth producers again.

But when we turn to the financial side of the European situation the picture does not present so encouraging an aspect. It cannot be said that progress has been made in this respect since the close of the war. The situation that exists to-day is best illustrated by a comparison of the inflation of currencies and the liabilities of governments as they existed at the close of the war and as they exist to-day.

Every country involved in the war in Europe, and to a lesser degree all the neutral countries, were forced by the circumstances to follow policies of inflation during the four years of hostilities. Government debts were rapidly increased in every direction. To carry on the war each country was obliged to ignore the question of expense, and the only problem was to equip and maintain the armies in the fields and carry on the conflict.

Currency Inflation

But when the war closed it was widely assumed that every government would be able promptly to stop the leaks, reduce expenditures and slowly but surely retire the redundant currencies. Very few expected that these governments would be obliged to continue the program of increasing their debts to higher totals or continue the policy of currency inflation. Though it was recognized that it would take some time for every country to readjust its finances, fund its floating debt and balance its budget, most people believed that within two or three years after the close of the war every country would be started safely on the road to financial stability.

But as a matter of fact the developments of the past three years have been exactly the reverse. Practically every country in Europe has been obliged enormously to increase its internal debt since the armistice; practically every country has been less successful in attempts to balance its budget since the war than it was during the war; practically every country has reported a gigantic deficit in its financial statement each year since the close of the war, and as time goes on these deficits, instead of growing smaller, have grown larger. To cover these ever-growing deficits practically every country has followed a policy of further currency inflation.

Thus we see that Austria, which had outstanding in 1914 only about two and one-half billion crowns as circulating medium, increased this amount to about forty billions by 1919. In 1919, by the terms of the peace treaty, the old Austrian Empire was dismembered and shorn of the great bulk of its producing population. But since that time, notwithstanding that the present Austria is now a small country of only about seven million people, the circulating currency outstanding has been increased to more than seventy-five billion crowns. Naturally this has had the effect of depreciating the value of the crown so that to-day, as measured in American money, a crown is not worth more than one-tenth of an American cent.

In Italy the circulating medium before the war amounted to less than two billion lire. This was increased by the end of the war to about eight billion lire, but up to a recent date had been further increased to about fifteen billion lire. The inflation in France also underwent very great expansion during the war, but the added inflation

(Continued on Page 49)

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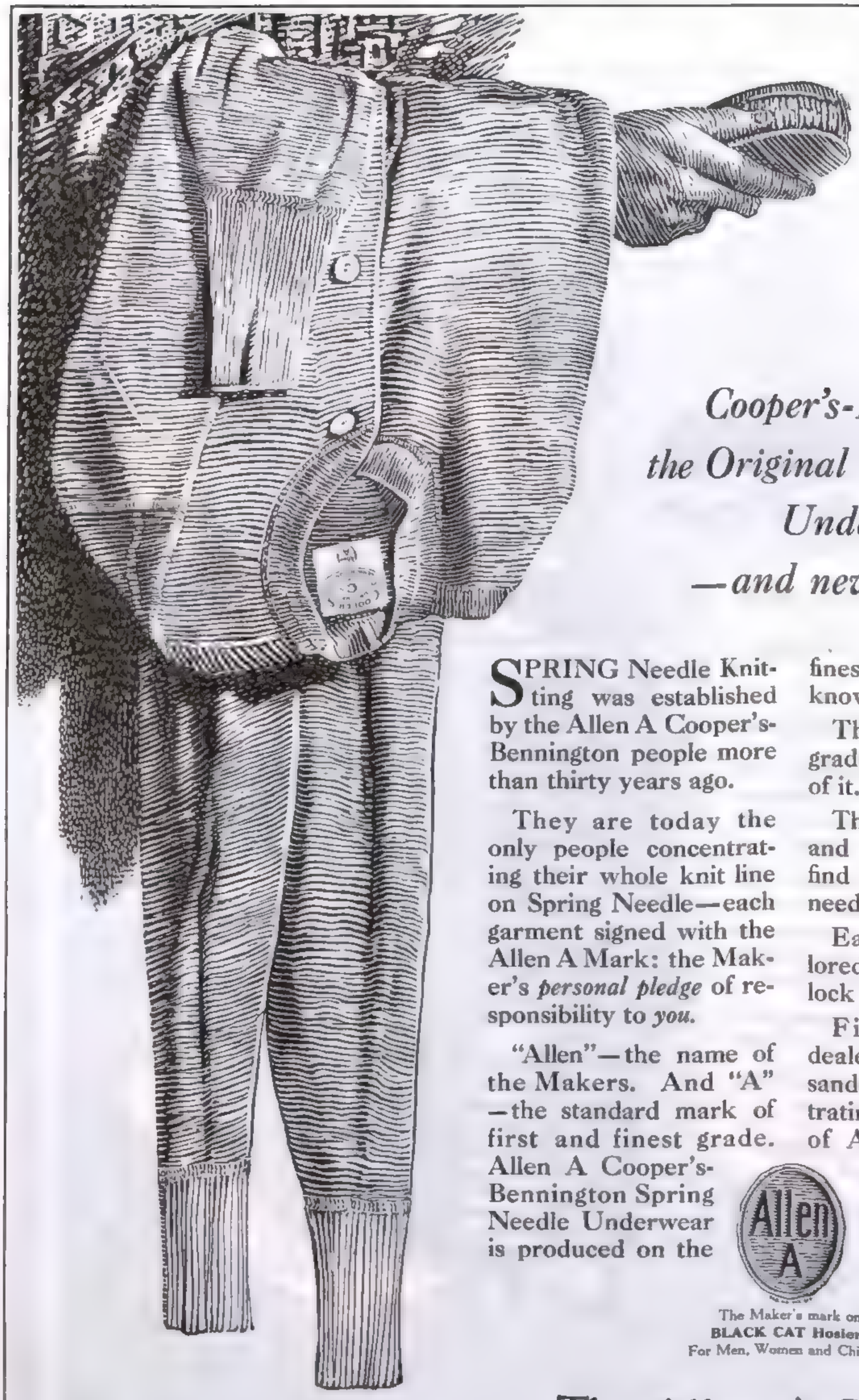

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(Continued from Page 46)

subsequent to the armistice has been less marked than in the case of many other countries. At the beginning of the war the outstanding circulating notes of the Bank of France amounted to about six billion francs. This was increased during the war to approximately thirty-four billion francs. The further increase since the close of the war has raised the total to approximately thirty-nine billion francs, but this total has been materially reduced within the past year.

The most notable examples of currency inflation, however, have not been in countries like France, Italy and Belgium, but have been confined more largely to Germany and the Central European states. The Central European states and Germany, which were all enemy nations during the war, have done most of their inflating since the date of the peace treaty. Poland, which was set up as a new country in 1919, created a new currency of her own. When Poland began to function as a government there were in circulation throughout the country enormous amounts of Russian rubles issued under the old régime, vast numbers of counterfeits issued by Germany, counterfeit notes issued by the Bolshevists, German marks in large numbers, and any quantity of Austrian crowns. In an attempt to simplify this currency situation the new government issued a new Polish mark and assumed a portion of a large Polish mark issue which had been created during the time of the German occupation. But even considering this creation of new currency and assumption of a large German issue of Polish marks, the total circulation outstanding early in 1919 amounted to only a few billions. But from 1919 to the present time the Polish Government has actually printed and circulated nearly sixty billions of additional Polish marks. The value of this mark has therefore depreciated to such an extent that to-day it has only a very nominal purchasing power.

But the most conspicuous program of currency inflation since the signing of the peace treaty in 1919 has been the inflation policy of the German Government. When the war closed, Germany was suffering, like all other European countries, from a great increase in its paper money, and the purchasing power of the German mark had depreciated to a very decided degree. But during the four years of war the amount of outstanding marks had increased to only about twenty-seven billions, as compared with an increase since that time to about eighty-five billions. The value of the mark in dollars, after the close of the war, when marks were again quoted in terms of American currency, was for a time about ten or twelve cents. But steadily after the winter of 1919 the value began to decline, until at this writing a German mark is worth only about one cent. The printing of marks by the present German Government has gone on with accelerated speed for the past two years, and in 1921 the printing presses have, generally speaking, been operating almost as rapidly as before.

Europe's Financial Weakness

But the foregoing figures do not give a full picture of the currency situation as it exists to-day in Continental Europe. For not only are the circulating mediums continuing to expand in nearly every country but miscellaneous money of many types not shown in the ordinary records is in general circulation and is being created in new forms almost every month. Throughout Central Europe and Germany the policy of printing local money under the authorities of cities, towns and villages and other political divisions has been carried to great lengths.

This local money, which can be found in every important center of population in Europe, circulates locally, but as there is a general recognition of its worthlessness it does not circulate very far from home. Thus the local currency issued in the city of Munich is not accepted in the city of Berlin, and it is extremely difficult for any stranger to make use of the local currency which is forced on him in every town or city he may happen to visit.

No one has been able to make an accurate estimate of the amount of special paper money of this kind which has been put in circulation throughout Europe. But it is obvious that it runs into very large amounts and has had its effect on the purchasing power of the different currencies and on the inflation situation in general.

Aside from all these issues of paper money, circulating notes, bank notes, debt certificates, promises to pay and other mediums of exchange, the amount of counterfeit money in circulation throughout Europe has reached vast figures. This is especially true in the case of notes of small denominations. Most of the paper money is cheaply and crudely printed and is very easily counterfeited. It is a well-known fact that for three years past very large amounts of counterfeit marks, francs and lire have been printed in Russia and circulated in one way or another throughout Europe. The Russians have carried on a definite program for the purpose of rendering worthless the currencies of all countries that have been opposed to them. It is estimated by some authorities that at least one-half of the Polish marks now in circulation in Poland are really nothing more than counterfeits.

This vast currency inflation is, of course, simply a concrete reflection of the weak financial condition of the countries involved. Continental Europe can be likened to a great business or financial organization which has come upon evil days. Its credit has been shattered by the four long years of war, when capital was destroyed, population diverted from productive to destructive activities, and the mechanism of production largely wrecked or dislocated. Its one great asset, the normal producing power of its people, has been enormously weakened and crippled. The outcome, therefore, is similar to that of a great, heavily capitalized business which suddenly finds its source of income sharply curtailed. To save itself such a business draws heavily on its credit facilities, goes into debt in an abnormal way, and if the recovery of its former sources of revenue is delayed or not realized it has no avenue of escape and ultimately ends in bankruptcy and submits to reorganization. Its reorganization inevitably involves the wiping out of liabilities, the infusion of new capital and, in many instances, far-reaching changes in the character of management.

A Desperate Method

Thus the creation of redundant currencies by governments and the expansion of floating debts are simply the forced loans of a desperate, hard-pressed borrower. In the first stages of extraordinary need a government will secure its funds through the flotation of loans or through temporary bank borrowings, just as a business organization will. But as its difficulties increase and its credit becomes more and more exhausted it is forced to seek revenues in other ways. Increases in taxation are aggressively adopted and finally carried to their approximate limit. But the raising of revenue through taxation becomes increasingly difficult as the wealth-producing power of the people declines. Therefore still other methods must be devised to equalize income and outgo. The final method which all civilized countries can and do adopt as a last resort is the printing of money. The printing of money in large quantities by any government for the purpose of covering deficits in its operations is nothing more nor less than a process for forcing the individuals of a country to pay the bills of that country. Currency inflation, unless kept within controllable limits, is merely a method for meeting expenses under extreme conditions.

It is a desperate method, not only for governments but for the people themselves. As the inflation grows, the tangible value of the money progressively declines. It immediately drives all metal money out of circulation, it sends prices up with leaps and bounds, it causes derangement and unsettlement in production and in trade, it undermines the whole civilization of the country involved. More than this, it promptly changes the country's commercial and financial relations with the rest of the world. With the depreciation in the purchasing value of the medium of exchange, a solid wall is built higher and higher around the country and it becomes more and more difficult for commerce to be carried on with other nations. It steadily drives real capital into other lands, and in the long run inevitably leads to bankruptcy.

As already pointed out, much of the currency inflation in Continental Europe has taken place since the close of the war. During the war period the securing of credit by the nations involved was accomplished through the creation of loans, internal and external, by increases in taxation and the growth of floating debts, but expansion of currencies was not so generally resorted to.

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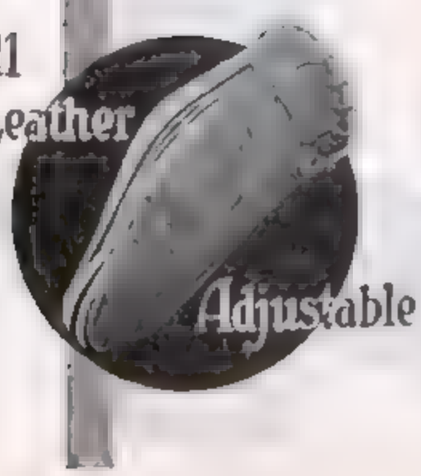

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But with the dawn of peace Europe found herself exhausted financially and greatly crippled in her powers of production. She also found herself heavily overloaded with fixed charges, vast armaments and mounting expenses of many kinds. Her scale of expenditures had risen in every direction and the extraordinary costs of government in the readjustment to normal peace conditions were soon found to be almost as great as those of the war period. The dream of many European financiers and statesmen that as soon as the war ended the leak would be stopped was seen to be a myth.

In brief, beginning with 1919, the war-worn countries were confronted with new financial problems that have proved more difficult of solution than those that existed during the war itself. The time for reducing expenditures and liquidating liabilities had not come, after all. Instead, a period had arrived when more and not less revenue was needed by the various governments. Taxation could be maintained at high levels, but increased with difficulty; new loans could be floated by some nations, but not by all. So the weaker nations turned to the only remaining source for the securing of sufficient revenue to enable them to function at all. They speeded up the printing presses.

Nations in the Barter Stage

It is a notable fact that certain of the war-worn nations have been able to limit the amounts of redundant currency and are now evidently reaching the time when inflation of this sort will cease and when progress will be made in the other direction. Thus in the case of Great Britain, though inflation went far enough to force her to abandon payments in gold, and the value of her currency, as measured in gold, has dropped far below that of the war period, she has been able to limit the process to a marked extent and is this year making definite progress in the other direction. France also has chosen the path of safety and, in spite of her great difficulties in handling the present large and unwieldy currency circulation, appears to have definitely stopped the printing presses, and during the present year has made some progress in the retirement of her paper currency. Recently Italy and Belgium have been facing about in this matter of currency inflation.

In fact, the alarming inflation tendencies at this time are confined to Germany and the newer states of Central Europe. The present financial policy of Germany indicates to what extremes a government can go in the direction of currency inflation and at the same time keep on functioning in a more or less efficient manner. The German people are hard at work to-day; they are producing wealth more efficiently and more industriously, perhaps, than any other nation in Europe. But all this German prosperity is measured in paper marks, and there is an air of unreality about it all. Traveling through Germany to-day one feels that he is in another world. Everybody is feverishly at work, in the shops and factories, on the farms and in the mines. Prices and wages are fabulously high and rising—in marks. The mark is daily depreciating in purchasing power, and the people are turning their marks into tangible property as rapidly as they can. The German nowadays has no respect for or confidence in his money; he gets rid of it as soon as he receives it. Germany is rapidly traveling down the road which Austria has recently trod, and which Russia trod a few years ago. The time seems not far distant when it will be about as difficult to do business in Germany with the German mark as a medium of exchange as it is to do business in Austria to-day with the old Austrian crown or in Russia with the ruble. Germany is evidently not far away from the barter stage in its internal business activities.

As a matter of fact all Central Europe is largely in the barter stage. The Polish mark is so valueless that the German mark looks like fine money to the Pole. The Austrian crown is well-nigh worthless, and the currencies of Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Rumania and the rest are treated with scant respect by the peoples of those countries. A bushel of potatoes, which may retain its value for months, is a more desirable possession to a Pole than an equal amount of Polish money.

And so we have before us the spectacle of a group of large nations, comprising in all several hundred millions of inhabitants, all of which are either bankrupt or crippled in their finances to a greater or less degree. The financial problems of all are gigantic; those of some seem insoluble. But in practically every case the inhabitants of these nations are carrying on the activities of producing and consuming, buying and selling, breeding and living much the same as they always have. Wealth is being produced and distributed, the populations as a whole are earning enough to provide subsistence and a certain degree of comfort and luxury. But all are buried in this sea of redundant currency. It is like a great tide which has overflowed Europe from the east, starting from Russia in the early days of the war and finally engulfing every country to the Atlantic coast. All Europe is wading in a sea of paper.

When we look at this side of the picture the situation in parts of Europe seems such as to cause the most optimistic to despair. The problem of remaking the Old World into something new and healthful seems a hopeless task. But fortunately this is not all the picture; it is only a section. A financial wreck or crash in any particular line of wealth production does not imply that the assets or wealth-creating power in that business is permanently destroyed. And in the same way the wreck of a government or its financial insolvency does not necessarily mean that the nation has lost its civilization or its ability to create new wealth to replace that destroyed. As pointed out at the opening of this article, the only real thing that can permanently eliminate the wealth of a nation or community is the emigration of the producing human beings or population, or a permanent decline in their standard of living.

At the present time, even in the most backward countries of Central Europe, there are clear evidences that the standard of living is steadily improving, that people are being better fed and better clothed and that wealth production is every day adding to the sum total of capital in the community. In other words, the fundamental assets of Europe are still intact and are growing with the days and seasons.

Reorganization Inevitable

Though we may all agree that Europe is fundamentally sound and that her several hundred millions of men and women will continue to labor and produce and thus maintain her civilization, the fact cannot be overlooked that in large part she must go through a process of radical readjustment and reorganization in the matter of her finances. The nations of Western Europe, such as France, Italy and Belgium, will in time be able to rehabilitate themselves and their credit without the drastic use of the pruning knife in the arbitrary scaling down of liabilities; but this can never be true of Germany, Austria, Poland and the other countries of Central Europe. Germany has now gone so far along the road of inflation, her obligations and liabilities are so enormous, that it is utterly absurd to imagine that she can function successfully very long without wiping her financial slate pretty clean. And if this is true of Germany, with her undeniable vitality, it is even more true of the weaker countries of Central Europe. In short, the time is bound to come when a wholesale and arbitrary wiping out or scaling down of currencies and debts is inevitable for these bankrupt countries.

But this radical reorganization or financial housecleaning which must take place will have to be accompanied by other developments of almost equal importance. The utter derangement of the finances of these nations is not wholly the result of the carrying on of the war; it is to a large degree the result of the policies maintained since the close of the war. The disastrous condition of Polish finances, for example, is mainly due to her pronounced military policy and her mounting military expenditures. This is also largely true of most of the other new countries and, to a degree, of Italy and France. These policies may have been justified up to the recent past, but the time is coming now when the radical reduction of armaments all over Europe will be imperative. Without this reduction, and without the curtailment of the cost of government in other directions, even the arbitrary wiping out of all inflation and the repudiation of all internal debts would be of little avail.

In other words, the several countries of Europe cannot hope definitely to resume the path of progress and financial security until they are able to balance their budgets

(Continued on Page 53)

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(Continued from Page 50)

without the employment of forced loans. They must be able, once more, to cover their expenditures through taxation in one form or another.

This is the only thing that will bring them financial stability; it is the only thing that will enable them to secure an infusion of new capital from America or elsewhere; it is the only thing that will finally restore their credit and equalize the foreign exchanges.

That Europe can be restored and remade as a whole there is not the shadow of a doubt. But that every country in Western and Central Europe, and finally Russia, must recover, if any are permanently to recover, is equally clear. Europe must in time come back as a whole or not at all. No one country can hope to recover and prosper wholly at the expense of another, or through the policy of attempting to crush the other. France is already reviving, but her complete recovery will come hand in hand with that of Germany. France will never need to go through the drastic housecleaning that is inevitable for Germany, but she will need a healthy, prosperous Germany alongside of her if she is to progress herself

But though Europe must revive and recover as a whole or not at all, yet each large country has its own special relationship to the whole problem, and the salvation of each will have to be worked out along distinct and definite lines.

It is my hope to be able to indicate in later articles some of the leading special problems of these larger countries and to show how the force of circumstances must inevitably cause them to recover in harmony or not at all.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Moody. The next will appear in an early issue.

WINNIE AND THE RAJAH

(Continued from Page 17)

"I know—I know you do, dear Mr. Jay," she said. "It is so kind of you—so kind; but how ever do you know what I want advice about?"

"Let me tell you," he triumphed, and continued quickly: "The rajah of Kragpore has asked you to marry him. You have refused him, naturally. He then asked you to accept a post as—well, say, lady governess to two of his daughters, and you have promised to consider it—and to take my advice. Am I right, Miss Winnie?"

The girl opened her eyes in amazement. She had not the heart to deny him this small tribute.

"Oh, but how wonderful!" she cried.

"Yes, isn't it? I tell you, Miss Winnie, you can trust old George Jay to watch out for you every time."

His face grew serious.

"Now, before either of us says another word, let me give you my first and last word of advice, all of it, beginning, middle and end," he cried. "Turn him down, Miss Winnie, turn him down!"

"Turn him ——"

George H. Jay tapped slowly and impressively on the desk in front of him.

"I mean, refuse the post, refuse everything, cut him out and—er—turn him down. I don't like him or his friend. They're dangerous, Miss Winnie. So turn him down!"

Mr. Jay's heavy face darkened a little, and he opened a drawer in his desk from which he took a small leather-covered case.

"That's my advice, Miss Winnie, and it's clear, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, Mr. Jay, quite clear," said Winnie.

"Right! Good! But it's not the advice which the rajah thinks I'm going to give you. He believes I shall urge you to accept the post."

"But, please, why?"

Mr. Jay opened the case, releasing a little rainbow glitter of light from the big diamond it contained, a magnificent stone set in a ring.

"Because yesterday the rajah made the mistake of thinking he could buy me into giving you the wrong advice with this pretty thing. It's worth three hundred pounds at least."

"Oh, Mr. Jay!" Winnie was shocked.

"Yes," purred George H. "They thought I was for sale—cheap. You understand, Miss Winnie, that Mr. Trask, the rajah's jackal, did not put it that way. This ring was given me ostensibly as a reward—throw-him-a-purse-of-gold sort of thing—for some information about Captain Fairbairn I was able to give them. But he managed to convey to me that it was a sort of advance payment of what would be coming to me if I advised you to go to Kragpore and you acted upon it."

"Ah, I see!" said Winnie. "Thank you for telling me that."

Her eyes darkened.

"But what did they want to know about Captain Fairbairn, please?" There was real anxiety in her voice now, and for the first time since he had known her Mr. Jay caught a remote sharpness, a ring of steel.

The agent thought for a few seconds before answering. Then he leaned towards her.

"I told them that he and you loved each other, Miss Winnie, but that he was too poor yet to declare it. Was I right?"

Winnie blushed gloriously.

"Ah, yes," she said softly.

"I'm glad to hear that," said Mr. Jay. "Captain Fairbairn's a white man."

"You said you would arrange for us to meet here one day, quite by chance," she reminded him.

"Yes, I've fixed that. He is calling to talk about his money affairs to-morrow, Miss Winnie."

"Oh, you are wonderful—really you are!" she cried, and as clearly there could be no better news than that, she rose to leave while the news was good.

She had not intended dining with Lady Fasterton that evening. Thrilled at the prospect of the "chance" meeting with Cecil Fairbairn on the following day, she left Mr. George Lighthouse Jay with the intention of lunching and spending the afternoon with May, then retiring to her flat to employ the evening in quiet but productive thought upon the situation in general. But during her absence Lady Fasterton, inspired by the return on short leave to England of an old friend, had arranged otherwise.

If not with excitement, it was certainly with a fairly lively interest that May greeted her Winnie with the information that she had been busy arranging a little dinner party to greet the said old friend, one Colonel Murreys.

"He is only passing through London, dearest. He has to report somewhere in Whitehall about something, heaven knows why. After that he will probably rush off to the country as fast as he can. He only cares about trout fishing and golf and that sort of thing when he comes home. Most of these Indian-service people are like that as they get older. But he used to be a quite fervent admirer of mine, and I don't mean to let him go without dining once," said May.

Winnie agreed willingly to make one of the little coterie selected by her friend. Indeed, it would have required a very clever person to keep the girl away from the dinner party, for of all men in the world—next to Captain Fairbairn—whom Winnie wished to see Colonel Murreys was quite comfortably first. For was he not the political resident of Kragpore?

"Why, what a delightful coincidence that Jack Murreys should come to England just when you wanted to know about Kragpore, darling!" said May Fasterton, really pleased for her little friend's sake.

But Winnie saw farther than that. She was tolerably certain it was no coincidence that Colonel Murreys' visit home happened while the rajah was in England. She guessed that he was on leave because the rajah had left Kragpore and Kragpore consequently could be expected to give no trouble for a little. It was a case of cause and effect. She suspected an intrigue—something political probably. If the rajah, for instance, had been in New York her instinct told her that Colonel Murreys probably would have been in New York also.

Winnie was not an authority on Anglo-Indian political intrigue; but she had not forgotten certain amazing stories which in the past her adored daddy, who had known India well if not wisely, had told her. But she did not bother her friend with these girlish fancies. On the contrary, she accepted sweetly, kissed dearest May affectionately and begged her to spare the colonel to her, Winnie, for a few little minutes that evening so that she could ask him some things about Kragpore and its wealthy and aristocratic ruler. May sweetly promised to concede the said minutes, and Winnie was happy.

It was a very lovely little lady with whom the bronzed, lean, rather silent, elderly gentleman from the white-hot honeycomb in a red-hot desert found himself sitting alone in the conservatory halfway through that evening.

"I expect you are wondering how it came about that we happen to be so all alone, please, Colonel Murreys, aren't you?" she said with a charming air of shyness. "But it was all arranged, you know. Do you mind very much? Dearest Lady Fasterton arranged it for me, because I wanted, please, to tell you something about India and to ask your advice—if you would not mind giving it to me."

The political resident of Kragpore, pardonably bewitched by this sweet, almost childlike vision, whose blue, blue eyes were so full of admiration for him, smiled a very friendly smile.

"Why, not at all, my dear Miss O'Wynn! If I happen to know anything of India which can be of any use to you I shall be very glad to tell you."

Her eyes danced.

"If you happen to know!" she echoed softly. "They taught us at school that brave men were always modest, and I think that must be true."

He laughed.

"India is not an easy subject, you know," he warned her. "A white man may spend all his life there, and yet not know much about it."

"That is what my daddy used to say. He knew India. I wonder if you ever met him—Capt. Pelham O'Wynn."

The colonel stared.

"Pelham O'Wynn! Was he your daddy, child? Of course I met him. We were subalterns together. His regiment—Third Hussars—lay with mine at Meerut years ago, years ago!" His eyes were absent.

"We had a partnership in a racing pony once—your daddy and I. We lost badly on it, though."

"Poor daddy always lost," said Winnie sadly.

For a little they talked of him—the gay plunger who hardly ever won. The colonel's face shadowed as he learned how badly off Winnie had been left to face the world.

Then she turned suddenly to the matter of the rajah.

"So you see why I am so glad to be able to ask you, Colonel Murreys, about the rajah of Kragpore. He asked me to marry him and of course I refused. Now he has offered me quite a fabulous sum to go to Kragpore for a year to train two of his little daughters."

She quickly ran through the story of the wooing and the costly bribe.

"And so, ought I to accept the offer, please, do you think?" she asked.

She looked at him and saw that all the softness had gone out of his face. It was dark and hard now, and his brows were drawn together in a black frown.

"Accept, child! No, certainly not!" he said with extraordinary emphasis for one who spoke so quietly. She sighed a little.

"I—I expected you to say that, somehow," she said, "and I am so glad to think that I asked you. You see, it was so generous an offer——"

"Generous, child!" He stared at her. "If you knew the rajah of Kragpore—his palace, the people of his palace, his mode of life—as I do you would not think so. Do you know what manner of place the secret side of an Indian palace can be, if the ruler of it is—a—an unprincipled man? But never mind all that. It's impossible. You must refuse. Have you any relatives? Friends? A guardian?"

She shook her head.

"Only one or two friends—May, and Gerald Peel, and Captain Fairbairn, and Mr. Jay—and you, please."

"Ah, well, promise me you will not accept that offer!"

"I promise that I will not go to Kragpore," said Winnie.

He stared.

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"What do you mean by that, child?" he said sharply.

She thought for a moment.

"I will keep my promise," she said slowly, and went on: "You were my daddy's friend. Please, will you be my friend in this matter too? You see, I think it is likely to prove very complicated."

"I don't see why. A flat refusal is not very complicated."

She glanced at him sideways. There was a curt authority, almost a sternness in his voice which made it abundantly clear to her that she was dealing with a very different type of man from the average men of Lady Fasterton's coterie. She knew how to deal with wolves, but here was a wolfhound.

"But there may be other difficulties, please," she told him. "You see, the rajah's friend, Mr. Berndale Trask, is planning to become member of Parliament for the place in which Captain Fairbairn lives, and I think that he is inclined to attempt to buy Captain Fairbairn's house. I—I don't want to see March Lodge sold, but if the rajah's money is behind Mr. Trask, as I have been told it is, and if I refuse the post, I am afraid that the rajah would be so furious that he might deliberately pay a tremendous price for March Lodge just to annoy me, or even to use it as an inducement, a—a—temptation to me to agree to go to India for a year or so."

She stopped, her blue eyes very intent on the colonel.

Regarded as an argument against her refusal to accept the rajah's offer, what she had said was hardly worth saying. But Winnie was quite aware of that. It was not what she was apparently trying to convey which interested the political resident of Kragpore; it was the bit of information imbedded in her little speech upon which he fastened. His face grew harder still, but his voice was soft and almost casual as he answered:

"So the rajah is hoping to get Mr. Trask into Parliament for—for ——"

"The Tiltonham division of Wiltshire," said Winnie.

The colonel nodded slowly, and his face became absolutely expressionless.

"But I think I could spoil that plan very easily," she went on airily, as one speaks of quite a trivial detail.

A sudden keen interest flashed into the eyes of the colonel.

"Ah, do you, though? Come, that's interesting. A child like you? Tell me, how would you set about keeping Mr. Trask out of that constituency?"

He smiled, but his eyes were serious. Winnie hesitated, then coughed a little.

"Oh, but I don't think it would really ever come to that, please, do you? There isn't any reason why it can matter much to the rajah whether Mr. Trask gets into Parliament for Tiltonham or not? I think it is just a fancy of theirs, and soon they will be tired of their fancy and go back to India to shoot tigers. Perhaps I was silly to mention that at all. Only I love March Lodge, and I do hope that Captain Fairbairn won't sell it. I—I have a little money, you know, and some of it is in a mortgage on March Lodge. So I can't help being interested, you see."

Colonel Murreys was looking at her deep eyes very intently. He was frowning slightly, as though concentrating in a great effort to read her thoughts. But like many before him he could see no more than their deep blueness. He spoke suddenly:

"The little daughter of my old friend Pelham O'Wynn is either a very clever girl or a very innocent one. I hope she is both," he said slowly. "Will she tell me how she can prevent Mr. Trask from winning this seat in Parliament?"

Winnie was distressed.

"Oh, please! I didn't want you to ask me that—to-night. I was hoping so much that you wouldn't ask me that now. I wanted to ask you a question, please. And now I—I feel that if I don't answer your question I can hardly expect you to answer mine. But I think—if you are in London then—I think I could answer your question to-morrow, dear Colonel Murreys."

He was staring very intently at her, and a smile that was not without a certain grimness touched his lips.

"Uncertain, coy and hard to please," he said quietly. "If you say to-morrow, let it be so, my dear. But don't be afraid to ask your question because of that," he added encouragingly.

"Oh, how generous!" she breathed. "I - I only wanted to know why the rajah of Kragpore wants Mr. Berndale Trask to win a seat in Parliament. That was all, please. Don't answer if you would prefer me not to know," she added generously.

Her beautiful little hand touched his arm in that lovely, unconscious-seeming, fingertip, butterfly caress of hers. The colonel caught it in his own lean brown fingers.

"Such a little slender hand to be thrust so lightly among the great steel cogs and teeth and pinions of empire!" he said with an odd warning note in his voice. But there was, she fancied, a touch of sadness too.

He was staring at her hand, holding it firmly, though she made no effort to withdraw it, for she knew that this man, her father's friend and old enough to be her father, was not at play.

"How often have just such busy, beautiful little fingers as these picked and picked and picked in idleness, mischief or pique—at the locks of war!" he said. "And how many dead men have lain in the hollow of just such soft palms!"

"Oh-h-h!" The girl's eyes widened suddenly, and went dark. "Am I meddling?"

He thought he had frightened her, and released her hand.

"Oh, no! Don't be startled, my dear. I was—thinking aloud. But it is more serious than you guess, nevertheless. I will tell you as much as I am at liberty to tell you. But understand"—his voice changed—"I tell you not as gossip, but because you may be of use to me in my work as political resident of Kragpore, representing Great Britain. It is serious, and must not be repeated. This is to be a bargain: I answer your question to-night, you answer mine to-morrow. Do you agree?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Very well, listen. Kragpore is full of oil. The rajah, who hates England, wishes to grant a concession to win this oil to those who will pay heavily for it. The firm which is striving to get this concession at any cost is a Japanese firm, with resources behind it that are wholly Japanese. For many reasons it is not good that this concession should go to Japan. It would be bad in a hundred ways, good in none."

He paused, thinking.

"Do you know anything of international politics, child?" he asked, then shrugged his shoulders with a little smile. "Why bother your pretty head with all that?" he cried. "Let me explain quite briefly: England already has control of many great oil-bearing regions. So has America. That is very important. In the development of the great nations there are few things more important than the distribution and control of the oil resources. And it will be well for the whole world if these two great countries between them retain control of the great bulk of the world's oil, for it is inflammable stuff in more ways than one. Kragpore oil, naturally, should be controlled by England, which will pay for it as generously as Japan. If for any complex reason England does not control Kragpore oil—it would be an insanity to permit any country but America to develop it, and a double insanity to let it go to Japan.

"The rajah dislikes England and America. Does Japan love either? In any case, Kragpore oil will never be under Japanese control. America, in spite of the folly of fools on both sides, has a right to expect England to realize that, as she does. But the rajah, bitter at restraint which he has already felt, wishes to get his hireling into Parliament, where he will link up with others of a like spirit and raise difficulties noisily. A man has only to be noisy enough to attract the press. Do you begin to see, child? Parties—in England and the United States—would form round the question and the scores of subquestions as to the disposal of Kragpore oil. The Trask party would claim that the rajah must have the right to sell concessions where and to whom he likes.

"England will buy the concession, but a huge cloud of feeling will have been raised in England, in America, in Japan—and not only in these countries. There will be a restlessness in India—oh, hundreds of difficulties. All because the rajah of Kragpore was ill-conditioned.

"Now, listen. Berndale Trask will never enter Parliament—that is certain. But it is not always politic for a government to take a mountain to crush a molehill—there is too much publicity in that operation—and so if you know a reasonably good way of keeping Trask out of Parliament,

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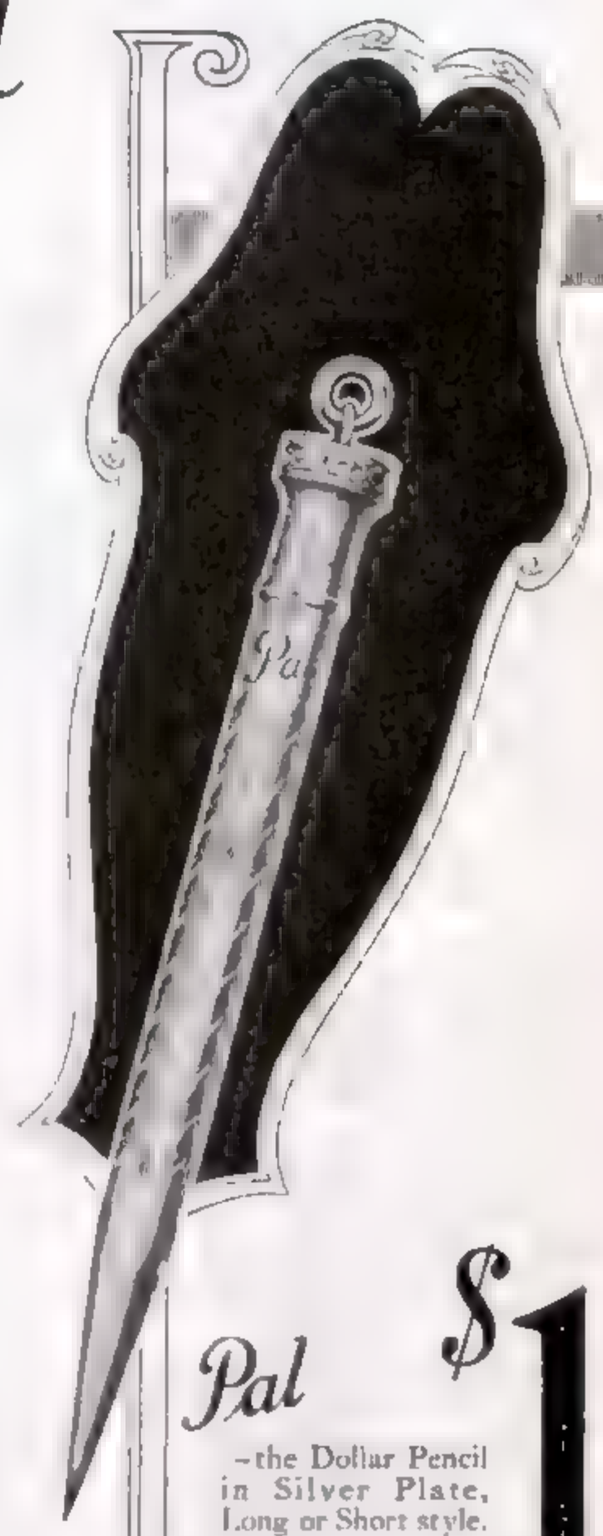

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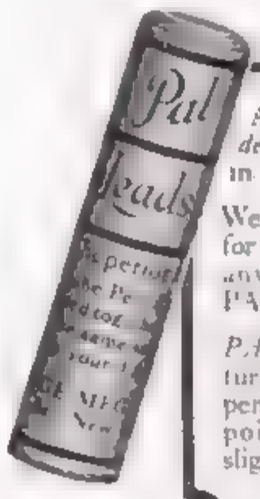

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(Continued from Page 54)

a way which is normal, it is your duty to tell me."

Winnie moved quickly.

"No, not now. We'll stick to our bargain. Tell me to-morrow—I promised that. We will stick to our promises."

"Very well," said Winnie submissively. Her eyes were shining. "I will tell you," she said. She thought for a moment.

"One more question, please. If I had accepted the rajah's offer and had come to Kragpore, not guessing that the rajah's intention was evil, and I had met you there, and because of your old friendship with daddy, or because I am a white girl, you had taken an interest in my welfare, should I have been safe, please?" she asked.

He looked at her with steady eyes.

"Safe, child?" he said quietly. "Any white lady would be safe! That is one of the myriad things political residents are for! Now shall we go back to the others?"

IV

WINNIE went Jay-wards next morning with a double excitement thrilling her, though few of the many who noted her airy step, her buoyant carriage and charming face guessed that she was otherwise than completely tranquil. She was wildly happy, too, for she was in the thick of two great games, each as breathless in its way as the other.

They were old games, but they felt new. One was the game of love, the other the game of intrigue. Winnie was born for both, and if she did not definitely know it she certainly suspected it.

It was a glorious morning, and Winnie added to its glory, as every girl going to meet the man she loves naturally does.

"Simple as a flower, and as sweet," thought the gentle Mr. Jay as she entered unto him. "Our Cecil is an also-ran for the Bachelor Stakes—if that."

He, too, was arrayed with extra care this morning, though why he could not have said. An instinct of the dawn no doubt.

"Aha! How it does me good to see you come into this dingy old office, my dear Miss Winnie!" he said. "You are looking marvelous, marvelous, ha-ha!"

His laugh was as jolly and loud as wine barrels being rolled into a cellar.

"I am so glad you like me this morning, dear Mr. Jay. It is so nice to feel that one doesn't depress people, isn't it?" smiled Winnie, and proceeded forthwith to depress him.

"I have thought a great deal about the rajah of Kragpore's offer," she went on quickly, "and I have come to a decision at last."

Mr. Jay nodded.

"Ah, that's good, Miss Winnie! I never thought you would have any use for such an offer as that." He made a note on a pad. "I'll write and say that you decline the offer. And that's that!" He waved it past with an airy hand

Winnie's blue eyes widened.

"But—but, please, Mr. Jay, I have decided to accept the offer!"

The hair of the gentle George H. crisped on his head. He was really amazed.

"You are going to accept, Miss Winnie!"

He hesitated, half gaping. Winnie nodded.

"Oh, yes, please. I wanted you to be so kind as to write out a—a contract, don't they say?"

Mr. Jay hung fire, thinking swiftly. There would, of course, be a moderately sensational rake-off for him from both sides if he devised the necessary contract and negotiated the transaction to the end. He knew that, and he liked money for its own sake as well as his; but ——

Mr. George H. Jay was not an extremely particular man, and few of his clients ever had reason to recommend him as an inexpensive agent to employ; but he had long since ceased to regard Winnie either as an ordinary client or as an ordinary girl. He admired her, he respected her, he was, in a way, a trifle afraid of her. Deep in his system lurked ever a fixed belief that she was gifted with a natural luck so colossal, so stupendous and invincible that, though he was not really aware of it, his feelings towards her were more of superstition than anything. If he had believed in fairies he would have felt tolerably sure that she was a darling of the fairy queen, guided and protected by the same. But whatever else she was, certainly she was not a man of the world, and he perceived that on this occasion her luck did not appear to be with her.

She was making a mistake, a terrible mistake. That rajah was a crook—a royal crook. Who was going to look after the child out there—thousands of miles away in Kragpore, wherever that was—if anywhere? In the rajah's palace—if he had one?

To his credit George H. threw his own personal interests into the wastebasket forthwith. He flushed slightly out of sheer earnestness as he spoke.

"I'm sorry, Miss Winnie—I'm very sorry to hear you say that. I've never known you to make a mistake of judgment before. But this is a mistake, a very bad one. It's not for me to try to dic—what I mean to say, to persuade you. But don't do this, Miss Winnie. The man is no good. He means—mischief, my dear Miss Winnie. I'm begging you to refuse that offer to governess those princesses—if any. It's a trap, it's a snare. The man's a crook. Turn him down, Miss Winnie. Listen to old George Jay for once."

He paused, scowling at the very thought of the rajah, and trying to smile persuasively at Winnie at the same time, so that he looked very quaint.

But Winnie's blue eyes were soft as she noted his awkward earnestness. She stood up, came round to him, rested her hand on his hand and smiled down at him.

"If I had not happened to like you so much before, dear Mr. Jay, I think that what you have said would make me like you very much indeed. You see I know, even if I am only a girl, that everything which is good and sportamanlike in you caused you to give me that real warning, and I thank you so much for it. But perhaps there are one or two things about this offer which may not have just happened to—to spring to your mind. You have so many things to think of. Dear Mr. Jay, you have often been so kind to me, and you know so much of my affairs and my ways of taking care of myself, that I hope you will not think me vain or confident if I say that you can draw up the contract for me, and yet remain absolutely certain that I shall come to no harm."

She laughed, a little gurgling sound of delight.

"Do you remember when I told you to put five hundred pounds for me on my little race horse, Lullaby?" she said. "Well, that was a much riskier thing to do than to sign this contract, for it was not certain that Lullaby would win. But this is quite a different matter. This is what the tipsters call a real, stone-cold certainty. So I made a little draft of the contract, you see."

She opened her bag and produced a few sheets of paper. Mr. Jay read them swiftly. Once he pursed his lips as if the spirit moved him to whistle. Then he frowned and refrained from the emission of melody.

"This is plain enough," he said at last, his brows knitted. "But there isn't what you might call a safeguard in it."

"Oh, no, of course not!" smiled Winnie. "I was very careful to keep the safeguards out of it. They are for my private use—my weapons, don't you see?"

He did not see, but somehow he was satisfied.

"Very well, I will prepare the contract, Miss Winnie."

He crossed out the note he had made, took up a letter, hesitated, then continued: "In case it has any bearing on your part of the business, Miss Winnie, I'd like to tell you what ought to be a professional secret—another client's business."

Winnie waited.

"Mr. Berndale Trask wants to buy March Lodge from Captain Fairbairn—at least he wants to buy a month's option on it. He means to have a house in the Tiltonham division if he represents it in Parliament, for the look of the thing, I suppose. And"—he glanced at her—"the rajah of Kragpore has offered Captain Fairbairn five thousand a year to go to Kragpore as his master of horse, which means controlling his racing stables and chargers and stud, and so forth. That is one of the things the captain is calling to consult me about."

Winnie sat perfectly still for a full two minutes. Her blue eyes were fixed on Mr. Jay, but she did not seem to see him. She was thinking.

"Ever since I saw his face in the mirror I knew he would leave no stone unturned," she mused.

"I beg pardon, Miss Winnie"

She smiled at him absently, nodding. The reason for that offer to Cecil Fairbairn was fairly obvious to her. Lady Fasterton had told the rajah that Winnie loved Fairbairn and he had learned that Fairbairn was poor. So that the offer of the mastership of horse should prove a magnet to Fairbairn, who in his turn should prove an additional magnet to Winnie. If she would not go to Kragpore for sake of the governess' salary alone she might be very confidently expected to follow the man she loved.

Probably the rajah argued that her high salary, in combination with the additional inducement of Fairbairn going to live in Kragpore, would sweep away all her hesitations and doubts.

Winnie saw all that. And more than that! She went a step farther, and asked herself what would happen to Fairbairn when once they were both installed in that palace of secrets. India was a land of many accidents—and Kragpore once had specialized in accidents. Had not her daddy told her strange tales of the Kragpore of old time, and Colonel Murreys of the present-day palace?

Staring at Mr. Jay, she envisaged without difficulty a dozen ways by which Cecil Fairbairn could be rendered no longer a rival—an accident in the stables; in the red-hot desert around Kragpore; an unknown assassin, emerging from the swarming crowd and disappearing again as soon as he had struck; a snake accident, fever, disease, poison—she stiffened suddenly, her face white.

Had it been herself she would have met the rajah in the battlefield of wits—as on her own behalf she was doing—but with Cecil Fairbairn it must be otherwise. Already a tempting opening had suggested itself to her matchless mind. Cecil's affair could have been run parallel with her own, with some thousands of pounds "fined" from the rajah at the end of it. But she loved Fairbairn, and therefore he was priceless and unique. Not one hair of his head must be endangered, not a shadow of risk must be taken. She sighed a little, laughed and spoke:

"But, please, that is quite impossible, isn't it? Captain Fairbairn must not accept that post in Kragpore on any account. It would be—very dangerous. Does that sound strange, please? It is very true, I am sure. You will advise him to refuse flatly and definitely and finally, won't you, please?"

There was real anxiety in her voice.

Mr. Jay, puzzled but obedient, nodded.

"How it can be safe for a little lady like you to accept your offer and dangerous for a man like Captain Fairbairn to accept his offer I don't know, Miss Winnie," he said. "But what you say goes with me—it always did, ha-ha! I will persuade him to refuse. But what about that option on March Lodge? Is he to turn that down too?"

Winnie laughed, and all her gayety and charm returned like a sudden sunburst from behind a passing cloud.

"Oh, please, no! If it is sufficiently expensive he will be quite safe in selling the option on March Lodge to Mr. Trask."

Mr. Jay began to look much happier.

"Hah!" he went. "How much shall I advise him to ask, do you think, Miss Winnie?"

Winnie did not hesitate for the fraction of a second.

"I think, please, he should ask for a thousand pounds for a month's option to buy outright at twenty thousand pounds," she advised composedly.

Mr. Jay nearly swooned. His eyes bulged. But with a fierce effort he debulged them.

"The place is not worth more than six thousand in the open market," he said.

Winnie nodded.

"Why, of course! But, please, it is not in the open market. I think I should be heartbroken if Captain Fairbairn ever offered it for sale in the open market. But I believe that he will be quite safe in accepting a thousand pounds for the option. You see, they will never use it."

Mr. Jay shook his head doubtfully.

"But, my dear Miss Winnie, they might. They're rich, and March Lodge is in a fine place, right in the center of the Tiltonham division. When Mr. Trask is returned to Parliament he could not do better than have March Lodge as a home center, right in the midst of his constituency."

Winnie agreed with that.

"Yes, that is true," she said slowly. "Only, you see, dear Mr. Jay, Mr. Berndale Trask will never sit in Parliament for Tiltonham."

"But—excuse me—he will follow the late Sir John Dorehurst comfortably. There's only a Labor candidate likely to contest it with him."

Winnie smiled very sweetly.

"Ah, but I have made a little plan," she said. "There will be another candidate, you see."

"Another?"

"Yes," said Winnie. "Captain Fairbairn."

"Captain Fairbairn!" ejaculated George H. Jay.

The door opened discreetly.

"Captain Fairbairn!" announced a clerk, and stood aside to make way for Winnie's capture and capturer.

He stopped abruptly, a tinge of color mounting to his lean, brown, good-looking face, though whether it was the sight of Winnie's very sweetest smile or the unconscious scowl of puzzlement on George H. Jay's normally jovial face which checked him, they never decided.

His gray, steady eyes lighted up as he recovered himself and, raising his hand, went forward to meet her; but neither spoke, for Mr. Jay's voice was raised in a tone of wild excitement.

"But—you can't, Miss Winnie! You can't put him in! You're too late! If it's important"—he was banging his spread finger tips on the desk—"why, he isn't nominated! And to-day's nomination day! I noticed that in this morning's paper."

Winnie's color deepened, then faded, leaving her very pale.

She had not forgotten the formality of nomination—the truth was that she had not known of it.

"Where are candidates nominated, please?" she asked with a queer unexpected sharpness.

"At Salisbury—before twelve o'clock to-day."

Winnie turned to Fairbairn.

"Do you know the trains?" she asked.

"The 10:15 from Waterloo gets to Salisbury at 11:40," he told her.

Winnie glanced at the clock.

"Oh, come along, please!" she cried. "You, too, Mr. Jay."

The two men found themselves hurried out of the office and into a taxi before they quite knew what was happening. It was two minutes past ten.

"He'll never do it!" gasped Mr. Jay.

"He must," said Winnie calmly. "If not it must be a racing car. But the train is surest."

She leaned forward, facing them.

"I will explain everything in the train on the way down, Captain Fairbairn," she said, her eyes like stars. "But now there are some things that I must ask dear Mr. Jay to do."

She smiled upon the hatless George H. and invited him to produce paper and pencil for the purpose of noting certain necessary things which he, remaining in London, must perform and accomplish long before the train reached Salisbury. It was a long and rather intricate list, and she did not finish it until they rode into Waterloo.

They caught their train with precisely two breathless seconds to spare. Mr. Jay stood on the platform, staring after it until it disappeared, then he glanced at the scrawled notes in his hand.

"I don't see how it's to be done," he said, "but I've got to do it. She thinks quick, little Miss Winnie. Unless I miss my guess, Captain Fairbairn is still wondering what's got him. But he'll learn—he'll come to it—like me, ha-ha! Like I did!"

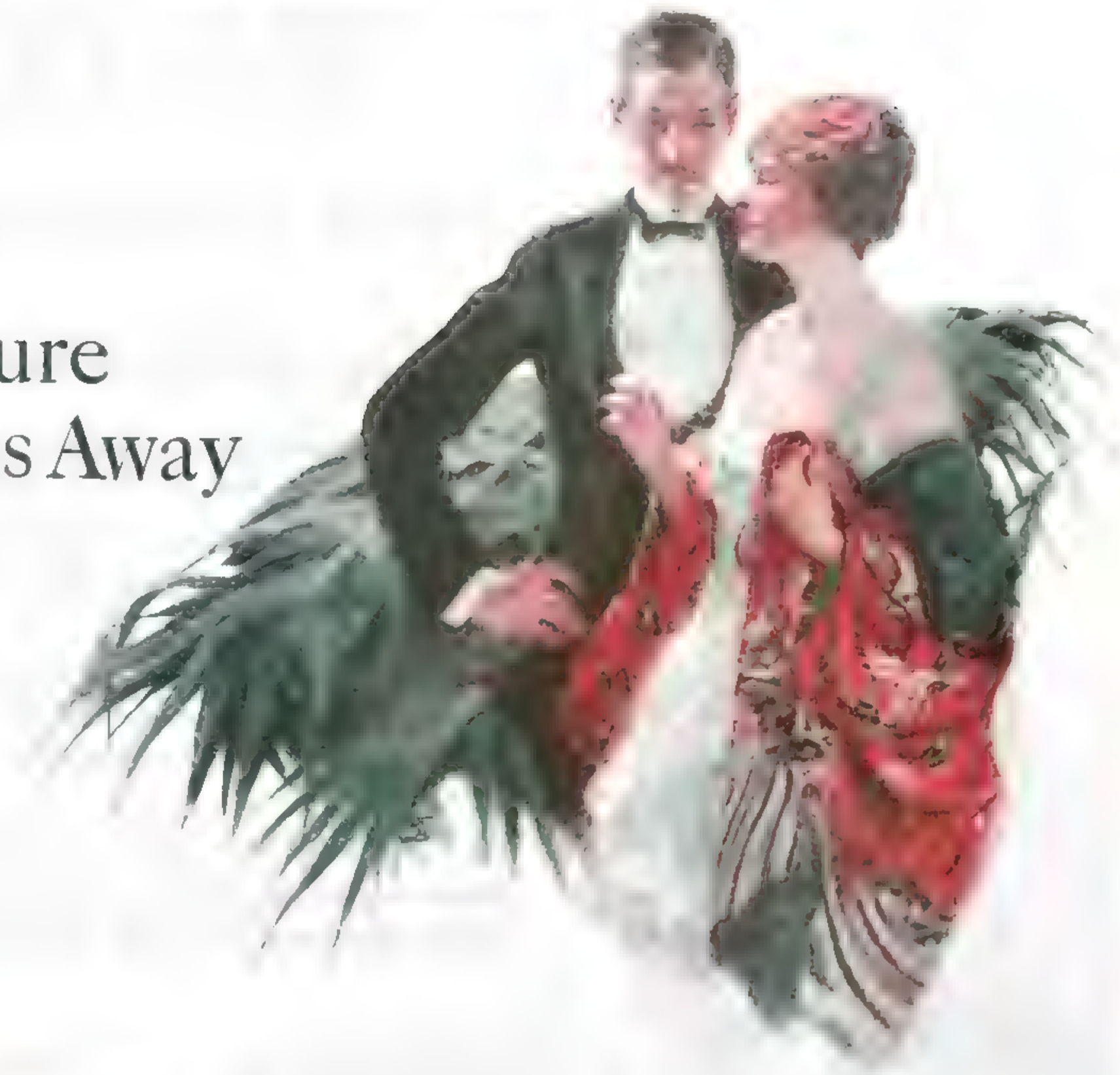
Then he turned and ran heavily for the nearest telephone. Winnie sat alone in a first-class carriage with the man she loved, but oddly she was not thinking of love. There would be time for that later. Just at present all her wits were needed in another direction. She sat opposite him, flushed, lovely, smiling.

"I expect you will think that I am quite wild, Captain Fairbairn," she said as the train stole clear of the station, "to take you so by surprise. A quarter of an hour ago I expect you little dreamed that within a few minutes you would be rushing south to be nominated as a parliamentary candidate for the division in which your home is, and perhaps you will not feel very pleased with me. But it is tremendously important, and when I explain to you how much depends on your fighting and winning this election I know that you will be the first to say I have acted wisely."

Fairbairn did not disappoint her.

(Continued on Page 61)

The Picture He Carries Away



Will it be an alluring image of charm and freshness, or the pitying recollection of a pretty girl made unattractive by a poor complexion?

Of all the features men admire, a beautiful skin comes first. No girl can hope for much attention when hers is blotchy and coarse in texture.

Since a few weeks' scientific treatment will remedy such defects, no girl should be discouraged. It is within every woman's power to have and keep a smooth, fine, clear skin, radiant with the charm of health and freshness.

The cause of blackheads, of pimples, of enlarged, coarsened pores is easily removed, and the ways and means are simple. In a surprisingly short time the improvement will delight you.

The First Step

The first thing you must do is to find a soap mild enough for thorough cleansing. Clogging accumulations of oil, dirt and perspiration are the cause of most bad skins. Once a day they must be thoroughly removed and only soap will do it.

Cleansing lather must be massaged into the skin. Use your hands, gently patting and rubbing. Rinse thoroughly, still with your hands, for a wash cloth may roughen and irritate.

Do this before you go to bed and apply cold cream liberally, all your skin will absorb, and you are ready for real beauty sleep. You will wake to a new and becoming freshness which will increase each day.

If you have a very dry skin apply cold cream before washing to supplement the lack of natural oil.

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Since the days of Cleopatra these mildest, most soothing cleansers have been used by lovely women to beautify their skins. Today we blend them in Palmolive Soap.

The great value of olive oil is in its softening, relaxing qualities, so beneficial to the skin. It produces a mild, penetrating lather which enters the network of skin pores and glands and cleanses them of every foreign particle, without a trace of irritation.

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Just as in ancient times, palm and olive oils are among the most costly ingredients which can be used in soap. But the popularity of Palmolive, which keeps the factories working day and night, allows us to import them in such vast volume that it reduces cost.

This saving, combined with manufacturing efficiency, keeps the price of Palmolive low. The cleansers of royalty are offered to modern users in a fragrant green cake which costs only 10 cents. A trial cake sent free if you will return the coupon.

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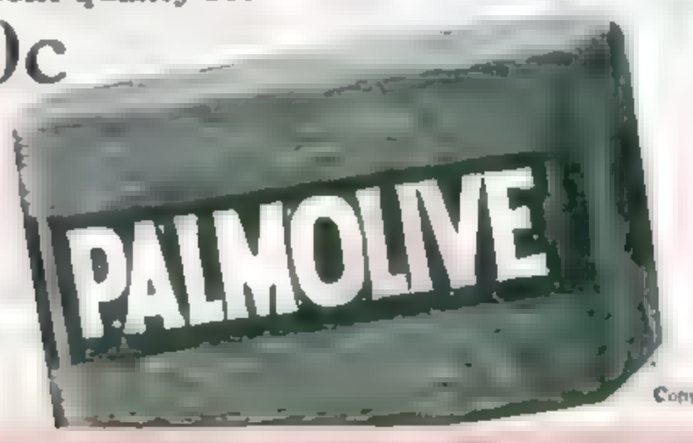

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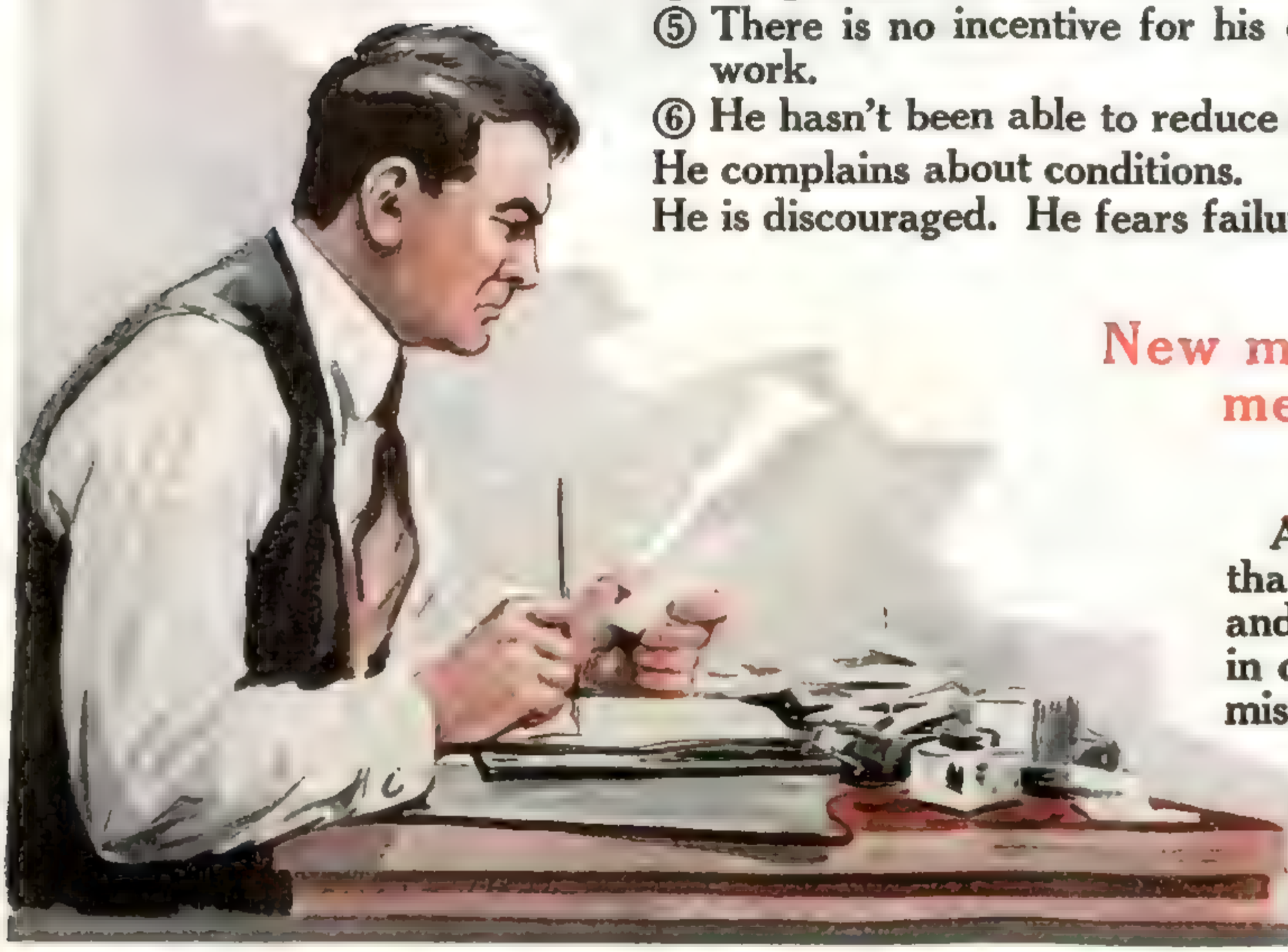
② He guesses about the amount of outstanding accounts.
③ His customers get slow service.
④ He gives no receipt to his customers.
⑤ There is no incentive for his clerks to do better work.
⑥ He hasn't been able to reduce expenses.

He complains about conditions.
He is discouraged. He fears failure.



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(Continued from Page 56)

"At Ascot, you know, you and your horse Lullaby saved me from absolute ruin, Miss O'Wynn," he said. "If only for that reason—and there are many others—I am completely at your disposal."

His voice was level and calm, but his eyes were calling to her.

"Ah, thank you so much," said Winnie gratefully, and then told him why he was to be nominated against Berndale Trask.

"You see, Gerald Peel told me how popular you were—and your people always have been—in the Tiltonham district, and when I was talking to Colonel Murreys I thought of you at once," she was saying as the Basingstoke platforms—halfway there—went pouring past.

"Was I wrong, please? Does it seem to you that I have been meddlesome and officious?"

He stared back at her deep eyes, her sweet, vivid mouth, her beautiful hair, and admitted that she had been neither. She sighed as one who knows a great relief, and finished her story—as much of it as she thought good for him.

"And now, do you think, please, that you can beat this man Trask, an adventurer?" she asked as the train roared round the curve into the tunnel through the chalk hills outside Salisbury. His eyes hardened a little.

"I shall try," he said simply enough.

"We shall win, I know it," declared Winnie as the train slowed.

She peeped out of the window.

"Look!" she said. "Mr. Jay got in touch with Colonel Murreys, and he and the political people have been in touch with Salisbury."

There was a crowd waiting for them, and a way was being kept clear from the train to the car waiting outside. Winnie noted that many of the crowd were wearing colors.

"Oh!" she cried softly. "What colors are those?"

"The Conservative colors," he told her.

"You are a Conservative?"

"Yes."

"I am so glad. It—it never occurred to me to ask you before, and it is just as well to know, isn't it?" she inquired naïvely.

Fairbairn laughed.

"Oh, yes, just as well!"

They stepped out.

"You have five minutes to get down to the returning officer, Captain Fairbairn," said a brisk, anxious-eyed, capable-looking man, heavily rosetted. "We can just do it. Everything is in order. Colonel Murreys has explained the position by telephone. I am Horrill, the Conservative agent. It's rather a rush, but you have some powerful influence behind you. It is early days to prophesy, but I'll chance it for once. We shall win the election in a canter. This way!"

Quietly, demurely, like a little sister, Winnie followed them out to the car. On the point of entering, a thought occurred to her.

Was it wise to appear before Trask as a prominent supporter of Fairbairn? She drew back.

"I—if you don't mind very much, please, I don't think I will come to see you nominated," she said, and closed the door. "There is a reason. You must hurry! I shall see you again soon."

She stepped back and the car stole forward. For a moment she looked after it, smiling, unconscious of the curious crowd that was watching her.

Then she turned into the station, inquired as to the next train back to town and went on to the restaurant with which to sustain herself during the half-hour wait. Sitting quietly in a corner, she looked across to a mirror.

"That was very good, Winnie," she whispered to the bright-eyed vision in the glass. "But it was a very narrow escape. You will have to learn about politics, especially with Cecil in Parliament, and he certainly will be."

She sipped her chocolate.

"You know, you will have to devise some means of assuring an income to him. It would be foolish to expect him to make a success if he is continually worried about money. But I expect it will not be so very difficult to arrange about that."

She nodded, gayly confident, to Best-Beloved-in-the-Mirror, and lapsed into dreamy thought.

V

WINNIE'S method of assisting the Conservative candidate for Tiltonham was, like the girl herself, novel, circuitous and silent. Indeed, after an interview with Colonel Murreys and a highly polished person connected in some unspecified way with the government machinery who seemed so distantly interested in the whole business that Winnie could not sidestep the conviction that he was carefully concealing a very keen anxiety to see Mr. Trask decidedly defeated, she and Lady Fasterton spent the next few days at Newmarket, making much of Winnie's two-year-old Lullaby and a big colt which trainer Dan Harmon had acquired on behalf of May Fasterton, who was possessed of a growing passion to snatch a few victories from some of the costly two-year-olds of her husband's string.

But in spite of this apparently complete detachment from a campaign which from the moment of his nomination clearly promised to result in a crushing win for the local candidate, who knew and had known all his life most of the voters, and whose grandfather had once represented Tiltonham in Parliament, Winnie kept in close touch through the gentle George H. Jay.

"You seem to have a lot to say to that agent person of yours, child," said May Fasterton one morning as Winnie hung up the receiver after an extended call to Mr. Jay. Winnie picked up her gloves.

"Oh, it is to do with my poor little investments, dearest May—just something about finding some papers."

May Fasterton, very trim and attractive in riding kit, laughed.

"I wonder where that clever little head of yours will take you to, child?" she said as they went out to their morning ride.

Winnie's eyes were very blue.

"No farther than a happy home in which to settle down, with a nice income to maintain it," she said softly.

May Fasterton thought that over, for she knew her little friend.

"Yes," she said, "I see. A king or a millionaire can ask no more than that, can he?"

Winnie looked startled.

"Why, yes! That is true, isn't it? And yet somehow it does not sound much to ask for. But it seems very difficult to get."

"Oh, you will get it, Winnie dear," prophesied Lady Fasterton, and they cantered away towards the heath.

Ten days later the gentle George H. Jay sat in his office, very sprucely clad and carefully groomed. It was nearing eleven o'clock, but he was still reading, with every appearance of profound enjoyment, an account of the election for the Tiltonham division.

Except for the mild thrill of the circumstances of the Conservative candidate's nomination, there had been nothing exciting about the election, for Fairbairn, apart from his local personal popularity and war record, possessed sound views and the ability to express them. These things, with the tremendous though not too openly shown aid from a government that had no intention of permitting any jackal of the rajah of Kragpore to make mischief on any question, rendered it a simple matter to secure without flurry or excitement the result which was amusing Mr. Jay so much, namely:

Fairbairn (County Conservative)	7631
Hudson (Labor)	1209
Trask (Independent)	415

"Why, that wasn't an election! It was a waltz, thanks to little Miss Winnie. And now it's settling day," said George H., and put the paper down.

"If I had a daughter like that child I guess I'd be Chancellor of the Exchequer or Viceroy of India or something up towards the head of the list," he added. His eye traveled to the papers laid neatly out on his desk.

"Anyway, there's still an occasional rake-off coming to old George, thank the Lord and Winnie—though she's making a mistake to go to India." He shook his head. "A bad mistake, big though the money is. That's the trouble—the same old trouble—the money's too big."

He broke off to receive the first of his expected visitors—Mr. Berndale Trask, representing the rajah of Kragpore. Mr. Trask, smooth, sleek, well groomed, seemed to be bearing up under his defeat quite cheerfully. He was a palish, olive-complexioned, thin, dark-haired person between forty and fifty, very self-possessed, with a ready but fairly obviously insincere smile. He accepted Mr. Jay's sympathy with the airy lightness of one who has already forgotten a very slight inconvenience.

"Oh, that! Yes, it was a pity, I suppose. But no matter. Fairbairn seems a goodish man for Tiltonham. They like him locally, I believe. I am content—I am perfectly satisfied," he lied easily. "It is about these other small matters that His Highness desired me to see you."

Gentle Mr. Jay girded up his brains.

"Yes, yes, ha-ha!" he agreed robustly.

Mr. Trask leaned back in the comfortable chair. Like a dentist, Mr. Jay believed in having a comfortable chair in his operating room. He was a good-hearted man, he claimed, and if it had been practicable he would cheerfully have injected cocaine into the pocket of a client before operating, for he believed in painless finance.

"This option on March Lodge which the rajah holds ——" began Mr. Trask.

"Ah, yes, yes! He wishes to exercise it?" inquired the gentle George.

"In the circumstances, no. I shall not be representing Tiltonham, and consequently I shall be spared the necessity of living there," explained Trask.

Mr. Jay pushed a bundle of papers aside.

"I am surprised and sorry," he said, without signs of either sorrow or surprise. "It has been rather expensive, I am afraid. But politics is uncertain at the best of times."

"It is a matter of no importance," stated Mr. Trask. "A thousand pounds or so makes little difference to His Highness. Now about these other matters—the governess and the offer to Captain Fairbairn. I assume that the captain does not accept the rajah's offer."

Mr. Jay nodded.

"That is so, naturally. His parliamentary duties will keep him busy in this country."

"Quite so." Mr. Trask seemed very well satisfied.

"And the lady—Miss O'Wynn?"

Mr. Jay settled more solidly in his chair.

"She is prepared to accept the offer and go to India for two years to train the little princesses," he stated.

Mr. Trask brightened up immensely.

"His Highness will be delighted. He had set his heart upon it," he smiled.

"Yes? There were one or two small conditions for which my client stipulated—nothing much; payment in advance and a few minor things of that kind. I have embodied them in a contract which I will read to you. If you find nothing to which you object on behalf of the rajah we can get the matter closed at once. Miss O'Wynn is calling here this morning in order to sign the contract."

Mr. Trask was tremendously pleased. He listened to the reading of the contract, quickly carried out in Mr. Jay's mellowest tones, and on the rajah's behalf, as he was authorized to do, he readily signed it, Mr. Jay carefully appending his signature as witness.

There was, as Mr. Trask commented, nothing in the document which need distress so wealthy a man as the rajah.

"Quite so. But, unlike many ladies, my client prefers to have an understanding in black and white," said Mr. Jay with his breezy laugh.

"Very sensible," approved Trask. "I find no fault with that."

"India is a long way from here, and a strange country to Miss O'Wynn. She is naturally a little nervous, but she seems to me to get a certain moral support from the clause regarding the payment of a year's salary in advance."

"Yes, yes, one sees that. The sum is extremely substantial. Normally it would be out of the question, of course. But an Eastern ruling prince deals generously." Mr. Trask examined his finger nails. "He is willing to pay for his fancies, so to express it."

Mr. George H. Jay's hardish eyes went harder.

"Exactly," he said. "You have made it clear to me. This contract is agreeable to the rajah in every way. It calls for an advance payment of a year's salary—five thousand pounds!"

Mr. Trask nodded negligently and drew out a check book.

"Pounds or guineas?" he said.

That was a bit of pure arrogance—a dangerous proceeding with gentle Mr. Jay.

"Including my commission, guineas, of course, though that little formality—ha-ha—is not the subject of a clause in the contract. The total amount, naturally, is five thousand two hundred fifty pounds. One does not live by bread alone—ha-ha!"

Mr. Trask wrote the check without further flourishes. George H. took it, ran his eye over it and rang his bell.

"Take that to the bank and bring back hundred-pound notes for it," he commanded the clerk, and turned smilingly to the rajah's jackal.

"My lady client has a great weakness for notes—high ones," he said.

"It is a feminine trait," agreed Trask, who appeared to possess a sense of humor.

"Men are so different," laughed the gentle Mr. Jay, and turned to answer a metallic request for attention from the telephone.

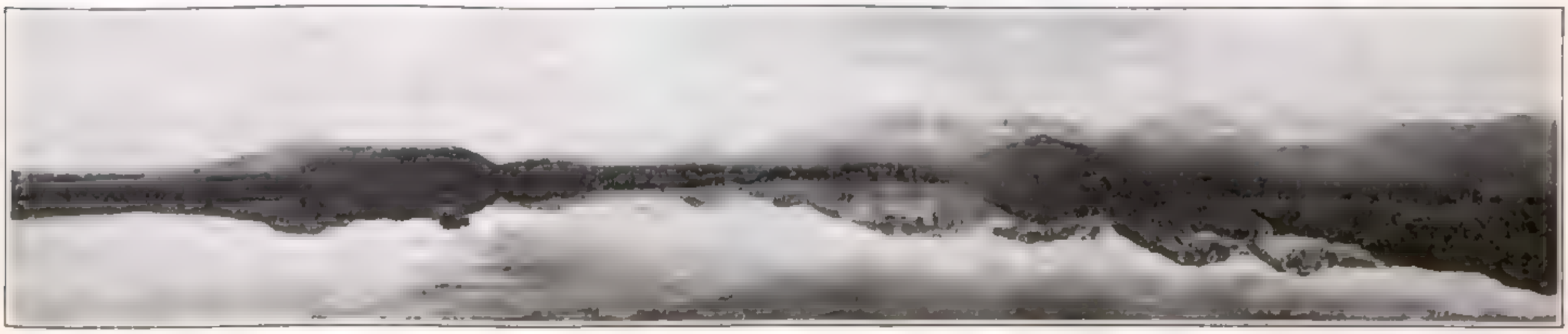
He spoke for a moment, then pushed the instrument over to Trask.

"For you, I think. The rajah is speaking."

When, a minute later, Trask hung up he was very cheerful.

"His Highness is delighted," he said. "He is coming personally to thank Miss O'Wynn."

Mr. Jay nodded, without elation.



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Evidently the rajah was enthusiastic, for he arrived fifteen minutes later, a few moments before Winnie was shown in. Looking at her as she greeted the gentlemen from Ind, Mr. Jay was aware of a deep depression. She was so sweet, so dainty, so fresh, to go all alone to any such place as Kragpore. He was uneasy, concerned about her. He wished she had decided against this highly paid post. He did not like it at all.

"If she were a daughter of mine," he muttered in his soul, "I'd see the rajah and his pal in—India before I let her go."

But Winnie was oppressed with no forebodings. Her glorious eyes were full of implicit faith and trust in the goodness of the rajah and his smooth henchman. She was prettily excited, very grateful and altogether charming.

"You are so kind," she smiled to the rajah. "Of course, I know that you are paying me a very high salary, but I will do my best to train the little princesses to be sweet and—and gracious and like Western ladies. You know, I have come to sign the contract which dear Mr. Jay has been so kind as to make up for me."

She sat down, turning to dear Mr. Jay, who reluctantly gave her a pen and placed the contract before her. He leaned over her shoulder.

"You sign there, please, Miss O'Wynn," he said, and at the very last moment weakened, added in a dry, anxious whisper: "Don't do it, child! Cut it out, for God's sake! They're wolves!"

Winnie's finger tips touched his hand in a little friendly caress, but she signed her full name boldly. The rajah's eyes gleamed.

"The witness to my signature signs below, please, doesn't he?" cooed Winnie. "Just as in an agreement to take a furnished flat, isn't it? I brought him with me. He is outside. May he come in, please, Mr. Jay? Then it will all be finished."

"Eh? Witness?" said George H. blankly. "Oh, certainly, certainly!"

He went to the door.

"I expect I ought to write my address, too, oughtn't I, please?" she asked the rajah. "My Indian one?"

"Oh, of course, if you wish, Miss O'Wynn. You need only put the palace, Kragpore."

"The palace!" echoed Winnie. "But does Colonel Murreys live in the palace, please?"

She turned blue puzzled eyes upon them.

"Colonel Murreys!"

They rose stiffly to their feet, gaping with surprise.

"Colonel Murreys! But, dear lady, what on earth has Colonel Murreys to do with it?" cried Trask.

Winnie let the pen fall. It rolled inkily across the contract.

"But—but he is one of my guardians!" she faltered. "He was my daddy's friend, and he has made me promise to live with his wife and himself at Kragpore. Why——" She stood up. "Oh, have I done wrong, please? Are you annoyed? Why do you look angry?"

She seemed startled and distressed as she turned to a newcomer just ushered in by Mr. Jay—Colonel Murreys, political resident of Kragpore by profession, watchdog by training, wolfhound by inclination.

The rajah rose, his face wrung with fury. For one instant they expected an outburst of pure Indian anger. He glared into the eyes of the colonel. Then Trask dropped a warning hand onto his sleeve and he controlled himself.

"Good morning, Colonel Murreys," he said. "I am overjoyed to learn that you are interesting yourself in the welfare of the governess I have engaged for my children. She should be very happy in Kragpore."

The colonel smiled faintly.

"Happy, yes—and safe, Your Highness?" he said.

"Oh, yes, yes. It is very good. Forgive me if I hurry away. I am already late."

He went, leaving Trask, he said, to complete the formalities. Trask had recovered himself.

"A delightful surprise," he said smoothly. "It will be so much pleasanter for Miss O'Wynn to live at the residency instead of the palace, though I hope still to have the pleasure of showing her the glories of the latter."

The colonel's face was set again.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Trask, we shall not have the happiness of seeing you in India again," he said

The eyes of the rajah's jackal narrowed.

"Pardon?"

"You will be arrested and deported within an hour of the time you next set foot in India, Mr. Trask," said the colonel evenly. "But you are at liberty to settle down in Japan, where, I believe, you have many friends."

Trask took it as an old gambler takes a bad loss.

"It is because of the oil difficulty, of course?" he asked coldly.

"There is no difficulty," said the colonel. "If your Japanese friends are in any doubt you may inform them that the concession is not available, and never will be. Need we keep you?"

"I believe not," agreed the other, took the contract, bowed to them all and sauntered out.

"I—I don't understand, please," said Winnie. "Is there some trouble over me?"

The colonel smiled.

"None, child. The rajah has made the old mistake of mixing up politics with his personal affairs. His intentions were—not good. Lady Fasterton perhaps will explain if you ask her. It is quite unlikely that the rajah will ever require that contract to be carried out. He will probably repudiate it."

"But, please, I was to have been paid a year's salary in advance."

George H. Jay opened his mouth to speak, then closed it sharply. Winnie saw it and understood.

"But it does not matter, does it?" said she. "After all, if the rajah repudiates the contract I should have had to return it."

The colonel frowned.

"He would not have accepted it. They have a sort of pride," he said. "You would have had to give it to some good cause."

Mr. Jay beamed. He had always maintained, by deed and word, that he was a pretty good cause himself; also, he had no false pride.

"And now, come to lunch, child," said the colonel, "and tell me of your plans for the future—when Fairbairn becomes a little less tongue-tied. You will find that the rajah will repudiate the contract. But Mr. Jay can clear up any little details. He knows all about it."

And that was perfectly true. The gentle George did indeed know all about it. In this case neither the past, present nor future was concealed from him. His eyes encountered the blue pools of Winnie's as he rose to show them out. In them shone that joyous and willing reverence and admiration which she was beginning to know so well—also a certain tranquil content. She smiled a little, but asked no questions. She knew exactly what he was saying to her, without sound.

"When the rajah repudiates the contract, as he will, it will be necessary to do something about the year's salary paid in advance. Now I am not a proud man—ha-ha!—and I am accustomed in business to make allowances. But I doubt—I question very much—if I can possibly bring myself to lower my dignity sufficiently to crawl on my hands and knees, so to speak, begging him to take back this money. There are some things an agent cannot do. This is one of them. It will not be necessary to bother the colonel with information as to the ultimate destination of this money, my dear Miss Winnie—certainly not, ha-ha!—but in the circumstances, and all things considered, I think you would be well advised to allow me to credit your account with the five thousand—less, of course, my—er—commission in the usual way—ha-ha!—the usual—um—way. If you will permit me, dear Miss Winnie, I would like to congratulate you upon the way in which you have escaped a very subtle trap. Instead of disappearing, possibly forever, into the palace of this Indian wolf, you have in some curious way put the man you love into Parliament, made a level thousand for him, saved a political scandal, wiped, so to speak, those gentle Japanese eyes which were fixed obliquely on Kragpore oil, and sweetened your own account by five thousand—less, of course, my—er—commission. Yes, Miss Winnie, I, old George H. Jay, am proud to be your adviser—Lord, I mean your errand boy!"

That was what he was thinking as he bowed them out, and Winnie knew it. Well, why shouldn't he, poor dear? He always did as he was told. What better recommendation could any gentleman have to any lady?

She spared him her loveliest smile, and so went forth to lunch happily with her daddy's old friend.

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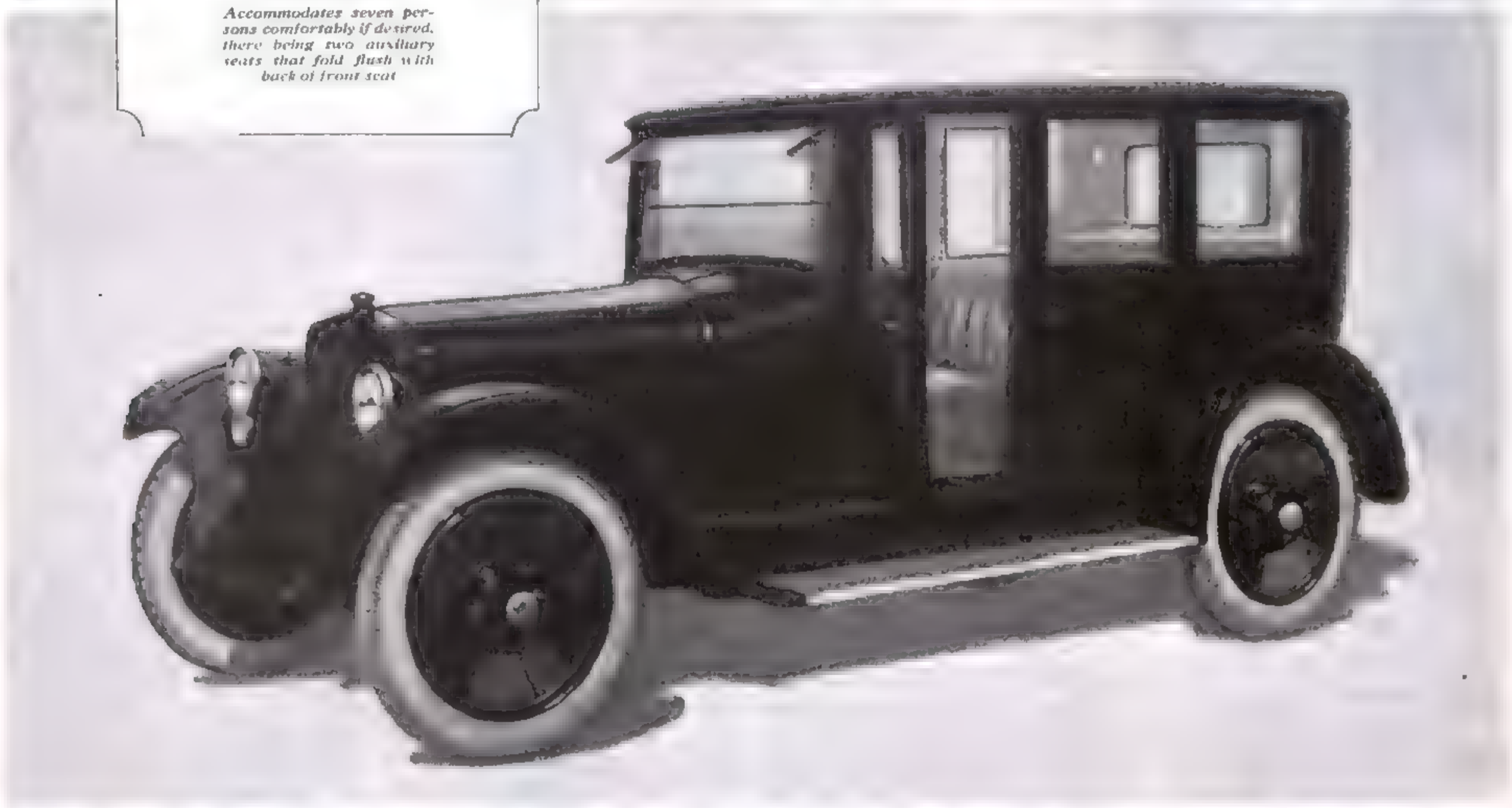

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GOING ON

(Continued from Page 19)

the opposite side of the massive table. They'd sat that way before—facing one another—in his office on various crucial occasions. Walter had looked up to him then. Now his old partner's expression was kind and distressed.

"It ain't any of my business, perhaps, Jim," he began. "But you and I have known one another for a good many years, and I've always been mighty fond of your mother—and of Edith."

Poor old Walt. He'd always expected that some day Walt and Edith would come together for good.

"I guess you must have heard," Walt was saying. "Edith wouldn't leave your mother, even after the divorce. She persuaded your mother to come and live with her so's she could take care of her. They—she sold the house right after you left."

Yes, he'd heard all that.

"I never understood why she sold the house." He spoke crisply, fingering a crystal-and-bronze paper weight; turning it round and round, weighing it in the palm of his hand. "As for mother, I'd made all the arrangements so that she would be comfortable in a first-rate apartment hotel. I never thought that she and Edith got along very well together. I thought she'd rather ——"

"I don't know anything about that," Walter soberly interrupted. "Your mother was used to a real home, Jim." There was no reproach in his voice. "Edith, she did everything she could. The house was pretty big for just the two of them, and when you left—well, there was a lot of publicity, reporters, and so on. Edith wanted to get away from all the old associations. So she moved out and your mother moved with her." He leaned forward, fiddling with his watch chain. "I haven't come here to rake up the past, Jim. Edith made me promise that. You've always gone ahead in your own way. But listen! You can't get away from facts. You owe it to your mother ——"

He was growing excited. He doubled his fist, but brought it down noiselessly on the table.

"I can't go back. You know it's impossible." His voice sounded harsh. He met his friend's eyes squarely. "Now you haven't explained yet, Walt. Mother isn't sick, you say."

"I didn't say that; not exactly."

"For God's sake, say what you mean!" He half rose from his chair, put down the paper weight. His shoulders heaved forward. "Let's have it straight," he said.

Walter shook his head.

"All I can tell you, Jim, is what Edith told me. Your mother never complains. She hasn't mentioned your name since you left. But she doesn't take an interest in anything. She doesn't eat or sleep any to speak of. She just sits and sits, Edith says, staring out of the window with a queer look—sort of restless."

An image of his mother rose up in his mind. She used to sit on the porch, folded in her rocking-chair, a tight gingham figure in crisp white aprons, watching him play. He played more wildly at these times. He invented games to impress her. One day he ran away. But he came back at night. He remembered that night. Curious he hadn't thought of it since.

Walter was saying: "So when Edith came in she found your mother sitting there holding your picture and—and she was crying, Jim. She tried to hide the picture."

He had never seen his mother cry. Yes, once. It was the night so long ago when he came creeping back home after his great adventure of running away. How bitterly tired he was; how glad when he saw the lamplight mildly shining behind the white lace curtains. He remembered peeking through the window and seeing his mother sitting there alone in the parlor, rigid, her hands folded. His father was out hunting for him. Then later, up in his room, when he lay crumpled, exhausted, she had bent over him and in the dark he had felt her tears drip like a soft warm rain on his face. She had said things in a low, far-away voice. But her voice reached him only through a thickness of gathering sleep. He had wakened, it seemed to him in the middle of the night, to find her huddled in a chair beside him, still talking in a curious monotone. Her voice had run through his dreams like water painfully forcing passage over bowlders and great stones, through narrow places. Then she had tiptoed away in the darkness, and his sleep had grown deeper, dreamless. The next morning she was the same as always—thin and folded.

Walter got up from his chair.

"Come back, Jim. Edith won't be there. She has an aunt she says she can visit. Come back and let your mother see you. Perhaps if she could meet ——"

Rosamund! Of course she would come with him. How would his mother feel about her? He tried to imagine Rosamund, dark, birdlike, hovering over the silent figure in black with the watching old eyes. Funny that Edith, conventional, practical Edith, should be instrumental in bringing this about, because she felt it to be her duty. He pushed back his chair, rose stiffly, moved over to where Walter was standing.

"We'll sail this coming week," he said. "Thank you, Walt."

Through the open window voices floated high and gay. Rosamund's: "We're planning great things for the thirtieth. Jim's going to ——"

He'd forgotten. That was the night of Rosamund's birthday party. Well, he'd make it up to her. He'd buy her that pair of emerald earrings to match her necklace. Perhaps his mother would come back with them. That was the idea—bring her back here. Give her a suite in the left wing where she'd look out on the rose garden.

The voices drew nearer. A light tap on his door was followed by a lively invasion—Rosamund, Mathilde Gros, the haggard princess and several young men, who, at a bright nod from their hostess, paused on the threshold to light cigarettes.

Rosamund tripped forward, exclaiming, "We thought you'd be here! Marinesco's crazy to see your snuff boxes. I didn't think you'd mind."

"They're in that cabinet over there," he indicated to a very red-lipped young man who, with many expressions of gratitude, stepped softly across the room. André Bonheur lounged after. His exquisite Parisian drawl wove thinly through the chatter.

"*Mon ami, ce sont des merveilles.*" The princess remained by the door, her weary green eyes following the Rumanian.

"I hope we're not interrupting." Rosamund's manner grew sharp and suspicious as she turned to Walter.

"No, ma'am," he answered uncomfortably, fidgeting with his watch chain.

"Jim"—she raised a playful finger—"you and Mr. Freeman look like conspirators."

Sharp as a needle, that girl. He wasn't going to tell her anything now. Better choose his time. What was that theater fellow doing? Trying to open the cabinet? He moved quickly.

"Sorry, it's locked. I haven't the key here," he lied. He wasn't going to have them handling those snuff boxes.

The Gros woman bore down upon him, smiling coquettishly under her large floppy hat.

"Do tell us about your wonderful collection," she begged.

Rosamund joined them.

"Mathilde, do show Jim the photographs."

He was in for it now. He took the large envelope from her and carried it back to his desk. The other guests circled behind him, pressing forward. A flutter of shoulders, craning of necks; perfumes sweet and exotic; a silence as he bent to look.

Rosamund's voice raised: "Aren't they fascinating?"

He fingered the photographs deliberately—panels, decorative arrangements of vases, flowers, birds; not bad. Old as the hills, this buying and selling game. He'd take them to please Rosamund, and he'd have them hung in the salon of his mother's suite. He listened to a ripple of adjectives. He looked up to find eyes fixed upon him—Rosamund's expectant, André Bonheur's quizzical, the green eyes of the Russian woman half shut, Mathilde's eyes sharp and anxious. Their eyes shifted beneath his, slid under lowered lids. They were all thinking that their turn would come.

He caught Walter's round blue eye, rounder behind the round glasses. Why not have a bit of fun?

"How much?" he shot into the high light chimes of flattery. He felt rather than heard the instant jangle. He had shocked their susceptibilities. It wasn't done this way. Their clever faces closed against him, and he was filled with glee. He handed back the photographs. "Sorry. I thought they were for sale."

"I—you will pardon me, monsieur. I cannot tell just now," Mademoiselle Gros said stiffly.

She was furious. Her shrewd eyes glared, her lips pinched in. He would catch it from Rosamund. But why all the fuss? The Gros woman meant to sell. He meant to buy. If she had realized that he was sailing in a few days, wouldn't she have snapped at the chance? Would she? Ticklish, these people. Well, she would fix it up with Rosamund.

They scattered toward the door, murmuring appreciation, elaborately unconscious of any committed blunder. The princess whispered to the red-lipped Marinesco, who shrugged his shoulders. André Bonheur launched on a witty anecdote. Rosamund led the way out, never looking back. Walter consulted his watch.

"What time do you have supper?"

"Oh, around eight—half past. Want to go to your room?"

Walter guessed he would. A summoned footman conducted him.

"See you later. Make yourself at home." He was glad to be alone. He took up the photograph of his mother. It seemed impossible that she should want him, after all he'd done. A great loneliness overtook him. What was life for? What were they all getting out of it? His eye, in its puzzled melancholy, wandering, rested on Napoleon's throne. There was a strong man for you—strong in victory, strong in defeat. He went over to sit there on the throne, staring at the red walls. They seemed to melt before him. He saw the harbor. He saw New York gripping the sky. He was on the Wolverine flying—speed, speed. He saw his city of smoky squares and Gothic towers and smooth-running cars gliding, tooting, swarming in and out; packed and coughing at the crossroads, escaping to spread over the country.

The Grosse Pointe house gone, Edith gone, himself a stranger, looking down at his mother with restless eyes. Where was he going? What did he want? The claw-footed mahogany chair irked him. He rose from it, marched to the open window, stood breathing in the air of roses.

The château was quiet at last. Rooms and corridors lay ghostly, the long gallery of treasures sunken in colored shadow. The bus had made two trips, departing after a late dinner and later bridge with a final handful of guests. Walter Freeman was staying overnight.

He had not spoken as yet to Rosamund, who, probably to punish him for his blunt dealings with Mademoiselle Gros, did not once address him during the evening. Walter and he fled from the businesslike equipment of green baize tables to the starlit terrace. There was nothing more to say. They paced up and down graveled paths, the glow of their cigars flowering in the dusk. But as the hours lengthened and Marinesco at the piano gave out wild nostalgic melodies to the night air they were driven by common impulse to escape a musical enchantment. They landed in a rustic summer house overhung with vines where the Rumanian folk songs reached them but faintly. And there, left to themselves, they fell into old habits, talking as partners talk together; as men linked by solid interests. They talked very late.

It was much later when he knocked on the door of his wife's dressing room. He found, on entering, that she was in the adjoining bedroom—a large room of bay windows hung in lilac taffeta. She was dancing before a long mirror. She wore transparent white draperies shrouding her thin supple body, bare-legged. Her bare arms moved with the motion of reeds in a wind. A small rose-shaded lamp cast shadows upon her; a young crescent moon peered through the window. There was the gentle note of insects for orchestra. She was on a stage, dancing, entranced with her own movements. She paid no attention to him as he stood in the doorway, looming dimly black and white in the mirror. Often he had stood so and watched her, savoring

(Continued on Page 67)

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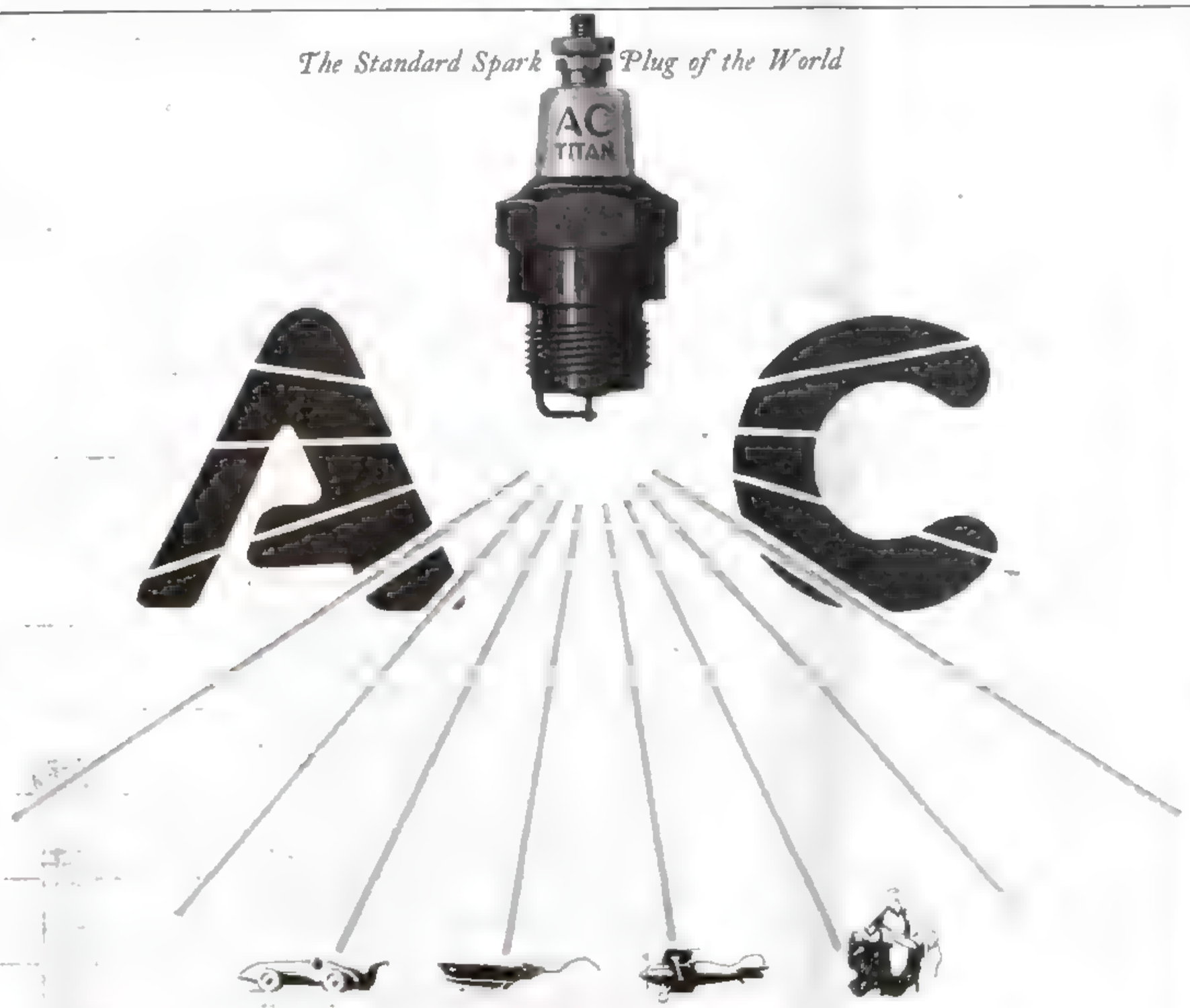

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(Continued from Page 64)

the grace of her improvisations. She seemed sometimes to express in a gesture all of his longings for beauty. But to-night there was no appeal for him in her dance. Her long black hair tumbling over her shoulders gave her the look of a bacchante. He couldn't bear to watch her this way. He tossed her a silken dressing gown.

"Here, put that on. You'll catch cold," he said gruffly.

Her dance grew slower, ceased. Pouting, she drew the soft stuff over her shoulders. With the silken folds around her and her long hair, she looked now like a child.

"I don't see why ——" she began.

She was only a child. He went over to her, treading softly. A scent of heliotrope rose from her shimmery garment. "Rose," he said, "I've come to tell you something. I'm called unexpectedly back to Detroit, and we're sailing on Wednesday."

She stared at him as if she couldn't take in what he had said.

"Called back? Who called you?"

"My mother isn't well. She wants to see me."

"Your mother?" She repeated it slowly. "Did she send for you? You haven't had any letter or cable. Who told you?"

"Walter—Edith sent him." It was out before he knew it. Oh, well, why should he lie? "Listen, hon ——"

But she wouldn't listen. She turned on him with a winged flutter of silk, her small face sharp and angry.

"I never heard of such a thing! She sent that man here for you! Oh, I knew it! I knew it!" she cried passionately. "I knew he'd try to ——"

"Listen!" he said again. "You don't understand. My mother's growing old. She—something happened that made Edith see how things were. Edith found her crying over my picture. She'd never send for me herself."

"I don't believe you. She could have written."

He must be patient; never thought she would act that way.

"I'm not going to argue with you," he said shortly. "I'm sorry, but there's nothing else to be done. We sail Wednesday."

"I won't go! I don't believe your mother's sick! I don't believe she ever wants to see you again!" she flung at him.

"Rose, you don't know what you're saying."

"I do know what I'm saying! I won't go, and neither shall you!" She broke from him, her eyes bright with hate. "You think you can drag me over there to be humiliated by that woman? What about my dance on the thirtieth? You want me to give that up, too, I suppose. All the invitations out and everything. My great chance to show Paris what I can do. Have you forgotten that I'm to do my dances with the Lequeux quartet? And André Bonheur has promised to bring Dorval."

"What do I care?" He held himself quiet with an effort.

"You can sail alone then," she said sullenly.

He let go.

"I won't!" he shouted. Selfish, heartless little fool, thinking she could stand up against him.

"You want to go back to that woman," she persisted more faintly.

He strode over to her, gripped her wrist. He had never touched her in anger before. He rammed his head forward, his glare driving into her.

"You obey me. Hear that? My mother comes first, see?"

The feel of her pulling away maddened him. Anything that opposed him he would crush. She wavered in his grasp, a thin arc shooting arrows of defiance.

"Let me go! Jim, let me go!"

She made him sick with contempt. He let her go and, like a taut curve released, she sprang back, wavered, her hand clapped to her wrist. "Oh—oh!" Whimpering now. "I don't want to! I don't want to!"

"You'll behave yourself!" he said roughly.

He turned on his heel. He meant to get out of the room, but instead he stalked over to the window, straddling the thick mauve carpet, his hands in his pockets, moody. She was crying now, little animal sounds. They beat on his nerves. A great weariness came over him. He sagged, gazing out at the fresh night of grasses and stirring trees under the tranquil sky. He felt bitter, ashamed that he had acted this way to a woman. But his mother waited; she waited for him, and he could only go to her leading this woman as a symbol of love, that which had driven him forth. Love! He and Rosamund ——

The sobbing drew nearer. Rosamund, moist and pale, took his hand.

"Jim, you hurt me. I'm unhappy."

"I'm sorry, Rosamund."

His voice was dull. What a wisp of a face she had! He patted her shoulder. He had won, and he didn't care.

"I'll go," she gave in. "But can't we wait just two weeks, Jim—only two weeks? I know I sound selfish. But it isn't as if your mother were really very sick. She isn't, is she?"

"Her heart——" he began. Oh, what was the use of going all over it again?

"Yes, but people with weak hearts often live longer than the others. She's never written you. You've only Mr. Freeman's word that she needs you." That acid note again.

"It's decided. You said yourself ——"

"Yes, I said I'd go. What difference can two weeks make, though, Jim? If you only knew what it meant to me," she urged, her lips close to his ear. "It isn't the party. I'm not so frivolous. It's—something I've never talked much about to you. I've missed my dancing so."

"You dance all the time."

"But this is different. I mean my professional work—an audience, music and lights, and now we've got the Lequeux quartet, I've been looking forward ——"

Poor little girl!

"You mean you would like to go back on the stage?"

Her arm tightened.

"I don't know, Jim. I don't know. If I could dance just this once I'd be content for a long, long time. Please, Jim, please! I won't mind anything after. I'll be sweet to your mother. I'll—do what you say."

They stood a while in silence by the window. Her head rested on his chest. His chin sank forward, touching her soft hair. He felt sorry for her, sorry for all the people of the earth who were blundering on, never getting what they wanted. His will, huge, unwieldy when headed in one direction, strained to turn in that other. The coaxing voice gently pushed. Two weeks more. He had said no, and he was near to saying yes.

"Please, Jim."

He thought of Walter, of Edith. Weakling that he was! His creed was expression, and this small creature pressed so close to him demanded that of him. He thought of his mother. He could cable her. Better not. Better write. Two weeks—well, she hadn't written for two years. That was true. If he only knew! If she had only stretched her arms out to him and called "Jim."

Rosamund untwined herself, sighed.

Well, he didn't know. He might never know. And two weeks would soon pass. He decided suddenly.

"We'll wait over," he said.

There, it was promised, and he stood engaged to delay. Her delight played around him, stroked, caressed, invited. He was glad she was happy. The taste of his anger still lingered acrid in his throat. He wanted to get away. The room with its lilac hangings and sheen of silver, its pervasive scents, its brocade cushions and lace and baubles repelled him. He did not belong here. He thought of a monastery in Italy, high up on a hill, of an austere cell, barred windows looking down on a peaceful valley.

He bent to kiss her forehead. "Good night."

The June days flowed smooth as water, one into the other. He found them endless. He sat in the rustic summer house. Sometimes he was lulled to inertia by the perfumes distilled in sunlight, the butterflies, yellow and white.

Most often he felt restless and savage of spirit. Wanted to be off, have it over with. He strolled in the gardens, up the long alleys, along wooded places where a little stream skipped brightly over stones. He watched birds circle and quiver upwards.

He rearranged the catalogues of his collections, pottered about, touching each precious object. He had achieved something in them—he had. He coveted the treasures of the world. He wrote letters to dealers in Paris, dealers in London, dealers in Vienna. He lent Marinesco a thousand francs for a concert he was giving.

Every day except Sunday Rosamund went to town. She would come back brimming with excitement. She had rehearsed with the Lequeux quartet. The princess had introduced her to a duchess—a wicked old woman with a weakness for bridge and young men. Dorval was surely coming on the thirtieth, and perhaps Jeanne Grammont of the Comédie. She had ordered a new dress, met a new painter whose work was simply wonderful, so modern! One day she came back with Mathilde Gros' panels in the car. He sent the lady her check.

That reminded him of his mother's apartment. He set workmen to hammering and painting. Less than a week more.

"*Vite! Vite!*"

But they would not be hurried. He raged. He tried to imagine his mother in the blue-and-gold salon he had ordered for her. She would not bend to his fancy. He felt her fighting him. The day before the party her rooms were finished. He didn't know, himself, how he had managed it. When he entered the blue-and-gold room he felt a strange peace. She would be happy sitting in that window looking over the rose garden. He imagined her outline, black against the sky.

That afternoon her letter came. He took it to his study, read it, sitting at his desk opposite her photograph. The neat, cramped script showed breaks here and there where words faintly wavered from the line:

Dear Jim: I hope you are well. I often think of you. You ran away once when you were twelve years old. But you came back home. Do you remember? This time perhaps you won't come back. You've always done your own way.

I want you to be happy and not miss anything in life.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

There was a postscript: "I have not been well, but am feeling better now."

He sat there holding the letter as if he were clasping her hand in his, at last, and would never let go.

What had life offered her? What joy? Had she ever really lived? Sitting on the porch of the old frame house, watching him play; sitting in the overcrowded Grosse Pointe house, watching him, self-engrossed, pass in and out, tired, irritable; watching Edith entertain dull people. He would force joy into her. He would give her music, flowers, pictures. She should no longer sit folded and tight.

He grew boyish with excitement. He smiled down at the letter which called him, like a knight errant, to her rescue.

The night of the party. In two days they would sail. Numbers of guests were already seated in the ballroom on white-and-gilt chairs, facing the small stage. To one side the famous Lequeux quartet fingered their strings, looking out at the brilliant undulating pattern of heads and shoulders.

He supposed, as host, that he should make his presence known to these strangers in his house. But he hung back on the outer fringe among men, several of whom, having seen him at the head of his table that evening, addressed him courteously.

What was the delay? Why didn't they begin? He consulted his watch.

At last! The lights went out. The stage glowed alone, and stealing disembodied out of darkness the fine, thin notes of a violin throbbed. With the melody of strings came Rosamund, veiled in white. She moved—seeking. Her hands were the hands of the blind. She reached out, poised on the high note of a violin. She seized an impalpable harmony as if it were a coveted joy, drew it to her breast, cast it from her.

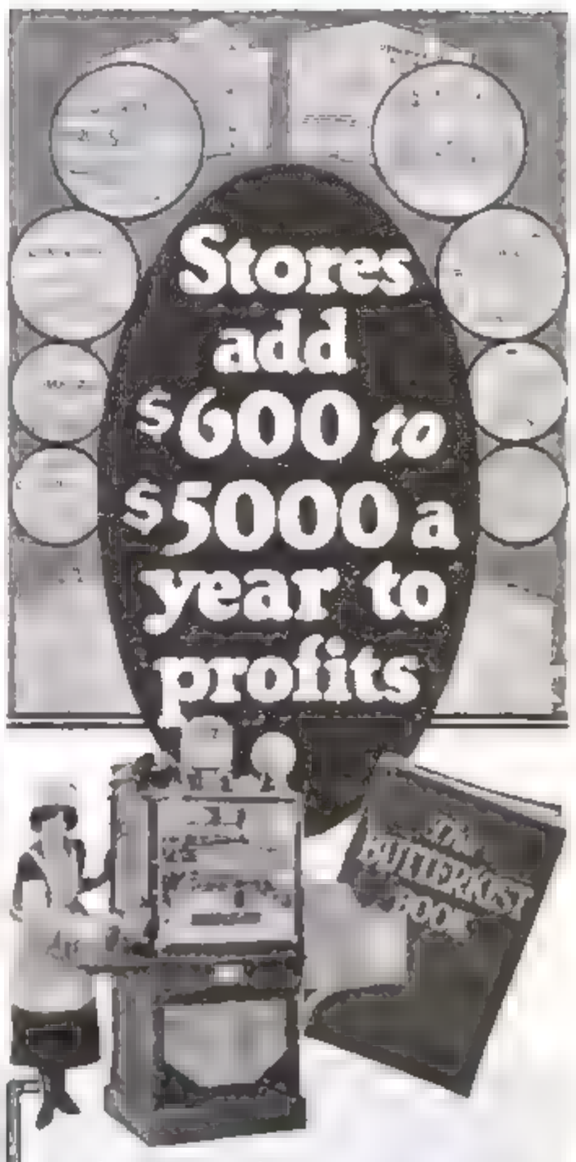
Yes, that was it. You longed for a thing, attained it, longed for another.

She reached out again, growing wilder in pursuit. She flung aside her long white veil, her mystery. She was in a short purple tunic, bare-legged, bare-armed. She darted to and fro, her knees lifted to the rhythms of quest.

A hand on his arm, out of nowhere. He turned. Walter. He saw his friend's face dimly. No need of words. The hand drew him back and away. As they reached the door, lights sprang up and applause pattered like a multitude of little feet running after him. He did not look back.

So it was all over. She was dead before he could reach her.

(Continued on Page 70)



New Free Book —a gold mine of popcorn profits!

Merchants, managers! Send coupon for free book. Read this most amazing story of popcorn profits. Learn how the motion of Butter-Kist machines stops hundreds of people. How coaxing fragrance of Butter-Kist popcorn makes them buy. How its toasty flavor brings trade for blocks. And how it increases sales on other goods.

H. A. Meldrum Company report $9500 yearly Butter-Kist popcorn sales. Another dealer says, "taking in $8 to $23 per day." Another, "doing upward of $300 a month." Still another, "receipts run from $30 to $40 a day." Another, "took in over $2500 first six months."

Hundreds of such letters prove Butter-Kist machines pay like a little gold mine.

BUTTER-KIST

Popcorn and Peanut Machine

pop, advertise and SELL popcorn. Also sell toasted and salted peanuts. Capacity $1 to $9 worth of popcorn an hour. You make 60c net profit from each $1.00 sales. Percent of profit 3 or 4 times greater than cigar counter or soda fountain. Drug department, confectionery, other stores, theatres, newsstands, etc., turn a few square feet of waste floor space into $600 to $5000 a year profit. Wonderful success. Thousands in use in cities and towns everywhere.

Reduced Prices—Easy Terms

Act now. Butter-Kist goodies sell winter and summer. People can't resist them. They are nourishing food for all. Right now all sizes of Butter-Kist machines are sold at new low prices and on easy terms. Butter and corn prices are also lower. This increases profits tremendously.

Send Coupon for FREE BOOK

Get free Butter-Kist Book for Merchants and Managers. Also valuable Location Survey Chart. We will also send letters from Butter-Kist owners. New Low Prices—details of Easy Way to Pay. Send coupon now.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
902 Van Buren St. Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen—Please send, without obligation, new Free Book for Merchants and Managers. Also all facts on Butter-Kist Popcorn and Peanut Machine profits.

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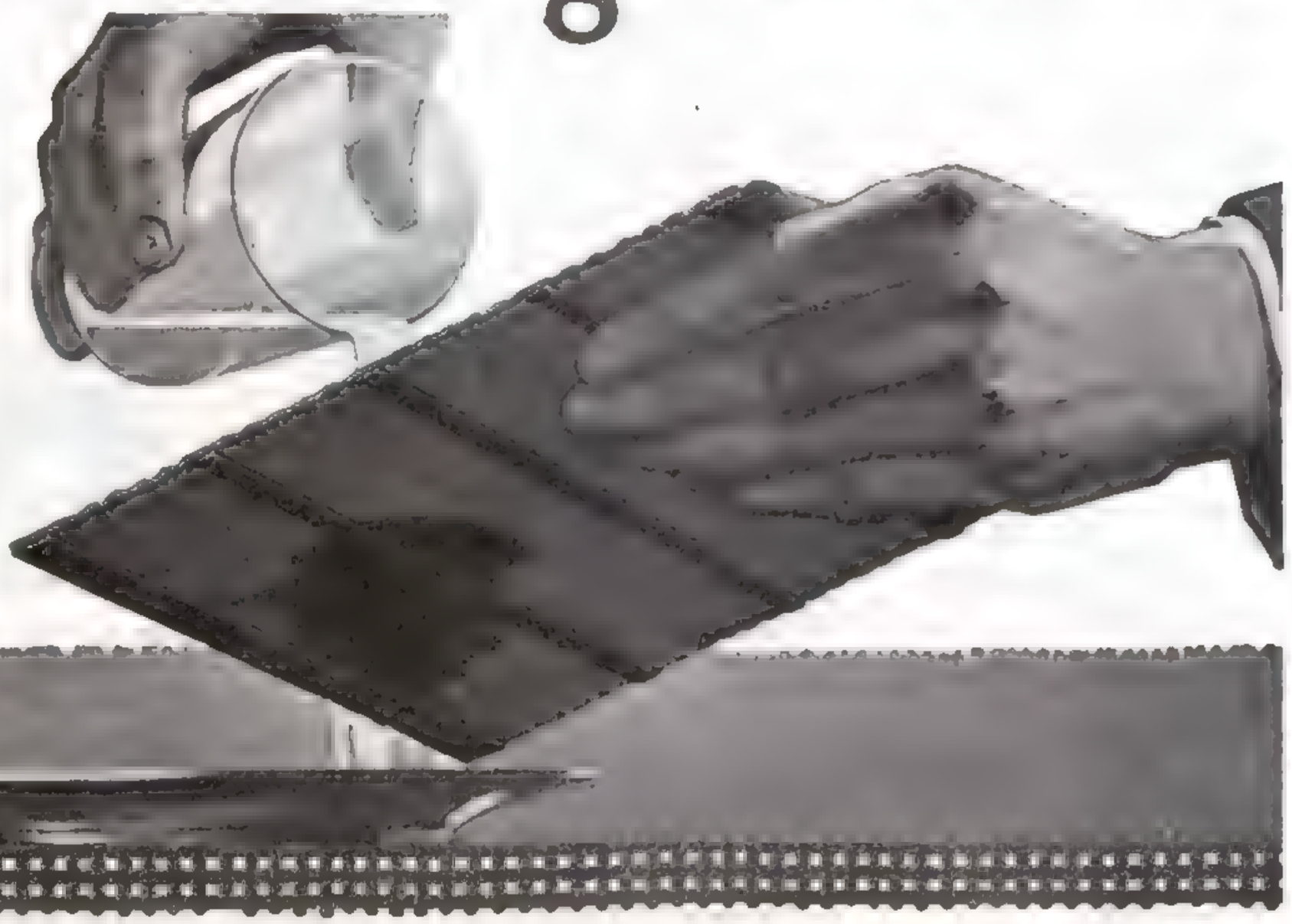
City and State

Threads through Rubber



JUST as a wick soaks up oil in a lamp and carries it to the burner, so the thousands of tiny wicks in the Willard Threaded Rubber Insulator soak up the battery-solution and carry it through the rubber.

These Cars and Trucks are Equipped by Their Makers with Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries

Acason
Acme
Advance-Rumely
Ahrens-Fox
All-American
Allis-Chalmers
American
American Beauty
American LaFrance
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Apex
Armleder
Atco
Atterbury
Austin
Avery

Bell
Belmont
Bessemer
Bethlehem
Betz
Biddle-Crane
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Canadian Briscoe
Cannon Ball
Capitol
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Make this Difference —

THE NEAREST THING to a standard insulating material is RUBBER. Its use is pretty nearly universal. It covers great cables and tiny wires, and finds a place in most electrical machinery and scientific instruments.

It is probably *the first thing that would be thought of* as an ideal insulating material between the plates of a storage battery. It is durable; the jarring and swaying of the car would not easily wear it out; the acid in the battery would not weaken it; it would last as long as the plates which it protects!

But the insulators in a battery must be porous to let the battery solution through from plate to plate—and no suitable form of porous rubber was known until Willard found a way of piercing rubber with thousands of tiny threads or wicks. *It's the threads through the rubber that make the difference.* It is this Willard invention that furnishes this means of using rubber, the ideal insulating material, for this very important insulating task.

The builders of 184 makes of cars and trucks pay *more* for the Willard Threaded Rubber Battery because they know that the extra protection of RUBBER, made porous by THREADS, will give you more miles of uninterrupted service per dollar.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, *Toronto, Ontario*

in Order to Give Their Owners More Months and Miles of Uninterrupted Service Per Dollar

Lewis-Hall
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Mercedes
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Meteor (Piqua)
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Miller
Mitchell
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Napoleon
Nash
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Nelson
Nelson & LeMoon
Noma
Norwalk

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Oldsmobile
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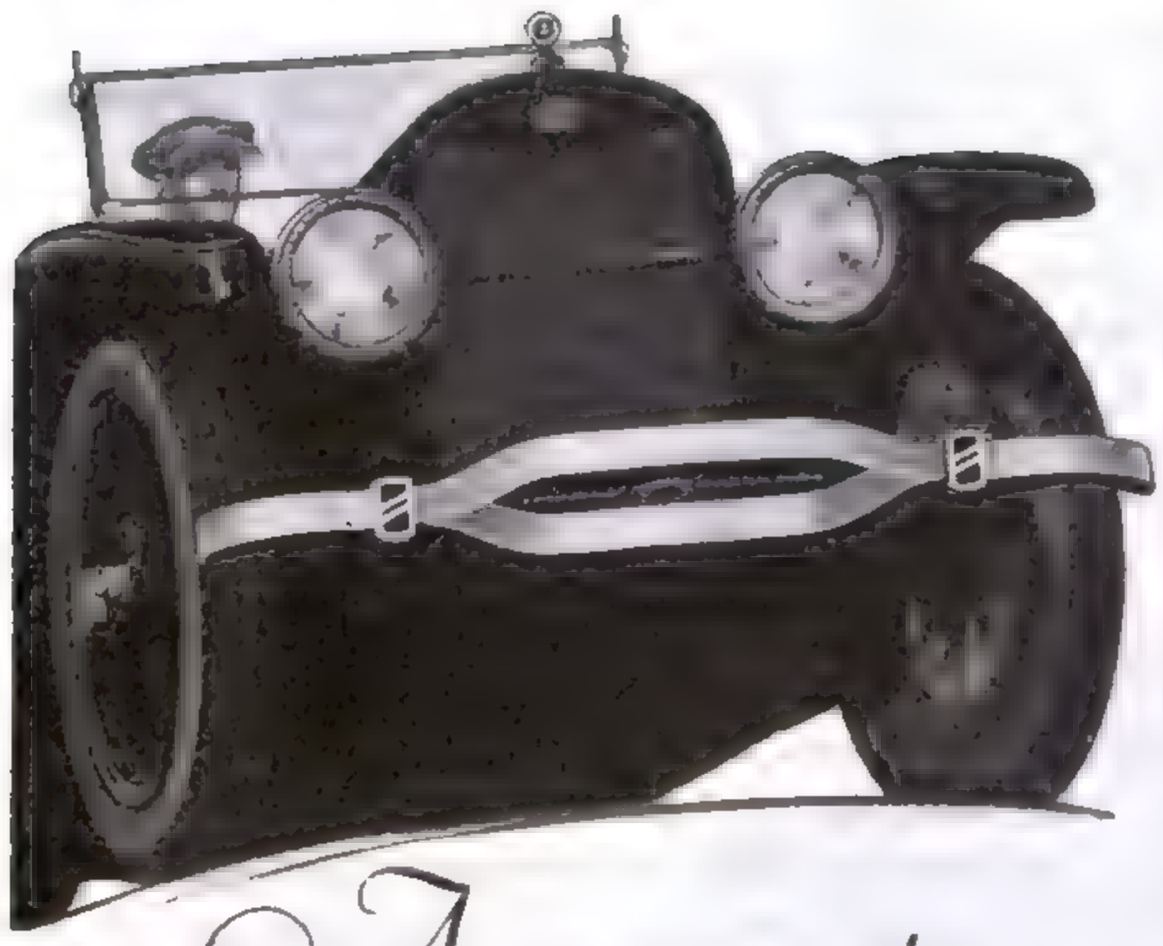
THREADED RUBBER BATTERY Dad



Announcing the 1922 Model

Biflex Spring Bumper

Ever in the van of progress in bumper manufacture, makers of the Biflex now announce the 1922 model of improved design.

Biflex, you remember, was the first double-barred bumper. Graceful in design, smart in appearance and scientifically built for greater protection, Biflex was a valuable contribution to the bumper industry.

The 1922 Biflex has additional grace and beauty, making it still more distinctive and desirable than preceding designs.

The greater protection of Biflex is a widely recorded fact. In crashing collisions Biflex has demonstrated its protective ability, preventing injury to passengers and damage to cars when tragic accidents appeared inevitable.

Measured strength, proportioned to the weight of each car; broad, resilient double bars that block all bumpers, high or low; rigid brackets that hold—these, with exceptional beauty, are outstanding features of the 1922 Biflex.

Biflex Standard Model for cars weighing OVER 3000 lbs.		*Biflex Junior Model for cars weighing UNDER 3000 lbs.*	
Nickel Finish, Blvd. Style	*$28.00*	*Nickel Finish*	*$23.00*
Black Finish, Traffic Style	*26.00*	*Black Finish*	*21.00*

If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

Biflex Products Co., Waukegan, Ill.

Biflex Bumpers and Brackets are Guaranteed Against Breakage for One Year.

ONLY THIS MARK GUARANTEES

"Protection with Distinction"

LOOK FOR IT ON THE BUMPERS YOU BUY

(Continued from Page 67)

He found himself out of doors. Clenching in his fist the cable from Edith to Walter.

Motors everywhere, stretched along the driveway, hooded, motionless. They hemmed him in. The honk of a horn. That cursed music had begun again. The grounds were garlanded with little lights. The moon hung swollen over the terraces.

He was alone in the gardens, trudging on wet grass, his cheek brushed by bushes as he plunged through the damp, seeking a refuge, seeking consolation. He was alone in the summer house, lit by a single yellow lantern—bitterly alone. His head sank heavily in the crook of his elbow there on the round rustic table. His knees sagged apart. He counted—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. If he had sailed that Wednesday he would have found her waiting.

The night carried dance music to him, brasses and drums; voices among the trees, footsteps on the graveled walk, a man's voice.

The theater fellow and Rosamund. Strange he no longer felt any bitterness toward her. She was that way. He needn't have given in. The loss was his—his mother's. They two ——

Forces stirred in him—huge, impelling, holding him in his grief while they worked.

André Bonheur was saying, "Whenever you wish, if your husband permits, I can get you an engagement."

And Rosamund, sharply, eagerly, "André, I'd give anything—anything to go back and dance! I've dreamed of dancing in Paris. But Jim never would let me."

They came upon him suddenly. Rosamund gave a little cry, ran up to him.

"Why, Jim, what are you doing here alone? What ——"

He held out the cable. She snatched it, read under the yellow lantern.

"Jim! Oh, Jim!"

"Yes?" His voice was low, inexpressive. Why didn't she leave him alone?

She went away. Presently she came back and knelt beside him.

"Jim, I'm sorry."

"Can't be helped."

"It's all my fault," she wailed suddenly. "I shouldn't have married you. I shouldn't have taken you away. If only you hadn't loved me ——"

"You didn't take me away. I never loved you." There! He had said it at last.

Under the glow of the lantern her face looked smaller, her eyes larger, smudged with shadow.

"You never loved me?"

"Listen, Rosamund!" He unclasped her hands, lifted her to her feet. "I guess lots of men feel as I felt back there, only they take it out in different ways—sport, common women and common stories. They're after something—they don't know what; an ideal that isn't clear in their minds. Their wives don't hold them. Their business tires and worries them. They're afraid of growing old."

"But, Jim, I don't see ——"

"I'm telling you, or trying to. You remember that Landale scandal? Old Landale running off with his stenographer? He's left her since. But never mind." He stared out into the night. "I'd never gone around with women. I got to thinking about old Sam. It seemed to me that whatever his motives were, it might be a pretty safe way for me to break off once for all—the one thing they don't forgive in a man."

"Jim, you don't mean it! You couldn't ——"

"Let's be honest. I wasn't doing you any harm. I married you as soon as I could. But you never loved me either. I meant an escape for you. I meant all the things you thought you wanted."

"Jim, I ——"

"Both of us were trying to get away. It can't be done."

"Jim, what are you going to do?" She was crying now.

Motors hummed in the distance. Soon the great house would be empty. Walter, alone, would be waiting.

"I'm going back," he said.

"You'll leave me?"

"Isn't it better?"

She clung to him, crying softly. He put his arms loosely around her.

"Jim, I can't ——"

"Better for you in the end. You won't lose. I'll see to that."

"But you?"

"Oh . . . me!" He stared again into the night. Smiled. "Don't you worry about me. I'll go on . . . from where I left off. You see, Rose," he said: "A fellow like myself . . . well, I guess he can't get away from what he was made for. Walter has it pretty straight—staying right on his job there—and yet look what he's done for himself. That house of his now and his pictures. . . ." He thought of his friend waiting for him. His arms dropped from her.

She made no further move to call him back. She stood alone, separate, thinking her own thoughts.

"All this now"—he waved at the shadowy park—"it's well enough, but it's dead stuff. See what I mean? And back there it's *alive!* You're fighting for something big. You think you have it. . . ." He clenched his fists. "And it's the other way around. It has *you*. There's no end. . . ." He repeated it triumphantly. "There's no end. . . ."

THE FARMER'S WOES

(Continued from Page 21)

costs of distribution, relation of selling price of agricultural commodities to the selling price of agricultural necessities, credit facilities, transportation, profits or losses, social consequences and suggested remedies—matters such as these were asked about of each witness in turn.

Not only were farmers summoned, but in many counties such men as the country banker, the local grain-elevator man, the manager of the coöperative livestock shipping association, the assessor, the sheriff, the rural minister, the school-teacher, the implement dealer, the storekeeper, or anyone else who could shed any light on the condition of the agricultural community from the economic or social point of view.

Stenographic reports of these hearings were made and four copies prepared—one for the office of the county farm bureau, one for the office of the state farm-bureau federation, one for the office of the American Farm Bureau Federation, and one to be sent to Washington for such use as the congressional commission might make of it.

When I went through some of these reports recently there were still more to come in, but I read about 250 hearings from as many counties, and from states ranging from Oregon to Illinois, Arkansas and New Hampshire.

Some were but meager summaries from a few counties.

In other states, as Kansas and Ohio, there were ample and accurate data from many counties. Some counties had the testimony taken by a court stenographer and sworn to before a notary. Others conducted a number of township hearings.

Just how much of these hearings has been submitted to the congressional commission by the American Farm Bureau Federation, just what parts will appear in the final printed record of the hearings at Washington, are immaterial. To one acquainted with agricultural conditions much of the matter contains nothing new. But as human-interest documents these county hearings are unique.

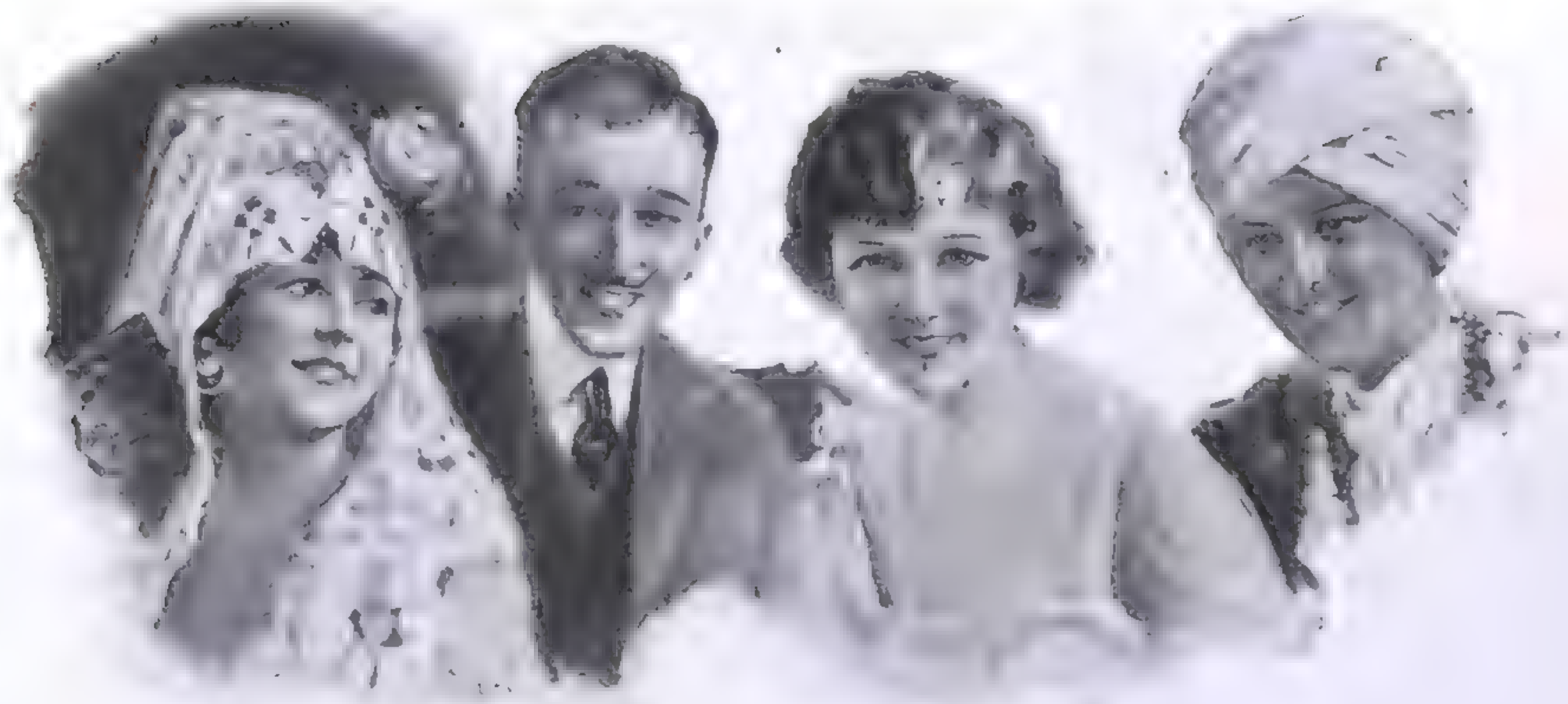
Just what has the farmer to say about himself and his condition? Just what causes does he believe responsible for the vast depression in prices, for the deflation process that came suddenly and, as he says, cost him a loss of $7,000,000,000 within the past twelve months? Just what does he think of the grower and the butcher, the packer and the railroads? Just what is necessary to remedy what is wrong?

Lots of people set themselves up to speak for the farmer, down at Washington or elsewhere. Seldom does he get to have his own say. Anyone interested at all in present business conditions of any sort must be interested in any analysis that is made of agriculture, for as the farmer is prosperous or not, so likewise is the nation.

But as I waded through these reports I could not help but think of the old fable of how the gods once upon a time issued orders that all mankind should assemble on a plain, each to bring his woes in a bundle and cast them upon a heap in the center. By the time all were there these ills and woes had become a vast mountain in height.

That the farmer has a veritable mountain of woes is apparent to anyone who

(Continued on Page 73)



They Save Teeth Now

in a new way—nearly all the world over

This method of teeth cleaning is now used by millions. It is founded on modern research and approved by modern authorities.

Nearly all the world over leading dentists advise it. Careful people of most races are learning to employ it.

You are bound to adopt it when you know what it means. A ten-day test will tell you. This is to offer that test without charge, and to urge that you accept it.

Ruined by film

Modern science traces most tooth troubles to film. You can feel the film—a viscous coat. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. Thus millions of teeth lose their luster.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Night and day film-coated teeth are subject to these attacks.

Film is a breeding place for germs. Many serious troubles, local and internal, are now traced to them.

It can be ended

Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. Authorities have proved them effective. Leading dentists everywhere have watched the results and are urging their daily use.

A modern dentifrice has been created, and these two methods are embodied in it. The tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Everywhere you look you see the results of it—in teeth that shine.

See on your own teeth what a change it brings—in a week.

Other discoveries

Dental research has also revealed some other important facts.

It finds that starch deposits, clinging to the teeth, often ferment and form acids. And those acids, unless neutralized, attack the enamel.

It finds that Nature provides forces to fight both starch and acids. But the average modern diet fails to stimulate those forces.

Pepsodent supplies that lack. It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest the starch deposits. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva—Nature's acid neutralizer.

Thus twice a day it brings effects which science proves essential. And regardless of your diet.

A new dental era

Now careful people in brushing teeth aim at more than food debris. They combat the film wherever it abides. They fight the starch and acids. They multiply the natural teeth-protecting forces in the mouth.

They gain whiter teeth in this way, cleaner, safer teeth. To millions this promises a new dental era, as they already see and feel.

They bring new beauty to the teeth. Cloudy coats are removed. You see these glistening teeth in every circle now.

Start the children

This new method is most important to the children. It may save them troubles which few otherwise escape. Dentists say it should be used from the time the first tooth appears.

Women who seek beautiful teeth will delight in it.

Men who smoke will see some quick, conspicuous effects. For tobacco stains the film-coats when you leave them.

Let one in your family learn the effects and show them to the rest.

Twice Every Day

You need these four effects

Film must be removed.

Starch deposits must be digested, else they may ferment.

Acids must be neutralized before they cause decay.

Teeth must be polished so they shine.

Pepsodent does all these things with every application. It does them in a natural and effective way.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF
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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste which fights film, starch and acids. It accords with all modern requirements, and is now advised by leading dentists everywhere.

Supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

A week will tell

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. A week will convince you beyond dispute that this is the right way to brush teeth.

10-Day Tube Free

744

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 272, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family

BAKER'S COCONUT

Home made cakes, pies and candies will have the real fresh coconut flavor when made with Baker's Coconut. Recipe booklet mailed on request to

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY, Philadelphia

HOME MADE COCONUT FUDGE

Add to the milk from one can of Baker's Blue Label Coconut, sufficient cream, condensed milk or milk to make 1½ cups. Place on fire adding 3 cups of sugar, (preferably 1½ cups each light brown and granulated) and 2 squares grated or shaved bitter chocolate and pinch of soda. Boil (stirring constantly) until a small quantity when dropped in cold water forms a firm mass. Turn into platter or pan allowing to cool sufficiently for handling, then add ½ teaspoon vanilla and butter size of walnut. Beat until creamy and fold in the can of coconut. (If new pkg. coconut is used it should be thoroughly pressed.) Or a small (3 or 4 oz.) package of Baker's Coconut. Continue beating until thick, turn into a buttered pan and cut into squares before it hardens.

BAKER'S COCONUT

Three kinds:

1- *Canned in its own milk*
2- *Moist sweetened in cans*
3- *Dry shred in packages*

(Continued from Page 70)

reads more than one or two of these county hearings. But I wonder whether, as in the fable, he wouldn't be glad to have his own back again if he should trade for a while with the butcher, the grocer, the dry-goods merchant, the banker, the railroads or the manufacturer, and find out that their woes are of like degree to his own.

For a general statement of the farmer's case and present plight a good analysis was furnished from Genesee County, New York. I quote from the preliminary remarks of the county agent.

Deflated Values

"Comparing present conditions with those prior to the war, we find general pessimism throughout the country on the part of the farmer. The prices of farm machinery, fertilizer and other supplies are at the present time ranging from 50 per cent to 300 per cent higher than they were at that time, while agricultural products, through an extensive slump, have reached a prewar level in nearly all cases, and in case of perishable goods, which the growers are unable to hold, prices are far below prewar.

"Prior to the war, conditions were fairly stable. Farmers knew fairly well what to expect and could adapt their farming to those conditions. During the war, the great inflation of values of products and supplies had the same effect on agriculture as upon other business generally. Farmers were decidedly optimistic and purchased heavily of high-priced machinery and high-priced stock. Many tenant farmers purchased farms with little capital paid down. In many cases inventories taken during the war indicated a considerable increase in farm assets. The borrowing power of the farmer was considerably above normal. This encouraged him to make heavier loans than usual for the expansion of his business.

"The present situation or reaction has greatly deflated all these values, leaving the farmer in a much poorer condition than prior to the war. He still has on his hands the high-priced machinery, the high-priced stock, and in many cases high-priced lands and high-priced equipment, while at the banks and with the merchants his obligations are, naturally, not in proportion to his assets."

Marshall County, Kansas, out in the Wheat Belt, submitted, along with its testimony, a summary of just what the farmers in that section think of things:

"First, we farmers are doing business at an actual loss because of the low price level for our food products, which if continued for a length of time means ruin and bankruptcy for many of us.

"Second, our buying power and debt-paying power is almost destroyed. We have bought practically no farm machinery this season, not but that we needed it, but we could not afford to buy it. We are buying only actual necessities and we do not ask nor believe that a lowering of prices of manufactured things we have to buy will solve our difficulties because it cannot lower our debts at all and our taxes but very little. Therefore we believe a raise in the price level of our products is our only salvation.

"Third, we believe that the first fatal mistake was failure promptly to ratify the peace treaty. Demoralized foreign exchange and ruined foreign markets resulted. We believe that the senatorial political quarrel cost the farmers of the United States millions of dollars.

"The next mistake was the demand for deflation of bank credits and currency and its being carried out promptly by the big banks. We believe that there is no excuse whatever for a scarcity of money when the United States has at present more than one-third of all the gold in the world. We believe that this contraction of currency and bank credits is in the interest and at the instigation of the fund-holding investment classes and to the detriment and ruin of the producing class.

"We ask that our senators and representatives in Congress take prompt action to restore sufficient currency to channels of trade to facilitate business and restore a reasonable price level to farm products.

"Fourth, we believe further that the Chicago Board of Trade should be curbed by suitable legislation. Last August when it was allowed to function it promptly began forcing down the price of wheat. Canada, Argentina and the United States held the world supply. The price had not gone down in these two former countries when the Board of Trade deliberately began putting down the price of our own product. Such power is too dangerous to be in the hands of any voluntary body of citizens."

So much from Kansas, where the farmers are by tradition supposed to be radicals, and of the firebrand sort. Here is another analysis, submitted from conservative New York, where the farmers of Orleans County are largely potato and vegetable growers. These men say that the causes of present agricultural conditions are:

"1. Discrimination against the farmer by the Government during the war. It is felt by the men present that the condition of agriculture as it now exists goes back to the time of fixed prices for agricultural products while many of the other industries were operated on a cost-plus basis.

"2. Unfair propaganda by press and other agencies. It was felt that the potato industry especially had been hurt by propaganda that pictured the farmer as a profiteer and food hoarder when in the spring of 1920 potatoes reached an excessively high price. At that time only a small percentage of potatoes was in the hands of the farmer. The majority of the crop had been sold the previous fall at much lower prices. This unfair propaganda, skillfully passed on to the consumer, has given public opinion a distorted view of the true agricultural conditions.

"The high cost of deliveries and credits to consumers, especially in large cities, adds largely to the consumers' price. As to credits, a large toll is taken in losses by the retailer on account of bills not paid. As to delivery, many miles are traveled by a delivery wagon in order to take a ten-cent cake of soap to some fashionable residence.

"3. The public cry for cheap food. The demand for cheap food by the public has driven the price of agricultural products down out of proportion to the price of other products. This deflation of purchasing power is shown by Prof. G. F. Warren, of Cornell University, who used a ten-year average between August, 1905, and July, 1914, as 100 per cent and found the purchasing power of thirty-one farm products in April, 1921, had decreased to 69 per cent. That is, the farmer's average unit of purchase is now worth only sixty-nine cents on the dollar.

"This curtailed purchasing power of products which were produced at extremely high prices of seed, feed, fertilizers, machinery and labor, has left the farmer unable to do his usual purchasing and has financially handicapped him.

"4. High cost of transportation. Increased freight rates have hindered the proper distribution of foods and made the price so high to the consumer that in many cases the producer has no market at all. Hundreds of tons of cabbage and thousands of bushels of onions and potatoes have been drawn out to the land this spring in this county because of lack of market.

"5. Speculation. Speculation of dealers, especially retailers, who are undoubtedly profiteering, increases the price so much to the consumer above the price paid to the producer that consumption is curtailed.

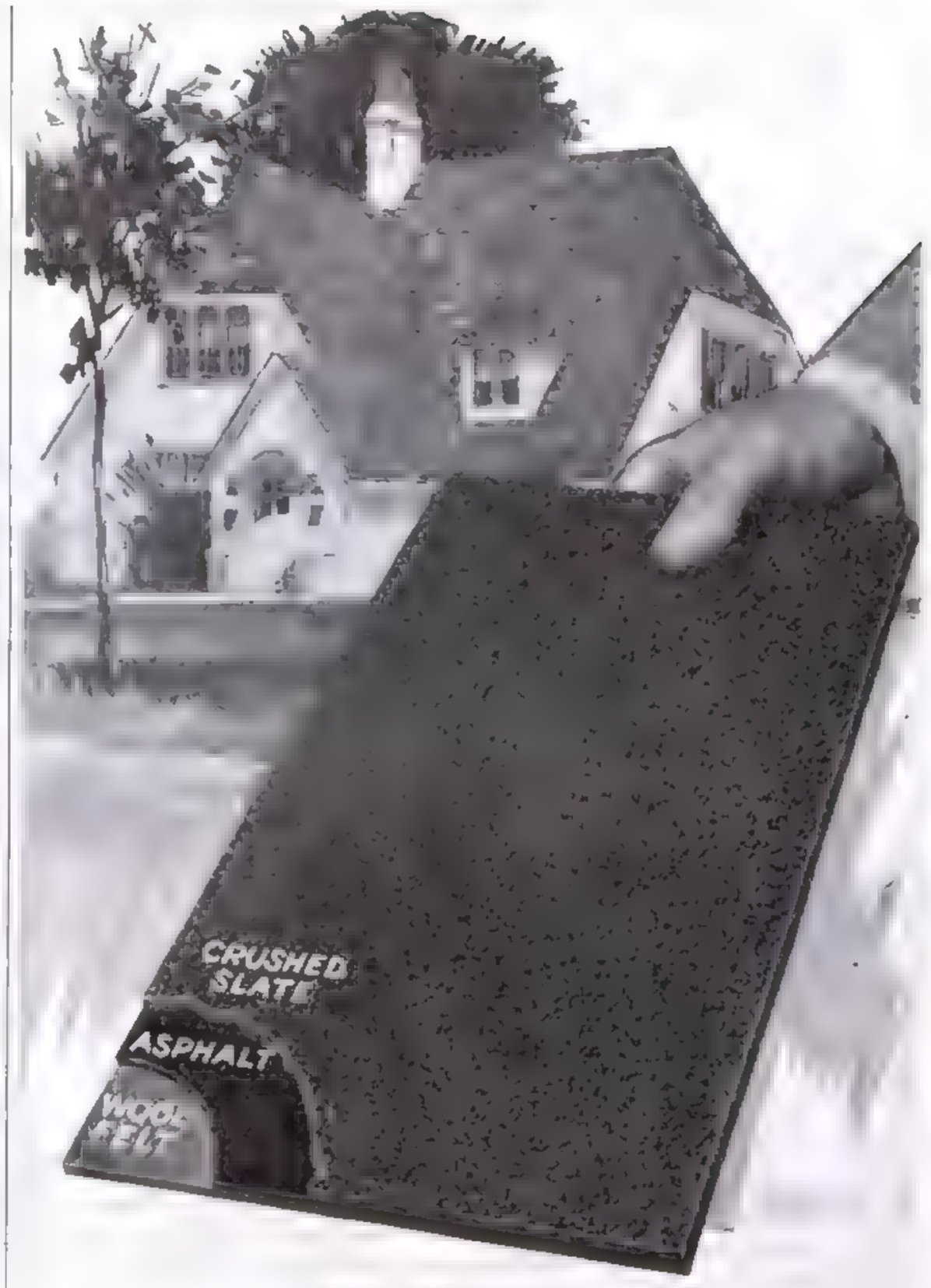
"6. Large interest control of products purchased by farmer. Tractor, harvesting and other manufacturing concerns are so operated that they are able to control the product of their plants, which makes purchasing, with the farmers' deflated purchasing power, largely prohibitive."

Food for Thought

Recently an editorial in a Chicago newspaper analyzed the present industrial slump by saying that it began with the farmers. When the farmers stopped buying it brought about the closing of factories and the turning away of millions of workers.

"This cut down the farmers' market, and it cannot be enlarged until the farmers themselves begin buying. Now that profits are possible in agricultural products and the great price reductions in farm machinery and manufactured commodities have increased the value of the farmer's dollar, the farmer should buy what he needs as liberally as common sense justifies, and he will benefit himself thereby."

Which is one way of looking at it. But already the farmers of McLean County, Illinois, had in their hearing presented the



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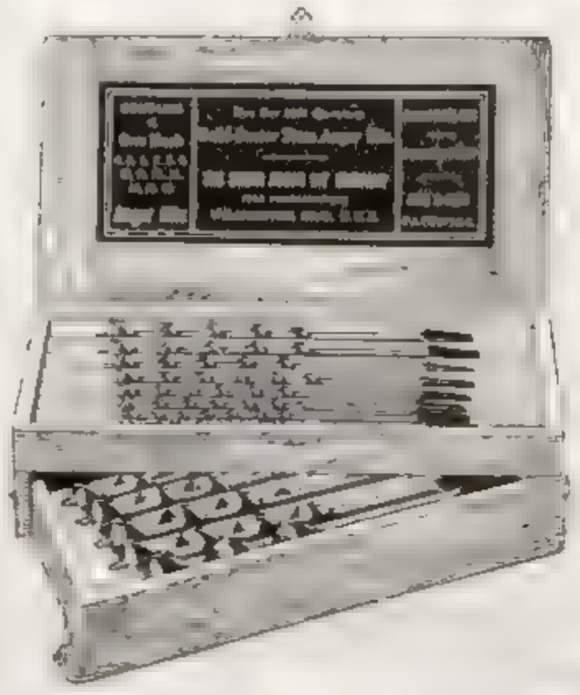

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same problem of prices and buying as the farmer sees it. Their report contained the following preliminary statement, headed Food for Thought:

"Within the past ten days we have heard several express the opinion that conditions would get back to normal much sooner 'if farmers would stop their foolish plan of buying nothing that they can by any means avoid and go to buying again as usual.'

"In reply we present the following comparisons, which show in terms of farm exchange the position farmers occupy. In more than forty years' experience we have never known a time when the average farmer had as little actual cash or when exchange values of his products were as badly out of balance with other commodities as now.

"In July, 1920, one bushel of corn would buy five and a third gallons of gasoline. To-day it will buy two and two-thirds gallons.

"Then it took six bushels of corn to buy one ton of soft coal. Now it takes sixteen bushels to buy a ton that is priced $1.50 lower.

"Where ten bushels would purchase a pair of shoes, it now takes twenty bushels to purchase a pair three dollars less.

"Then one cowhide would buy a pair of shoes. To-day it takes one hide to pay for half soles and rubber heels on old ones. To get a new pair takes five cow or twenty-three calf hides.

"A year ago fifty bushels of corn would purchase a good suit for $65. Now it takes ninety bushels to procure a suit priced at $45. Clothes are made of wool. It now takes 180 pounds of wool, or clips from twenty sheep, to buy a suit.

"Then a hundred pounds of binder twine could be bought for nineteen and a half bushels of oats. To-day it takes fifty-five.

"Where it took seventy bushels of corn in exchange for a set of $90 harness, the cost of the set to-day at $65 is 130 bushels."

The tractor that took 707 bushels of corn now takes 1840 with the price $260 lower. Where about 107 bushels of corn were required for a tractor plow it now sells for the equivalent of 252 bushels, though the price has dropped. The $250 binder that sold for 294 bushels of oats is now priced at $200, but it requires 667 bushels to pay for it.

Or to look at autos: The motor car that at $728.46 cost 560 bushels of corn can now be acquired at the price of $564.85, or 1129 bushels of the grain. A six-cylinder bought by many farmers sold a year ago for 720 bushels of wheat, while in July, 1921, it was selling for 1434, though the money price had dropped from $1800 to $1650.

What Farmers are Up Against

In other words, the statement that there has been a great reduction in farm machinery and manufactured commodities, as the city newspaper says, is incorrect as the farmer sees it. Instead of prices being lower for him they have actually been nearly doubled, in round numbers. The Arabic numerals on the price tag mean nothing. The cost of a set of harness or a tractor to him is measured in terms of the things he has to produce to exchange for this commodity he needs. This is primer-class, elementary economics, and sound reasoning as well.

In terms of his corn and oats and wheat and cotton and hogs and steers, prices have not lowered for him. What has happened is that the price of things he has to sell has dropped faster than the price of commodities he has to buy—which is equivalent to a rise in price for him, in terms of exchange.

These prices dropped suddenly. His credit was shut off because his resources faded away. He produced his 1920 crops at a loss, fed his livestock at a loss, exhausted his reserves financially—and stopped buying because he had nothing with which to buy.

No sooner did he do so than the stopping was felt to the furthermost corners of the land—in the cotton mills of North Carolina, the woolen mills of Massachusetts, the carpet looms of Philadelphia, in the high-stool eating houses and the Lake Front hotels and in the ten-cent stores.

"If you were a farmer what would you do?" asked these Illinois farmers at the close of their statement.

The big question is: What needs to be done to set the farmers to buying again?—something more fundamental than writing editorials advising them what to do. What is needed to turn the one largest class of consuming buyers back into the buying class once again, where not only will they take home salt, sugar, flour and nails to the farm, but tractors, phonographs, autos, electric-light plants, taffeta gowns and a thousand and two articles that they don't have to have but want and do buy when they are able?

At the hearing in an Iowa county a farmer was asked what he thought as to the price of farm products as compared with the things he has to buy to operate his farm. Maybe he didn't understand the fine points of economic theory and high finance, or else has warped notions of them. Maybe he didn't know the meaning of such a word as "normalcy," or "foreign exchange" or a "datum point." Maybe he hadn't heard that the price of grain is determined more in Liverpool than on the Chicago Board of Trade. But he knew what he did know.

"I need a new wagon on my farm," he said, "so last week I priced one of a standard make like the one I had purchased in 1913. The best figure the dealer would give me was $135, cash. This would require 276 bushels, with corn bringing forty-nine cents a bushel that day. When I bought that same wagon in 1913, for $90, I had to take in 120 bushels of seventy-five-cent corn to pay for the wagon. This difference of 156 bushels represents the difference in the cost of the wagon now and in prewar 1913."

Exchange Out of Balance

Counties in Kansas were asked by the state farm bureau to submit actual figures showing prices in 1914 and 1921 on items the farmer sells and on things he buys. Picking out one county at random, I copied down the list of prices as returned. These ran as follows:

WHAT THE FARMER HAS TO SELL

	1914	1921
Corn	$ .82	$ .40
Wheat	1.25	.85
Hogs	.08	.07
Cattle	.0525	.05
Eggs	.25	.20
Butter	.30	.30
Hay	10.00	10.00

WHAT THE FARMER HAS TO BUY

	1914	1921
Binder	$125.00	$240.00
Corn planter	35.00	75.00
Beefsteak	.25	.20
Threshing wheat	.03	.04
Monthly wage	25.00	30.00
Daily wage	1.50	3.00

In not all counties were there variations as wide as these. But in all, the facts plainly showed just how normalcy, such as we had in 1914, looks to the farmer as compared with other industries and businesses.

Whereas on the whole, farm prices have gone down to around what they were in 1914 or lower, in almost no case except with sugar has the price of what the farmer has to buy decreased in any like proportion.

And instead of being the goat entirely, the farmer stopped buying. For what he did buy he often needed credit. The rub came when the banks refused him the credit. Then he bought even less.

What this unbalanced proportion between farm and other prices with its consequent buying slump and credit shortage means can be seen from the testimony of dealers in Allegany County, New York.

"Since I began business eight years ago I have never had as much credit on my books with farmers as I have now," said an implement dealer at the county hearing. "I have done practically no business with farm machinery this year. While agricultural products have dropped to practically nothing, the price of machinery has had only two discounts from the high marks. These were 10 per cent each time, and both of these came when the implements were no longer needed for the year."

"I have had a very limited amount of sales this year," said another dealer in the same county. "The price of farm machinery has been entirely too high and farmers have not had funds for buying. On what few deals have been made we have had to extend very liberal credit."

From one end of the country to the other there was testimony as to money shortage whenever the farmer went to the bank; and

(Continued on Page 77)

Finest of Chefs Cannot Beat Home Cooking

FOR something particularly appetizing to eat, you need no longer hunt a famous restaurant. You can have the most tasteful foods at your own home table—not just occasionally, but every day.

Every woman has fine recipes, and most women mix ingredients as accurately as the best of chefs. But when it comes to cooking—that's where the professional chef has won out.

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But not so any more. The Lorain Oven Heat Regulator takes the guess and the gamble out of home cooking. It is absolutely accurate and reliable; cooks without mistakes. It needs no watching. Every bit of food is properly cooked. It gives exact results every time. Every meal becomes a delight to your appetite. The world's best chef cannot beat "Lorain" home cooking.

When she has a "Lorain," that good woman who is so eager to please you with her cooking can cook an entire meal—steak or roast, fish or chicken, vegetables, dessert—all at one time and with the same sure success that she can cook the simplest single dish. And she need not once look at the oven until serving time.

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The "Lorain" ends her days of guessing, worry and oven-slavery. It eases her muscles and nerves, and proves to her that the joy of living is not idle talk.

Wonderful, simple, accurate, sure—that's the "Lorain." We can't begin to tell the whole story here. But we have a book, "*An Easier Day's Work*," written especially for you. Simply send the coupon for your copy.

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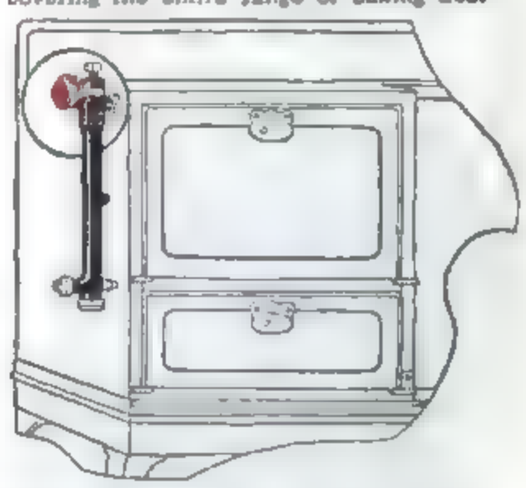

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Klenzo's snowy whiteness is just one more evidence of its purity and refinement—whiteness that goes naturally with white teeth. By keeping the enamel polished white, Klenzo protects the teeth from bacteria and decay.

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BOSTON TORONTO LIVERPOOL PARIS

(Continued from Page 74)

equally from other places would come reports of banks overloaned to farmers already. Interest rates on short-time loans ran as high as 8 and 10 per cent in states in the territory ranging from Texas to Idaho and Wyoming and 8 per cent in the Corn Belt—with little or no money at any rate for farmers in many places.

For this the Federal Reserve System and city banks were blamed consistently by farmers everywhere, and the deflation policy of the Federal Reserve was universally condemned as disastrous to the farmer. That the charges of John Skelton Williams, former comptroller of the currency, as to money being loaned to New York bankers for speculative activities while farm loans were unduly curtailed have been taken at face value by farmers is evident from the way they quote him in their hearings.

Another item much quoted was the statement regarding loans and discounts of national banks in 1920, which shows that whereas $2,000,000,000, or 14 per cent, of this was for agriculture, 2 per cent went for manufacturing, 26 per cent for merchandising, while $5,400,000,000, or 39 per cent, is listed in the official reports as going for speculating and miscellaneous.

Operating at a Loss

That the average farmer everywhere made but little profit or else lost money last year is apparent from a perusal of these reports. Specific instances by the scores were read into the hearings by the men present, giving actual farm bookkeeping records, showing amount and kind of feed, weights, prices, commissions or days of man and horse labor, fertilizer bills, wages paid for hired help, and so on. Some of the men came in, bringing their account books. Others brought their income-tax reports.

Without going into the agricultural details of these stories, let me cite the net results of a few that were related.

A Harrison County, Iowa, farmer lost $147.23 on fifty head of cattle fed, and approximately $1000 on the hogs that were fed at the same time in the feedlot. A neighbor of his lost six dollars a head, or $2100, on 350 hogs. Another neighbor lost $71.81 on five cows. A Nebraska farmer brought in his income-tax report as evidence that his 1920 loss amounted to $5804.

From Humboldt County, Iowa, came the typical story of a tenant who had rented a farm for twelve dollars an acre. His 1920 crop wasn't large enough to pay half his rent. A farmer fed three cars of cattle, and after feeding $7500 of corn and other rations received only $75 more than the purchase price. He lost $7425 on one operation.

Another man sold his crops for just enough to pay the taxes and 75 per cent of the interest on his mortgage. A neighbor fed two cars of cattle, which when sold topped the market that day as being extra good. Yet he received less than the cost of the cattle alone. One man milked eight cows for a year and lost $355.50 on them, and another man lost $524 on eight cows in a year.

A peach grower in Columbia County, Arkansas, recently sold thirty bushels of peaches to Memphis for $52.50. The express was $30.15, the selling commission $5.25, leaving a net to his credit of $17.10. Then he had to pay for the baskets at the rate of $2.75 a dozen, making a total of $6.87. He had left $10.23 to pay for tending, spraying, picking and hauling, not to speak of interest on investment, which all good business farmers as well as city business men like to figure in.

In Clinton County, Indiana, the boys in the vocational-education class in a rural high school kept complete farm records on their home farm from November 15, 1919, to November 15, 1920. All items were carefully kept, depreciation was estimated and interest allowed at 5 per cent. They figured out the labor income, which is the net return after all expenses plus interest have been deducted. On eight of the eleven farms, averaging eighty-three acres to a farm, there were losses ranging from $50 to $2468, and averaging $1239. On just three farms was any labor income made, and this amounted to $95, $169 and $390 respectively. This is a sample of many such figures given from many states.

A Jefferson County, New York, farmer bought an eighty-five-acre farm two years ago on a contract, but has not yet been able to pay for it. His farm income for 1921 will be just enough to meet the interest without leaving anything over for the principal. His eleven cows brought him $60 a week two years ago. Last year he averaged $46 a week. This year, with more cows, he is not receiving $20 a week. Feed and labor have decreased only 15 per cent. This man is going to teach school this winter and run the farm, too, in an effort to get some money ahead with which to pay for his farm.

There were dozens of such stories related at these county hearings. A significant thing about them, too, is that as a rule the men called in to testify were the more prominent, successful farmers of the county. The downtrodden tenants and the ne'er-do-wells were pretty much absent.

"If this is what happened to these farm captains of industry in our county," one farmer remarked, "then heaven only knows what happened to the poorer-class farmers."

Testimony of sheriffs was interesting. An Indiana sheriff declared that he had had more foreclosures and summonses in his office that had accumulated in the past four days than he had had in all his five years as sheriff and nine as deputy. Others furnished the number of farmers who had gone bankrupt.

But the question as to what is responsible for all this still remains. Everyone knows the result, but reasons therefor are many and varied. But there is one cause, definite and specific, upon which there is universal agreement—railway rates. High freight rates—this was the burden of the farmers' song of woe from coast to coast.

Present conditions foretell, as one man pointed out, that, unless reduced, freight rates will shortly remake the entire agricultural map of the United States. They will prohibit long shipments of farm products and compel each community to produce just what can be consumed within its own radius.

One county submitted as a reason for lack of money and credits the fact that owing to high taxes investors were putting their funds into tax-free securities. This was from Michigan, and it was cited that the state is offering $30,000,000 of nontaxable securities at a rate not to exceed 6 per cent, and Saginaw was contemplating some $5,000,000 to $8,000,000 of municipal bonds on practically the same basis. These with numerous road bonds, government bonds, and so on, absorb all surplus funds available. Another county declared that there is around $18,000,000,000 now tied up in nontaxable securities in this country.

Possible Remedies

Many of the counties took hard digs at city labor, railway-labor wages and labor unions in general as being one of the main contributing factors toward present conditions.

Wages of farmers in comparison with conductors, brakemen, carpenters and others were offered for comparison. One county cited an instance of a railway conductor who was getting more than the governor of the state. Strikes and labor-union methods don't appeal to the farmers, evidently, despite efforts of labor leaders to form farmer-labor alliances.

A hasty listing of causes as advanced by various Iowa counties showed that twenty-seven named excessive freight rates, six unemployment causing reduced consumption, five profiteering of middlemen, twenty too many middlemen, twenty high labor costs, and fourteen lack of foreign markets; and the same number mentioned forced liquidation at request of banks.

As for remedies, it is safe to say that they were more conspicuous by their absence than otherwise in many counties. The farmers know how much money they lost, they have an idea as to what was responsible—but as for cures and remedies, they are not so sure.

One New York county made what is a fundamental statement—that legislation alone will not do the trick. Too many farmers feel that all that is needed is for Congress to wave the magic wand of a new law or two, and presto, all will be right once again!

"Conditions which will remedy the troubles in agriculture to-day cannot be regulated entirely by any legislation," said this report. "However, legislation that will give the farmer a chance to better his own condition and give protection to his industry such as other industries now enjoy will tend to bring about prosperous agriculture, which will in turn bring prosperity to other industries.

"Some legislation that is needed is a protective tariff, market roads in farming communities, a truth-in-fabrics bill, equalization of prices between the wages paid farm labor and wages paid miners and railway employees."

Iowa counties submitted as remedies reduction in freight rates; stabilization of markets in some manner, either by farmers taking matters into their own hands or by legislation; a tariff on agricultural products; improvement in marketing methods and elimination of too much handling between producer and consumer; elimination of speculators; a fair chance for farmers to borrow money; a longer time for short loans, since three to six months now offered is insufficient to carry a crop or feedlot full of stock over to market; legislation permitting farmers to organize better for business; an increase of the amount that the Federal Land Bank may lend from $10,000 to $25,000; payment of interest on loans by foreign governments; and education of city people about farms and farm life.

A league or association of nations, extension of credit facilities by the Federal Reserve to farmers, credit to Europe on long, easy terms, development of the Great Lakes to Atlantic waterway were others named. One man would have the government issue $500,000,000 in farm-credit greenbacks for five years at 5 per cent interest.

Ionia County, Michigan, offered a fundamental argument in asking for an awakening, by widespread publicity, of the dangers of the present situation. This is the keynote of these hearings and the investigation that this Congressional commission is making. The value of the whole business is that we are taking stock, making an inventory of our agricultural self. If things are not right, the quickest way to remedy them is to diagnose the case first. Then we can seek remedies.

When Prosperity Comes

The story that the farmers tell is bad enough—a veritable mountain of woe, in truth. Yet one must not forget that farmers are often prone to emphasize the pessimistic side of their affairs. In fact they were asked to tell that side of their story.

An Illinois banker testified that unless something is done within the next two years 20 per cent of the farmers of the Middle West will be bankrupt. The facts are that there is always a considerable percentage of farmers, inefficient and unsuited to farming by temperament or lack of capital, who are always bankrupt or on the verge of it.

Then, too, remember that this has been entirely a story of what has already happened. With the future it may be a different story. Though the prices to farmers have not gone down in proportion to prices for farm products, yet this year's crops have been produced at a less cost than last year's. Credit for farmers is slowly coming. Reports are that there is money to move the crops this fall. As a result of this Congressional investigation, surely some relief may be expected from needed legislation. Already there are signs and rumors of freight rates being reduced.

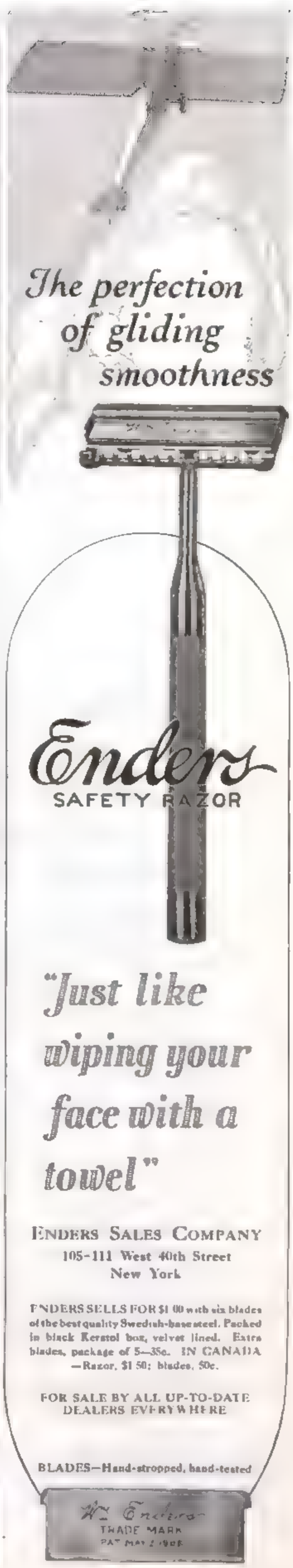
All of which will work together to leaven the farm situation and bring a better financial deal to the wheat grower, the cotton chopper and the cattle feeder.

Meanwhile prices of farm products have in some instances, particularly livestock, been edging higher, while forces are constantly beating down things the farmer has to buy and lessening the uneven ratio between the two.

Prosperity for the farmer will mean buying power. That will mean increased business and sales. The stores will send their buyers East. The traveling salesmen will take to the rails again. The idle men will be called back to the flour mills, the furniture factories, the automobile-body works, and that mythical normalcy will be in our midst without anyone knowing that it has come or just when it arrived.

But for once the farmers have been having their say. Too often in the past the farmer has been shoved aside or told to go home and slop the hogs. Or likely, smooth-tongued candidates have lulled him back to his corn rows by specious arguments and promises. This time the farmer has been to the bat for himself.

"Let us hurry up and set down just what we farmers have been saying and thinking before someone comes along and argues us out of it," said one farmer. It was advice to make hay while the sun shines.


The perfection of gliding smoothness
Enders
SAFETY RAZOR
"Just like wiping your face with a towel"
ENDERS SALES COMPANY
105-111 West 40th Street
New York
ENDERS SELLS FOR $1 00 with six blades of the best quality Swedish-base steel. Packed in black Kerstol box, velvet lined. Extra blades, package of 5—35c. IN CANADA —Razor, $1 50; blades, 50c.
FOR SALE BY ALL UP-TO-DATE DEALERS EVERYWHERE
BLADES—Hand-stropped, hand-tested
W. Enders
TRADE MARK

Dust so fine that only air can take it out

Tap your foot gently upon the rug, and thousands of tiny dust particles are released to be revealed in a single ray of sunlight. This is part of the dust that air brings in—air alone can remove *all* of it. A single cubic inch of air often contains as many as 25 million tiny dust particles. The air that comes into the average house during one week carries in as much as two pounds of dirt and dust—dust so fine that only air can take out *all* of it

Why the Royal way of cleaning is the thorough way

The dust particles which you see in a ray of sunlight show that constantly air is bringing dirt into your home—dirt so light and powdery that only air can take it out

The restless particles of dust revealed in a ray of sunlight—a commonplace thing which you have seen hundreds of times as the sun streamed through your windows—have shown the need for a more thorough way of cleaning.

To meet this need the Royal way of cleaning was perfected. Already in hundreds of thousands of homes the Royal way is daily proving its thoroughness, and these homes are kept cleaner and fresher, with less work and worry than before.

Women have come to realize that in many, many cases more dirt is carried *by air* into the house than is tracked in.

Meteorologists have estimated that air alone, summer and winter, on still days and on windy ones, carries as much as two pounds of fine dirt into the average home each week.

Why ordinary cleaning methods fail

Certainly dust so fine as this can easily settle upon your floors and furniture and work its way into the very fabric and threads of your rugs and hangings and upholstery.

Certainly brooms and brushes cannot pick up—can do little more than stir up—dirt so finely powdered as this.

High air velocity and movement of large air volume, in proper proportions, are required to take out embedded dirt. This has been provided for exclusively in the Royal Electric Cleaner by the Gaur Suction Intake, perfected by Philip A. Gaur and his staff of engineers after three years of testing with 136 experimental types

There seems to be only one way to take it out. Air brings it in, as the dancing dust motes in a sunbeam prove—only air, used in the Royal way, can remove it. The scientifically controlled suction of the Royal Electric Cleaner picks up this feathery dirt—dirt so fine that you can hardly take it up with a dust cloth—and deposits it securely in the Royal bag.

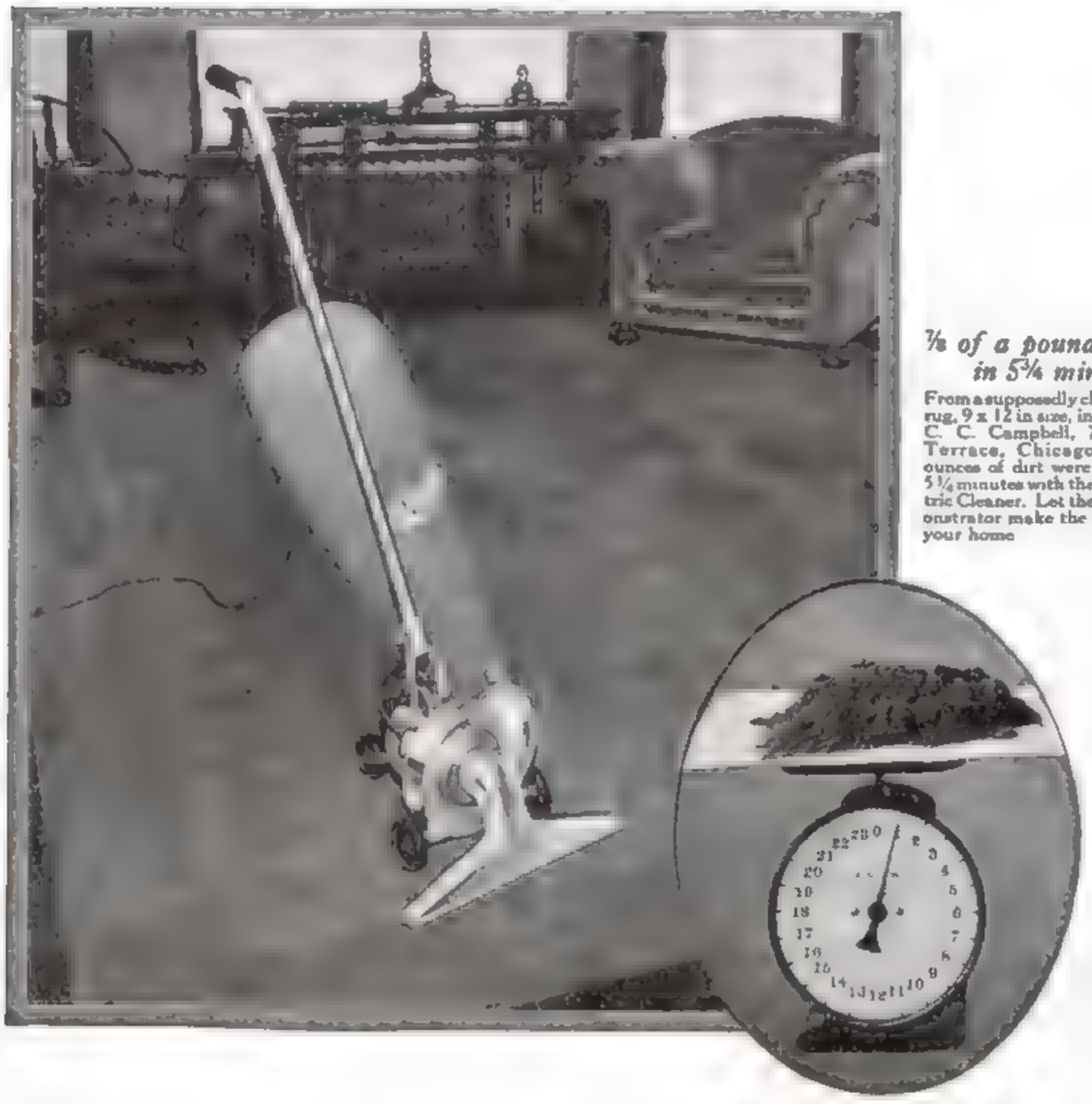
Sweeps up surface dirt—takes out embedded dirt

The Royal cleans all kinds of rugs—Axminsters, Brussels, Chenilles, Orientals, Velvets, Wiltons—quickly and thoroughly. *It thor-*

Sent Free

Your copy of the interesting book, "The Modern Method of Cleaning," is ready. Tells how to clean rugs, carpets, hangings, upholstered furniture, mattresses, hardwood floors, walls, ceilings, concrete floors, etc. Just write. Send booklet copy will be sent free

THE ROYAL QUALITY SERVICE



⅛ of a pound of dirt in 5¾ minutes

From a supposedly clean Chenille rug, 9 x 12 in size, in the home of C. C. Campbell, 746 Gordon Terrace, Chicago, fourteen ounces of dirt were removed in 5¼ minutes with the Royal Electric Cleaner. Let the Royal demonstrator make the same test in your home

oughly sweeps up—with air—surface litter such as threads, paper, lint, hairs and the like. It removes with air the embedded dirt that even washing often fails to get, and leaves the nap straightened, cleansed and unharmed.

But the Royal is more than a rug cleaner. It is a complete housecleaning outfit. It will clean the living room, the sleeping rooms, the attic, the cellar—thoroughly, quickly, easily.

We believe that the Royal is now the only cleaner that will really sweep concrete and hardwood floors.

Keeps upholstered furniture clean

With its convenient attachments you can clean upholstered furniture, mattresses and hangings as thoroughly as your floors.

So versatile are these Royal attachments that, with them, you can in a few minutes clean fireplaces, registers, dresser drawers, and under heavy furniture and radiators. You can even renovate feather pillows.

And you can do all these things with less fatigue than you are accustomed to on cleaning days. The Royal is so light that you can carry it upstairs and down almost as easily as you would a broom.

May we clean a room for you?

A Royal demonstrator will gladly clean a room for you. Let him go over your cleanest rug, and then you will know whether your present cleaning methods are really as effective as you believe them to be. If your electrical dealer or department store does not have the Royal, write us and we will send you the Royal book, or arrange for a demonstration in your home—without cost or obligation to you.

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured in Canada by
Continental Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

Cleans furniture

It takes but a few seconds to connect the handy Royal attachment which cleans the davenport and upholstered furniture as easily and thoroughly as you have cleaned the rugs

Mattresses, too

And mattresses are renovated just as easily. How clean and fresh they are after a "going over" with the Royal

And hard-to-reach places

Dresser drawers, fireplaces, plate rails, under the radiators and other out of the way places are quickly cleaned. How much easier than the old-fashioned house-cleaning upheaval is the regular use of the Royal

Copyright 1921, P. A. Geier Co., Cleveland, Ohio

ELECTRIC CLEANER

Cleans By Air Alone!

The heat is there—why not use it?

You Can Ride In Comfort On The Coldest Day

EVEN in a raging blizzard—with the temperature down to zero—inside the car that's Perfection Heater equipped the passengers are always snug and comfortable. A Perfection Heater costs nothing to operate because it uses the exhaust heat which is otherwise wasted. The heat is as easily regulated as a steam radiator in your home.

Have your open or closed car equipped now. If there is no Perfection Service Station near you, see the dealer from whom you bought your car. He will be glad to install a Perfection Heater for you. The cost is nominal and remember there is no upkeep expense. Write for our new booklet "*Comfort for your Car*".

Endorsed by Leading Car Manufacturers

In purchasing a new car choose one which will give you *all year* comfort. Fifty-two of America's foremost car manufacturers—the leaders in each price class—are supplying Perfection Heaters as a standard equipment.

Perfection Heaters Now Ready for Fords

The same splendid heater equipment which heretofore has only been available for larger cars is now ready for Ford owners. Perfection Heaters will bring real motoring comfort to thousands of Ford owners this winter. Made in two models. The price is surprisingly low—for the Ford Sedan, $20, and for the touring car, $17.50.

DEALERS—There may be an opportunity for you in your territory. Write or wire for our selling plan.

PERFECTION
MOTOR CAR
HEATERS

The PERFECTION HEATER & MANUFACTURING Co.
6541 CARNEGIE AVENUE .·. CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE BEAN

(Continued from Page 9)

me I had nothing left in stock. I wasn't selling the thing that was advertised. Get the idea?

Two of our championship club, who got through at the same time I did, put all their dough together and started a restaurant—on their names. They were known to every baseball fan in America, and they got a boost on the sporting pages for a starter. It looked like a cinch, but there was a catch in it. They had names for being crack ball players, not restaurant keepers. In the restaurant the customers wanted food and service more than base hits, and my two pals went broke. So there you are.

If you haven't got a great bean on your shoulders when you are a kid you can't see things that way. What's worse, the well-meaning hero worshipers, who think they are giving you good advice, can't see it, either.

Ball players are nothing more than kids. Some are headstrong and others are just thoughtless, leading the life of Reilly.

The same thing goes for fighters—all professional athletes. Is it any wonder that most of them fail to sit down and reason things out when the getting is good? At thirty, you know, a ball player is considered an old pappy guy.

Our proudest moment is when we have made good enough in the big league to be called old-timer by the rookies. At twenty-five the title is accepted as the right form of address.

I intimated a way back that I had made eighty thousand dollars before I was thirty. I expect I made a little more than that—I can't remember, but I made that much in salary. Now don't ask me what has become of that eighty thousand. I don't know. Neither do the other fellows on the club who are now scratching around and doing the best they can.

I have a friend who played on the sand lots with me as a kid. We both hung around the same pool room at nights. He took to boxing and got far enough for a chance at the middleweight championship—and lost. I know that he earned as much as fifty thousand dollars in his many bouts. To-day he is trying to sell automobiles. Unfortunately he started out by selling a machine that had been stolen, and it took him a long time to explain that. He knocks out about forty dollars a week and considers himself pretty good. He doesn't know what became of the fifty thousand any more than I do about my eighty thousand.

It isn't so much that we were spendthrifts. As a matter of fact, most ball players are tightwads. So are the modern prize fighters. The gag is that they pinch the old eagle in small matters and then save up a chunk only to fall for some fool scheme. Not having been trained in business, they have little sense in investment. In other words, not many of the fellows have a great bean, and there's nobody around or no force of circumstances to train what they have got.

Heroes of Old Times

A lot of fellows, though, have had a chance in baseball and in the fight game to educate themselves by travel and to pick up good manners—to see things that otherwise they would never have had a chance to see. They meet a lot of smart folks, and by keeping their eyes open around the swell hotels learn to imitate them. Most any young fellow wants to be a gentleman after he's seen a real gentleman in action. Also, he gets a strong ambition to be polished the minute he finds out that other people are treating him as if they thought him a gentleman.

We used to have a manager who always insisted on lodging us at the very swellest hotels. He said that the surest way to give a fellow class is to let him live around where people look on him as the class. Any ball player will play 50 per cent better when he belongs to what is considered a classy outfit.

That chance of traveling and seeing the country is, I believe, the one big thing in favor of professional sport as a career for an ignorant boy, brought up on the town lots. It's cured a lot of them of being roughnecks. Some of them never can be cured.

I was brought up in a little mining town. My father was a dump foreman. He was the best old dad in the world, and I'm meaning no throw-back on him when I say he didn't know much. He didn't. When he came home at night pop used to sit on the porch in his undershirt and read the Cincinnati sporting papers. He had pictures of John L. Sullivan, Al G. Spalding and Arlie Latham tacked up all over the house. You remember those old pictures, don't you, where the ball players always had a mustache and upholstered breeches and struck a pose with the bat stuck out? I can also see the picture right now of John L. Sullivan in fighting pants that came down to his knees and an American flag tied round his waist. He had a pose with both fists stuck up and looked fierce with his scowl and a long black mustache. In my young days every boy in the country copied that pose when we pretended to be boxing out on the lots. Of course John L. had retired long before my time, but somehow the kids didn't seem to want to copy the new champs.

A neighbor once gave pop a little wooden box put together so cute that when it was closed you couldn't tell where to open it. That made such a hit with him that he made up his mind to make me a cabinetmaker. The course didn't go very far, though, after the gang discovered that I had a good pitching arm and began to tell the old man about it.

Breaking In

I had a regular job as water boy around the dump and used to make six or seven dollars a week when I was sixteen years old pitching for one of the semi-pro ball clubs that played around the mines. I finally got an offer to pitch for a minor-league club, and without even considering anything accepted right off the reel. I almost ran home to tell pop. He was overjoyed. Ma put in a few objections, but didn't get very far.

"Is that a good business for the boy?" she asked. "You know, I was hoping a right smart for him as a cabinetmaker."

"Cabinetmaker?" pop repeated, looking at her in amazement. "Don't you know what it means to get a league job—a league job for a boy of mine at eighteen?"

"No, pop, I don't." Ma called him pop too.

"Why, look at Al Spalding, at Al Reach, at John Montgomery Ward, at Bill Lange."

"Who are they, pop?"

"Why, they're big men—some of 'em millionaires. Look at the congressmen, them big lawyers and manufacturers. A whole lot of 'em was big-league ball players."

"Is the boy going to be in that big league?"

"No, not yet. But he will. If he don't he's no son of mine. You'll get there, some day, won't you, son? And you'll be somebody, won't you?"

He took the pipe out of his mouth and sized me up proudly.

"Sure I will, pop."

And that's all there was to it. I didn't have to run away or sneak off from college and play under a phony name. No, I'll say I didn't. I went away from that town with everybody following me to the station and the old man letting the world know that it was his boy who was going.

Even in the minor league I saw very quickly that my education was on the fritz. I'll never forget how timid I was when I went in the hotel for the first time and ordered my meal. I was terribly self-conscious and didn't enjoy myself at all, even though I was as hungry as a boy of that age can be. I didn't know what I was eating and didn't care. I simply listened to the old player across from me and ordered exactly what he ordered. I wasn't long, though, in getting used to putting on the feed bag, as the fellows called eating, as soon as I got used to my surroundings. Eating always has been one of my strong points.

I made good in the minors and was paid one hundred dollars a month. Out of this I saved enough to send ma a present occasionally and to buy pop a big meerschaum pipe like I saw a German smoking in a swell restaurant in Milwaukee. If you don't think he was proud of it you ought to visit our little home out there. It's hanging on the wall to this day.

In my second season I was paid two hundred dollars a month, and that is what I

(Continued on Page 83)

The Iron Food for Vitality

Free We'll send a free book of 100 luscious raisin recipes to anyone who mails coupon below.

Many bakers bake a Puff Paste Raisin Pie. Ask your dealer for it.

This is a recipe for puff paste, more difficult to make than ordinary crust, but a delicious pastry.

It's Pie De Luxe

near the cost of *common* pie

—a different Pie than you've ever tasted, *made with Raisins*

PERHAPS you've tasted raisin pie before—but *never* one like this.

Perhaps you like good raisin pie—you'll like this better than the best you've ever known.

It's made with *puff-crust*, dainty, light and flaky, with tender meaty luscious raisins, the juice forming an incomparable sauce.

There's but one name for it—Pie De Luxe! And yet it costs little more than common pie.

A nutritious, healthful food-dessert, supplying energy and iron of the most assimilable kind.

You need but a small bit of iron daily, yet that need is *vital*. Raisins are rich in iron.

* * *

Many first-class bakers make a luscious Puff-Paste Raisin Pie, supplying bake shops and grocers everywhere.

So if you don't bake at home ask dealers for this pie. Take advantage of the baking that these master bakers do for you.

They use the best materials and bake in great, immaculate tiled plants.

Above all, don't miss this Puff-Paste Raisin Pie De Luxe. If your dealer hasn't it, make one at home.

Once you know its flavor you'll serve it as a regular dessert thereafter. So be sure to try it now.

100 Recipes Sent Free

We've prepared a valuable book of raisin recipes which we will send to any woman free on request. All are tested so they're sure to work.

Learn, through this book, the many ways to use nutritious, healthful raisins.

Raisins are 30% cheaper than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

Always ask for Sun-Maid Raisins, made from California's finest table grapes.

Seeded *(seeds removed)*; Seedless *(grown without seeds)*; Clusters *(on the stem)*. At all dealers'. Insist on Sun-Maid brand.

Have You Had Your Iron Today?

You need but a small bit of iron daily, yet that need is vital.

Few desserts appeal so generally to men and women, too—as does raisin pie. This is perfectly natural—because few desserts combine so delightfully attractiveness, flavor and healthfulness.

Recipe for Raisin Puff-Paste

1 cup pastry flour
½ pound butter
4 to 6 tablespoonfuls ice water

Take one-third butter, rub through flour not too fine, add water gradually enough to mix. Put on board. Roll out two or three times until butter is well mixed, then roll out and add one-half remaining butter in small pieces. Dredge with flour. Roll up and pound thoroughly. Roll again and pound. Then roll out and add remaining butter and repeat as before. Bake in hot oven. Sufficient for one pie.

THIS

for a "'tween-meal bite"

"Little Sun-Maids"—seedless raisins—in a handy little five-cent pocket package for you who get tired between meals, and need new energy and vim.

Quick acting!—practically predigested nutriment.

Rich in iron—good for the blood. Nature's candy for the kiddies.

At all grocery, drug, candy and cigar stores—5c.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

California Associated Raisin Co.
Dept. A-1410, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

Name_____

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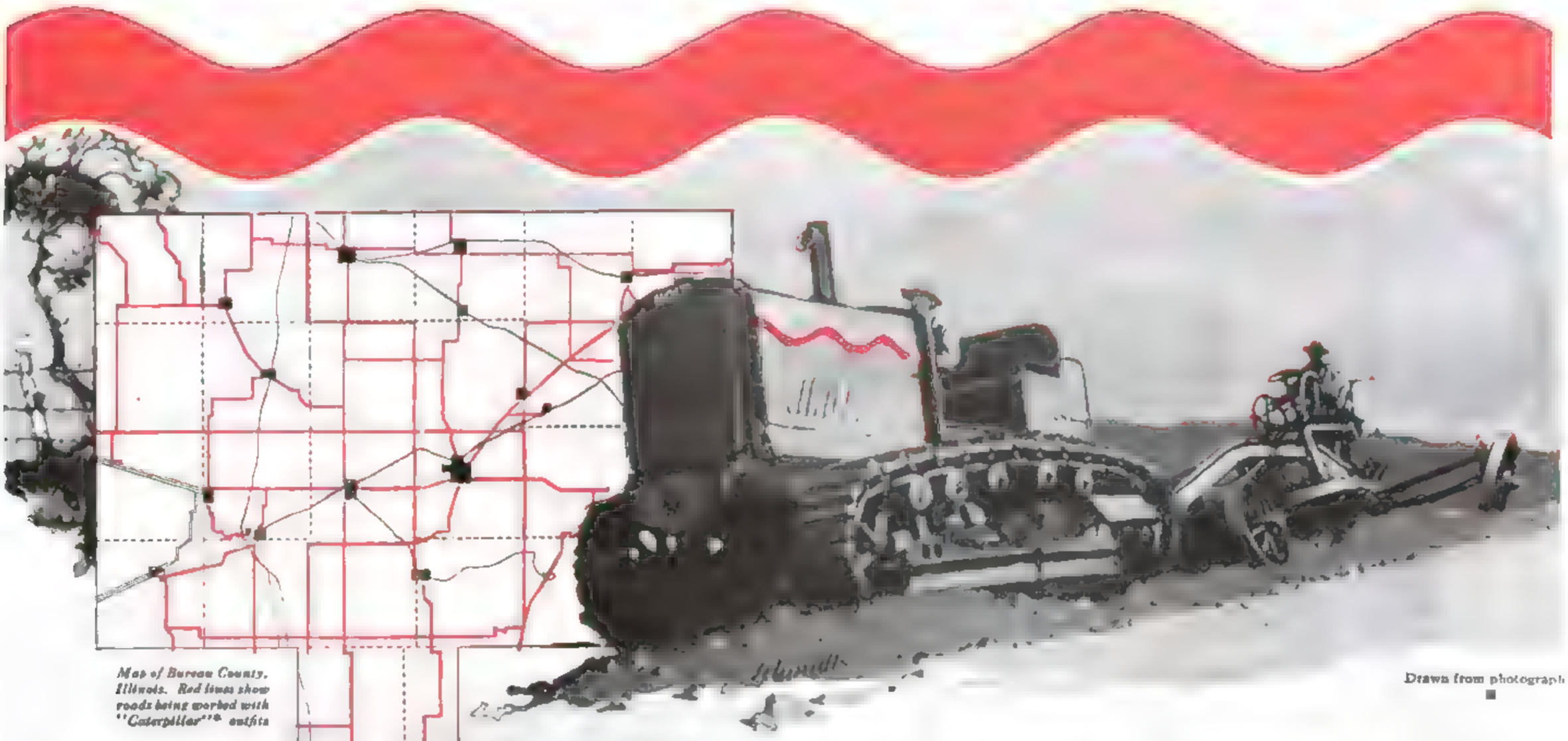
Membership 13,000 Growers
Dept. A-1410, Fresno, California

SUN-MAID RAISINS



Map of Bureau County, Illinois. Red lines show roads being worked with "Caterpillar"* outfits

Drawn from photograph

Bureau County Knows How

Few counties in the United States can boast a finer system of dirt and gravel roads than Bureau County, Illinois. Their aim has been, "Get better roads for everybody now, prepare for hard surface roads later when costs are down." Of the 230 miles planned, 75 miles of highway have been built since March, 1921, and 400 miles are under constant patrol maintenance.

A fleet of "Caterpillar"* Tractors was purchased to do this work. They provide Bureau County with the utmost in power, speed, and economical performance for clearing the right of way, pulling heavy graders through clay and sand, operating scarifiers and levelers, and hauling materials. Only the "Caterpillar"* could master all these conditions.

Highway Superintendent Clarence L. Melcher, who developed Bureau County's excellent road program, says, "After long experience in building roads under all conditions I am convinced that the most valuable machine on any road-making project is a "Caterpillar."* Used singly, or for replacing teams entirely, "Caterpillars"* quickly pay for themselves in the economies they effect."

Bureau County's success is typical of hundreds of "Caterpillar"*-equipped counties, townships, and cities. What the "Caterpillar"* has done for Bureau County it can do for you. Tax payers, road officials, and contractors will be interested in seeing our motion picture, "The Nation's Road-Maker." It shows how good roads are being built at lowest cost. Write or wire for information.

The "Caterpillar's" field of usefulness is by no means limited to road making. On farm or ranch, in the mining, oil and lumber industries, for snow removal and other civic work—wherever power and endurance are at a premium, the "Caterpillar"* has no real competitor*

*There is but one "Caterpillar"—Holt builds it. The name was originated by this Company, and is our exclusive trade-mark registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in practically every country of the world. Infringements will be prosecuted.

CATERPILLAR
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

HOLT
PEORIA, ILL.
STOCKTON, CALIF.

THE HOLT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *Inc.*
PEORIA, ILL. STOCKTON, CALIF.
Export Division: 50 Church St., New York
Branches and service stations all over the world

(Continued from Page 80)

was getting when I was sold to the big league. There is as much difference between the big league and the minors as there is between the parlor and the kitchen. I was almost as timid as when I broke into the minors, and had to get broke in all over again. I'd never seen such fine hotels in my life. Even the newspaper fellows acted different in coming around for dope.

My salary was fixed at twenty-four hundred a year, which is high, even though it was no more than I got in the minors. Generally they started a youngster at fifteen hundred in those days. The reason for that is that if he doesn't make good he can be turned back to the minors at a salary they will pay. You see, if a ball player has a contract in the big league calling for three thousand dollars, we'll say, and that contract is turned over to the minors, the salary has to be made good, even though the bush-league team can't afford to pay it. The big-league club is stuck for the difference. That's why they usually start a player at the salary a bush league can pay. They are always figuring on a rookie not making good, and they are right. Only one out of ten does make good.

I knew, of course, that if I landed all right I would get a bigger salary, and I made no kick. The only thing I had to do was make good, and I had promised pop I was going to do that very little thing.

It's funny how a little remark like that can be so important to a man all through life. Every time I got in the dumps I thought of that and it urged me on. That feeling of what pop would think if I fell down did more to make me a good ball player in spirit than any other one thing. I did make good and I made so good that I was drawing thirty-six hundred at the beginning of my second season and four thousand at the finish.

In the Lap of Luxury

The salaries of ball players are not so large as the public seems to believe. This is due to the fact, I suppose, that the newspapers only mention the big ones. Even then they have them too big. The average big-league ball player who is a good reliable man but who never gets to be a star gets about four thousand a year in his third season. After that, if he's lucky, he may be raised to five or six thousand. When they get above that they've got to be in the star class.

Salaries of eight and ten thousand are not so uncommon among the prominent players in this day, but a fellow has got to have something that will draw big crowds to get more than that. It is not considered good form for one ball player to inquire or to tell what another is getting. The highest paid star I actually know of to-day is a big hitter who gets twenty thousand. It wouldn't be hard for you to guess who he is. At one time Ty Cobb got twelve thousand five hundred. There was a mix-up about the contract and the figures were made public. He probably got more before he was made a manager, and so did Tris Speaker.

You could count the fellows who ever got over ten thousand—players, I mean—on your fingers. As there are nearly three hundred big leaguers you can see that the others don't get nearly so much as the fans think. I believe five thousand would be a good average. Personally I got eight thousand my last three years, and I was looked upon as a high paid fellow. I've seen stories in the paper about me getting twelve thousand, but that was the bunk.

The most important thing to me up there in the big league at first was the eating. I've often wondered if it appeals to other fellows that way. It's a cinch none of 'em would admit it at the time.

I was paired off with a college fellow as roommate and we stuck together for six years. On a big-league club the fellows all pair off, and if the combination works good they usually room together on the road until one of them leaves the team. That is one arrangement that must never be broken by a club secretary or business manager. On a championship team the roommates are so well known that even the hotel clerks register them that way without having to ask.

Of course I rode in upper berths my first two years. That is another unbreakable custom. The veterans get the lowers. No club secretary would think of giving a youngster a lower until he knew positively that every old-timer was booked for one. The same thing goes for first seats in the dining car.

Now you can understand why we look upon it as such an important period when we are first called old-timer by the rookies.

In the old days we were always allowed one dollar for our meals on the train, and it was usually given to us in cash at the beginning of the trip. As a rule half the fellows lose theirs in crap games before the train gets to the first stop, and then they have to dig down in their own jeans. Believe me, they don't eat such big meals, either. Since I got out of the league they are allowing the players as much as one-seventy-five for meals. They tell me there is not so much chance for going south with some of it as there was when we got a dollar.

The first big hotel I stopped in on the road was at Detroit. It was a fashionable American-plan hotel and the portions were the biggest I ever saw. At my first meal I pulled a crack that the fellows kidded me about for years until it finally got in the papers.

I started out ordering freely—it was breakfast—just as I did in the minors, where they have those little orders served in canary-bird bathtubs. I went the whole route. It took two waiters to bring the stuff in, and when they began to take off the silver tops from the dishes they say I heaved a big sigh of satisfaction.

"Do they eat this way all the time in the big league?" I asked of my college friend.

"Do they? Well, you just wait till we get to St. Louis and I'll show you a real hotel."

"Gee," I said, "I hope I make good up here."

Right there, come to think of it, is a thing that handicaps professional athletes a whole lot in starting life afresh after they are through with sport. During their careers they have the best kind of eating and finest kind of service as a regular everyday thing. Besides, they are invited to swell affairs and made a fuss over. It's mighty easy for a roughneck young fellow to get used to that kind of thing and mighty hard for him to get over it.

If I go on a trip with my wife and baby now I can't help but put in a bid for the drawing-room on the sleeper. I've got to stop at the best hotels because I know the difference, and I'm not satisfied with anything but the class. Take it from me, there's a lot of difference between stopping at a swell hotel on your own and at the expense of a ball club.

If I take my wife out to dinner I'll take her to a classy place even if I have to dig up the last nickel in my jeans. I have been trained to take the stand that I am no piker. But what's a fellow going to do when he wants swell service on a piker bank roll? In other words, I guess it costs me 50 per cent more to live than it does that little insurance fellow that beat me out the other day.

And he makes around eight thousand a year, while I make less than four.

College Ideas

The other day I ran into one of the pitchers of our old club and we dropped into a well-known restaurant for lunch. We had a stupid waiter and the service was so bad that we got peeved and began to kick. Suddenly my old pal broke out in a laugh.

"Say," he said, "you remember when we first busted into the big league and got a flash at this place with its fancy lights and everything? You know just as well as I do that we thought it a privilege then just to be allowed to come in the place and look around. Now here we are kicking about the service, and both of us are out on a limb scratching around for meal money."

He had said a mouthful.

It's easy enough for you to say, "Well, a fellow like you ought to take a tumble to yourself and act with common sense." I know that, but I'm merely telling you how a fellow does feel, not how he ought to feel.

The colleger—we always call college men that in baseball—who roomed with me was a big help in my early days. I picked up a lot of ways through association, learned a lot of new words and manners. I remember very well how I was impressed with his toilet outfit laid out on the shelf in the bathroom. I hadn't been with him a week before I had one just like it. The proudest moment I had was when I put on my first suit of pajamas with a monogram embroidered on one side of the jacket like his.

This colleger was also a nifty dresser, and I promptly spent all my first money for swell-looking clothes. I knocked 'em dead when I went home the first time all rigged out like Willie off the yacht. You can see what expensive habits were being taught me right off the reel.

Another thing that impressed me was this fellow's way of thinking. Immediately I felt conscious of my lack of education and training. He had a way of finding a reason for everything that went wrong or right. He would even dope out the mistakes in the games and point out to me just where we had gone wrong. Though I had a better arm than his, I've got to give him credit for helping me to make good by making me use my bean.

I have spoken of making good just as if it was a matter of course, but it wasn't. I found out that to be a successful big-league ball player a fellow had to take his business seriously. He has to concentrate his whole attention on that or he'll hear the rattle of the can mighty soon. It's that steady concentration on the work that burns him out in time and cripples his mind for getting started on something else. The difference between a good ball player and an ordinary one is in taking his profession seriously and studying all its angles; in other words, learning the reason for things, as the colleger did.

I had a way of getting wild at times and wasting a lot of strength in trying to get the ball over the plate. He persuaded me to go out to the park every morning and throw at a knothole in the fence for an hour at a time. I finally got to where I could hit it five times out of ten.

Ball Players and the Law

"You've got to remember," he said, "that there are eight other players on the team besides you. If you do all the work they won't be earning their dough. The dope is to pitch easy and let the batter hit 'em out if he wants to. The outfield and infield will take care of that. But when you get men on the bases and are in a tight place, then use every ounce of your strength to stop them. In that way, if you've got control, you'll not only win ball games but you'll save your arm. A man with good control will last eight or ten years. A wild fellow wears out in less than five."

By following that advice I did last eight years, and I was enough of a star to get big money.

As I got to know the colleger better I learned that he had graduated from the law school of one of the big universities. His father was an old lawyer who had retired with not much money and it was up to Bob—my roommate—to go out and make a living.

"After spending all them years studying," I asked him one night, "why didn't you step right out and take a crack at the lawin' business?"

"I don't know exactly," he admitted. "You see, I had been the crack pitcher on the college team, and when a scout came along and offered me a contract for some big money I fell for it. I guess I took it just to prove to the other fellows that I was good enough for the big league if I wanted to go in for professional baseball. There is always a question about that among college players. Besides that, the best I could do as a law clerk was a hundred dollars a month, and I needed some money. I figured out that I was young, and with five thousand dollars a year to start on I could play long enough to save up enough money to make it easy for me when I started to build up a law practice. You see, I can quit baseball when I am thirty and still be young enough to start in. I'm going to keep up my studies in the winter."

To my young mind—and to his—that sounded like the goods, but it wasn't. Bob didn't do any studying in the winter because he went on a barnstorming trip with us to Cuba.

To tell the truth, Bob never did take up the lawin' business. Just like all the rest of the ball players once he got the bug he wouldn't quit till they cut the uniform off him. He is now acting as coach and extra scout for a big-league club.

It's a funny thing about baseball players who have become lawyers. There are quite a few of them. As a rule the fellows who leave the law schools to take up baseball as a flyer never do go back to it. The few successful lawyers that I know didn't know anything about law when they started playing. They saved up their money and

(Continued on Page 85)

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studied after they got through. The same thing goes for doctors and dentists.

I know I'm likely to get criticized about this, but it's my dope that professional sport as a career for college men is the wrong steer. They have nothing to gain and all to lose, while the town-lot fellow is all winner. Anything he gains in money or knowledge is all velvet. The town-lotter is like that darky who started in a crap game with a half dollar and ran it up to fifty and then went broke.

"I'm through, folks," he said. "I'm clean. I quits."

"Humph," grunted the fellow who'd made the last pass, "you wuzzn't so dirty when you fust come in!"

Ball players as a rule do not throw their money away during the season. They are so used to being guests of somebody and being made a fuss over that they get as tight as a thumbscrew when it comes to spending their own money. Just as regular as the check comes round they go right to the bank with it. In this way they get together a chunk and take it home with them for the winter—and then blow it. Salaries are paid on the first and fifteenth of every month. Though the contracts call for so much a year, the money is really paid on a basis of six months—the playing season. In other words, if a player gets three thousand dollars a year that means that he gets five hundred dollars a month. He is paid it all during the summer and nothing during the winter. It makes him feel like he is getting more money than he really is.

The winter season is what got most of us. Having lived the life of Reilly all summer we couldn't get out of the habit in the winter, and we were on our own. A big per cent of the players have to write on for an advance when ordered to report for spring practice. That, incidentally, is another good time to get rid of dough. Players are not paid any salary during the training period, but their expenses are paid. A fellow can throw away a lot of money in small chunks as he travels over the country playing exhibitions with no salary coming in.

I noticed before I had been in the big league a month that every well-known old-timer wore an expensive scarfpin. Nearly all of them were alike—a cluster of valuable stones with a diamond in the center. That seemed to be the mark of class, so naturally I set about to get one.

A fellow named Diamond Joe used to follow the clubs around and drop in on the players at the hotel. The first time I ever saw this fellow my eyes almost popped out of my head. He carried his entire stock of jewelry in his pockets. He would unroll wallet after wallet until I began to wonder how he could carry it all. Diamond Joe never carried less than fifty thousand dollars' worth of junk right on his hip.

Where the Money Went

Right away I spotted a pin very much like one worn by the manager. The price of it was four hundred and twenty-five dollars, or four and a quarter, as Diamond Joe would say, carelesslike. I started saving up right then. In less than six weeks I had that pin, Joe trusting me for a balance of one hundred and fifty dollars. He would trust any ball player, and I don't think there was ever a big leaguer who beat him.

After getting his first stick pin—his real badge of class—the ball player looks over Joe's stock and begins figuring on a diamond ring for his girl or his wife. Somehow a big leaguer can't get away from that desire to buy jewelry. Most all of them used to wear a big diamond ring in addition to the stick pin. That's how the saved-up money goes the first season. The next year the player begins to tighten up for the fall.

I got in on a world's series my third year, and my share was twenty-four hundred dollars—just enough to buy a snappy roadster that I'd been figuring on. My roommate took his and went on a big hunting trip in the North Woods. He was the fellow who said he was going to keep up his studies in the winter. So far Bob had spent one winter of his study period barnstorming in Cuba, and here he was going to the North Woods for another.

There was an outfielder on the club who never spent anything in his life but the afternoon or an evening at the theater on a pass. We used to bawl him out for smoking a pipe in the dining room. He said cigars were too expensive and that cigarettes were a bad habit.

When he got his twenty-four hundred dollars he went right out to Kansas and paid off the mortgage on a little home that he had bought. He had more sense than any of us, but he didn't have nearly as good a time. That fellow has got a nice little home now, but he hasn't got any job. He has invested his money so that it pays him about a hundred dollars a month, and, with a home of his own, he lives on it. I don't know that he is much better off than I am at that. I enjoyed mine while I had it, but he's never spent enough of his at one time to know what enjoyment means. Still, it takes all sorts of folks to make a world.

I was up at the clubhouse the other day talking to the young fellows. I find that nearly every one of them is sinking away his dough. That's a mighty fine notion, I told them; but I am a little curious to know what they are going to do with it after it's sunk. If a fellow hasn't got the bean on his shoulders he is just as likely to have some smooth guy take it all away from him in a chunk as he is to throw it away a little at a time.

The owner of the club, a very rich man, who has retired from his other business, met me as I came out of the clubhouse. He had heard me talking to the young players.

"Say," he said, "I think you are a kind of cynic on this business of baseball as a profession—as a career for a young fellow."

I admitted it.

"You are wrong," he declared. "I don't know of any profession in which a young fellow has more opportunities than in professional sport."

"But how are you going to make 'em take advantage of it?" I asked.

"Give 'em sound advice."

The Pros and Cons

"I suppose you are going to take time to do that. And if you do, how do you know they are going to pay any attention to you? I had more sound advice when I was a big leaguer than I ever have had in all the rest of my life put together."

"That may be true," he argued; "but the same thing is true in any other business. Listen! Did you know that there is a period in every profession when a man is carrying the peak load—when he is at his best? When that is past he usually falls away. If he doesn't take advantage of it at the time when the going is good he is bound to be out of luck just the same as the ball player or the prize fighter."

"But," I came back at him, "the engineer, the lawyer, the architect or any of those fellows can keep on working at his trade until he is an old man. He is just getting good at thirty, when a ball player is through."

That kind of stopped him for a minute.

"Yes," he said, "but there are plenty of opportunities right in the game. If a young fellow keeps his head up and studies the possibilities of his profession as a ball player he can become a manager, a scout, a business manager—oh, a lot of things."

"There is opportunity for a few very smart ones," I admitted, "but not plenty of it. I know all about that scout-and-manager business. There are nearly three hundred ball players in the big league. About as many go out every year as come in. And the procession goes right through the minors. Now, where are you going to find three hundred jobs for the guys going out? Not more than fifty ever land good jobs.

"Of course the wise ones will land. But that's just the point. The majority are not wise, and, as you know, they won't take advantage of the opportunities because they haven't got bean enough to see the need of it."

"Then that's their fault."

"Certainly it is, but because that's a fact it ought not to make you say I am a cynic. You've got me wrong. It's not my idea that professional sport as a career is bad for everybody. I was just talking to that shortstop in there, and he was telling me that he stopped his engineering course at one of the colleges to play professional baseball. I told him I thought him a sucker, and I do. You've made a fortune out of your profession. Don't you think you'd have been a sucker to have given up eight years of your time to something else just when you was getting set in right?"

"Now you are getting personal. I think I'd have been pretty good as a ball player, at that."

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"Everybody kids themselves that way. All of 'em think they might have been good ball players. If they didn't we wouldn't have so many fans. But you know what I mean. Mind you, a sap like me was lucky to make eighty thousand dollars at any time in his life. I was just a roughneck boy around the mines. If it hadn't been for this old soup bone I'd have still been a roughneck around the mines. It's a chance at life for most of them young fellows, but I'm saying it's a sucker game for a fellow who is set in right and is learning a profession or a good trade."

I think the old fellow thought I had it right, for he suddenly changed the subject.

"By the way," he said, "if you've got a little time on your hands, how'd you like to take a trip down South and look over a couple of players for us? We've got good reports on them, but I'd like to be sure."

And to show you that I am still a ball player at heart, that the old bug is still working, I went. There wasn't so much money in it, but for a few weeks at least I was back in the game. I felt all fresh and full of pep again; and of course, when I got back, my insurance business seemed a tougher grind than ever.

I was sitting in my little office not long ago when Jimmy came in. Jimmy was the young fellow who started out from the same sand lot with me and became a prize fighter. As I said, he is now trying to sell automobiles. I was mighty glad to see him. I told Jimmy what the old club owner had said about professional sport as a career.

"You can't tell nothin' 'bout them fellows," said Jimmy, "because they ain't on. They couldn't understand things like you and me if they lived to be a thousand."

"I don't quite get that," I said.

"Why, I mean fellows like that old rich guy had somethin' in life to start with. They've got education and they can never understand how it feels not to have education. They don't get us at all. That old guy means all right. They tell me he is one fine guy, but he simply ain't wise to a roughneck, and never will be."

"If you had it all to do over again, Jimmy, would you be a boxer?"

"Sure I would, and I'd be a damn sight better than I was. If I wasn't a boxer what would I've been? I'd've been a sucker around the mines—just a hick—and you know it. There wasn't no chancet for me to be nothin' else. It ain't because I was a pug that I can't sell automobiles like that fellow acrost the street. It's because I didn't know nothin' to start with and don't know nothin' yet but the fight game. I didn't have no education and I ain't got no lingo, no smooth gab like that guy. That's the answer. Sure I'd be a boxer, and I'd be a boxer now if I could kid somebody into thinkin' me good enough for a match."

Earnings Frittered Away

"Did you ever try to figure up how much dough you made fighting?"

"No. There was so much bunk stuff in the papers as to how much the champs made that I got to where I couldn't believe nothin' and quit tryin' to figure. You may not know it, but in the fight game the manager gits almost as much as his fighter. If a fellow is a ham-fatter like I was most of the time the manager gits as much as 50 per cent. They earn it too. Most of the fightin' guys'd never git a cent if they didn't have some wise fellow to dig up some matches for 'em and get 'em notices in the paper.

"All I remember," Jimmy said, laughing, "is that I got two dollars for my first bout down at a club in New York. When I got my fingers on the two iron men, I know I run halfway cross New York to keep from givin' one of 'em to my manager. That runnin' was harder work than fightin'."

I was interested on account of my talk with the club owner. I made Jimmy put all of his bouts down on paper. Then we checked them off as near as we could to see what he had made in the eight or nine years that he'd been in the ring. It totaled up nearly fifty thousand dollars. Jimmy's eyes almost popped out of his head.

"I'd like to know what come of it," he said. "I did have ten thousand in one chunk. I remember that all right, because I shot it away at one crack. My manager and me was tipped off to an oil stock by the fellow who run the club where I fought. He said it was a cinch to get hold of a bank roll. We went in, and of course you know the answer.

"If I'd've had any bean I'd've been wise after the first week. The stock went up a few points, but the guy told us not to sell. We didn't and the stock went to less than nothing in a month. It was finally explained to me by a newspaper fellow. The dope was that when the stock went up them few points the guy that had tipped us unloaded all he had. Us buying in made the stock go up so he could get rid of his. Get the gag? Now what's a fellow like me goin' to do against wise sharks like that?"

Jimmy worked for a year as training partner or sparring partner in the camp of a champion. For that he got his eats and about one hundred and fifty dollars a month. Afterward he got fifteen hundred for appearing in a semifinal. From then on he made up to five thousand for a bout until he got a crack at the championship. His end of that was ten thousand—the money he lost in the stocks. After he was licked he gradually dropped down and out.

I know one former heavyweight champion who is worth nearly a quarter of a million dollars. Several of them are worth a hundred thousand or more. None of them has got to be governor of a state so far as I know, though one or two have been congressmen. They are the big exceptions. The average pug comes out about like Jimmy did.

Men Who Succeed

The fellows who get up in the world from baseball as a starter are more numerous than those who rise from prize fighting. In the first place there are more of them, and as a rule they are of a higher grade of bean. Ball players, you know, come from all classes. There are more of them together at one time and they learn from listening to each other. Besides that, they have much more chance to mix up with cultivated people. A big leaguer is in the papers every day because there is a game every day during the summer. That makes them read the newspapers and they pick up a lot that way. The prize fighter gets prominence only when he's about to have a match. Often there are several months between his fights.

During the spring training season in the South and Southwest the ball clubs are made a part of the town's social activities. They are invited to the big dances, and usually they respond by giving one big ball themselves. This opportunity to mix with the nicest of people has lifted many an ignorant and timid boy right out of the roughneck class before he has even got started good in baseball.

We had a young society favorite from California on our club at one time. He was a fine fellow and a wonderful natural ball player. He was not a professional ball player in spirit, though, and tired of the business in two or three years. Despite an offer of eight thousand dollars a year he deliberately quit the game and nothing could induce him to return. He was wealthy in his own name and is now an official in a bank.

A young catcher on the Chicago club went into the insurance business while still playing ball and made quite a success of it. He was wise enough to take advantage of his prominence to meet big people. This young fellow learned that one of the big packers in Chicago was about to take out an insurance policy of more than one hundred thousand dollars. He called on him. It developed that the big packer was a baseball fan and was an admirer of the catcher. The boy got in to see him immediately and the business man was so impressed with the player's desire to start something on the side that he allowed him to write the policy. Later this catcher took up the business of selling machinery. I understand he is doing well. You see, he took advantage of the advertising while it counted big—what I should have done.

There are many opportunities like that, but it takes a fellow with quite a long head on him to put his whole mind on baseball part of the time and then shift to something else during the lay-off periods.

This brings it all back to what I said in the first place. Professional sport is all right if you've got the right sort of bean. If you haven't you'd better stick to your job and learn something that lasts longer than eight or ten years. Here's the tip-off:

"I'm going to put pants on the boy," my wife said to me the other day, "and he wants a ball and bat. It would be funny if he turned out to be another big leaguer, wouldn't it?"

"I'll tell the world," I said to her, "It wouldn't make any hit with me."

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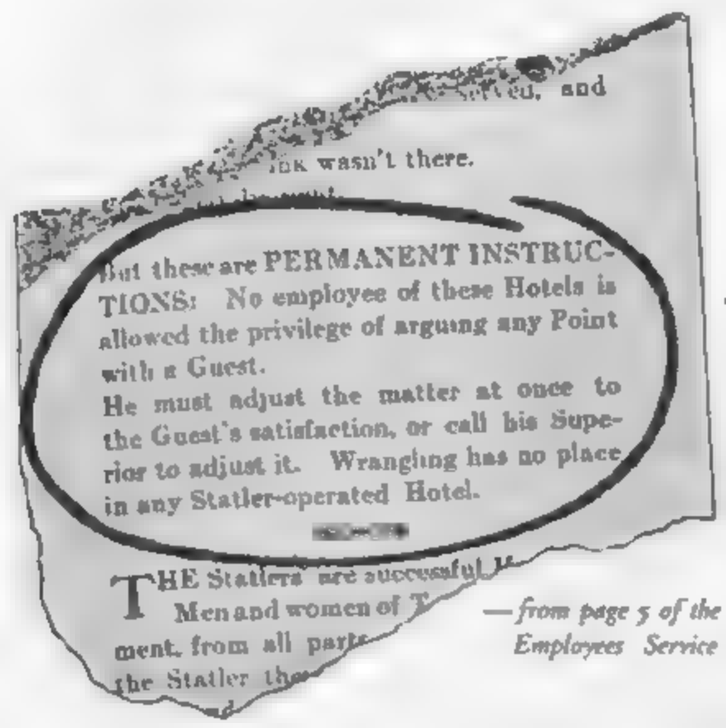
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And we promise you that the matter will be courteously, pleasantly and satisfactorily adjusted—wanting you to understand, just as our employees are being made to understand, that *our promises must be kept.*

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Whip—
The ARROW form-fit COLLAR
for Tall is of medium height and has ample room for
the proper knotting of the cravat
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., MAKERS, TROY, N.

THE TOKEN

(Continued from Page 14)

coldly. "Often you go beyond your years, and you presume a good deal; but after a while you'll make a good wife for the captain of a West India lugger or some fellow trading with Bermuda Hundred."

This was an adroit insult, and pleasurably he watched her flush. She became so unhappy that he was magnanimously touched with remorse, and said with a kindly condescension that it was too bad she hadn't been born a boy.

At that he had it swiftly proven to him that attitudes, interests, vocabularies were misleading, for logical and wholly feminine tears actually streamed over her healthy cheeks. It grew worse, for she rose and came close to him, with clasped desperate hands.

"Don't listen to him!" she begged. "He's a horrid man of snow, even if he is your father; and if you let him he'll spoil your life. Tell him that you have made up your mind to go to sea, and that nothing can change it. You won't be struck dead. He isn't God with a stick of lightning."

"You don't understand," he stammered, backing away from her, intolerably embarrassed. "I am not, as you seem to think, afraid of my father. I have been over and over it all in my head. No, it's something different. You couldn't understand," he repeated. "No girl could."

"You are wrong," she replied slowly. "I see all that you mean, and—yes—I suppose I admire you for it. You can't mutiny"—she echoed his own phrase—"others could, but not a Calef. Yet you make me furious, you are so helpless, so stupid. You will marry Annice and grow fat and near-sighted, that's what'll happen to you."

Annice, in the doorway, asked: "Well, why not?"

Disregarding Sumatra, Epes went forward to meet the girl who possessed the Calef token. He had, in spite of his assertions, forgotten how lovely she was, slender and palely gold; her gray-gold hair was like a cloud in sifted sunlight, her skin had an even, warm pallor that remotely suggested oranges, and her eyes were a cool autumnal brown.

"Epes," she continued, "how burned and well you look."

She took his vigorous hands in hers, held them lightly for a second, and then relinquished him.

"There is an ocean of things for us to talk about and arrange," she proceeded, from a divan; and her glance at Sumatra was a dismissal.

The younger girl made a profound curtsy to them both, surprisingly graceful for her solidity of waist, and disappeared. Epes realized that he ought to kiss Annice, but he felt awkward in the extreme. She held her face delicately to him; it was like a tea rose. He was, he supposed, fortunate; but no sensation of gladness accompanied that supposition. It was so sad about Bartlett, she went on; and how enormously his death had affected them. Wasn't it unexpectedly sweet of her mother to furnish their house—"in miraculous brocades and hangings, with a French boudoir"?

Walking slowly home, the stars, very high above him, were like a powdering of dry, luminous snow on the polished night. The cold was so intense that his exposed face ached. What an odorous heat there would be over the mooring at the Prince's Ghat in Calcutta! He remembered the firm, light pressure of the northeast trades, the perpetual fleecy trades clouds about the horizon, the bonitos and albacore in the deeply blue, sunny water. Lovely sailing.

Was it true that all that, for him, was already a thing of the past? Epes couldn't believe it, and yet—what other conclusion was possible? Turning his thoughts to the past hour with Annice he tried, in her, to find a recompense for what he was losing, but without success. He was proud of her; in her way she was fine and beautiful. Perhaps what he understood love to be came later; it might be unreasonable to expect the whole measure of joy at once. Annice was cool enough; indeed they had acted as though they had been married for a year or more, as though they had been continuously together instead of having been so lately separated by the diameter of the world.

There was a light in the small room at the rear of the hall, used by his father as an office; and as he laid aside his wraps the elder appeared in the doorway, obviously desiring speech.

"I have seen Mr. Dove," Ira Calef told his son; "and he corroborates your report, with some added praise. I am very well pleased, Epes. Your conduct this evening, too, was admirable. I did not quite expect, at once, such a full comprehension of my intentions. The fact is," he proceeded in a general discursive manner, "that the country is changing very rapidly. A great many men are blind to this, and as a result they will have to suffer. It is not so with me. The days of the colony are at last definitely at an end; from now on not adventure but finance will be the ruling spirit. That is one of the reasons why I am withdrawing you from the sea. Let other paid men—good men, but essentially subordinate—undertake the gales and half gales; it is important for you, a Calef, to be at the center of affairs and safe."

Epes' expression was dull, unrevealing; everything that was being said contradicted and outraged his every fiber. Safe! Good men, but subordinate! He longed to shout—for all sailors, before and aft the mast—a contradiction of his father's cold patronizing periods. He loathed the money sharks who on land, in houses, traded on the courage and endurance and fidelity of ships' masters and crews. If Ira Calef was right, and they had grown unimportant, if their greatness was doomed to vanish—why, then he wanted to go too.

All this filled his brain and throat, clamored for expression; but not a word, not a protesting sound came from him. Suddenly he was tired; Epes felt as though the leaden weight of his future already rested on him. The other made an approving reference to Annice Balavan; and perversely, for no discoverable reason, in place of the golden vision of Annice he saw Sumatra, square, like a sampan—and defiant.

When, for the time, Ira Calef had quite finished the expression of his balanced judgments Epes rose with the shadow of an instinctive bow.

"Very good, sir." The sea phrase was spoken in a voice without animation.

Above, close by his room, he was mildly surprised to find his mother. It was evident that she had been waiting for him, and followed, carefully closing the door behind them.

"How did you find Annice?" she asked.

But to his reply that Annice had seemed well enough she paid no attention. With a quick, nervous gesture she pressed her handkerchief against her eyes.

"And your father ——"

Epes said nothing.

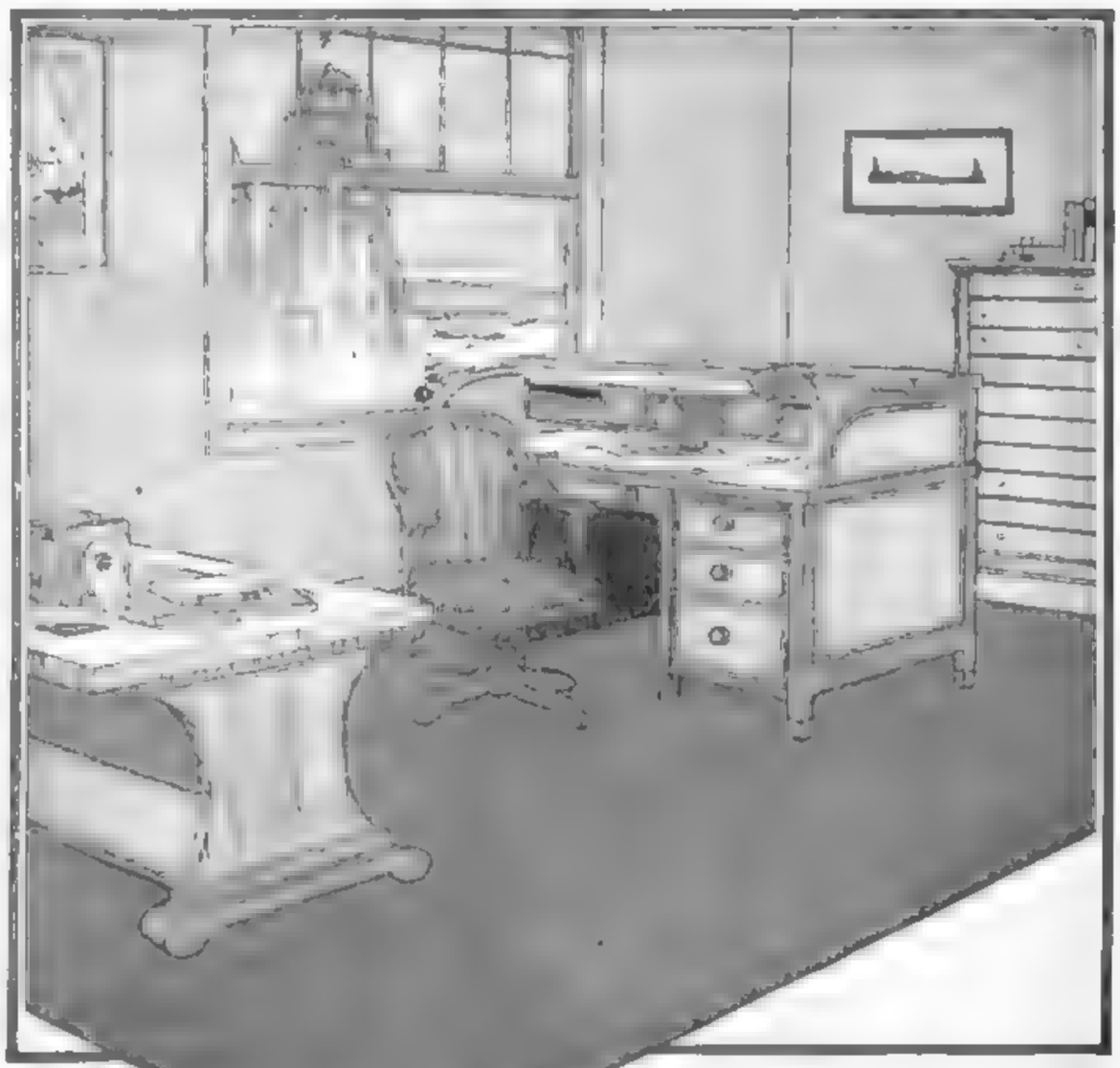
"Epes," she cried, in a sudden realization of all that, it was now clear, she wanted to say to him, "no matter how hard and unreasonable he may seem, you mustn't contradict him. It isn't as though he were going to do you harm. What he plans is right; he can see so much farther than we can. And you will be very happy, I am sure, with Annice. You'll forget the sea?" her voice rose in inquiry.

"Never," Epes answered.

Clia Calef shivered momentarily. "I was afraid of something like that," she admitted. "And that is why it is necessary for me to speak to you. You must do what your father wants."

This was, he thought, in view of his restraint, all unnecessary. He regarded his mother, seated with her head blurred against the candlelight, with a mature, unsympathetic attention. Women—the characteristic feminine world—were very far outside the scope of his interests and being. Even to his mother he could not explain, seek to justify himself; his inner being had grown obdurate, solitary; life, which had once, in the form of blue water, everywhere surrounded and touched him, had retreated, flowed away, leaving him on that sandy, meaningless beach. Why did she talk and talk?

"You have been wonderfully quiet," she still went emotionally on; "I could tell that from Ira's manner. But I wasn't sure. I'm not yet; and for that reason, to save hideous trouble, I made up my mind to tell you. There is a little strangeness about your father, and it comes out when he is contradicted. Except for that he is splendid. I don't just know what it is, but contradiction makes him wretched; he—he



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WOMEN'S OXFORD
THE "RADCLIFFE"
No. P703

loses control of himself." She was speaking faster, with an obvious increasing difficulty. "I did it, once. We hadn't been married long, and it was in the garden. He had just come back from the counting-house, and he was carrying a light cane, a wanghee. And, Epes, he struck me with it. Oh, not very hard; not, really, too hard. I didn't say a word. I stood for a second, quite frozen, and then I turned to walk out of the garden, to leave him, forever. I intended to go, but it did hurt. I was confused, and instead of finding the gate I walked into the geraniums and fainted. So, you see, I stayed."

Epes Calef drew in an audible harsh breath.

"You mustn't judge him!" she exclaimed eagerly. "I am sure it spoiled a large part of his life. He carried me into the house, and neither of us have referred to it since. Yes, it hurt him beyond speech; for weeks he slept hardly at all. Epes, Epes, I can't have it happen to him again. He is your father and you must help. You love him, too, I am certain; and what he arranges is always, always best."

She was so tremulous, so self-effacing, that he felt he couldn't bear to hear another word. It was terrible, and as wrong as possible.

"He ought to be denied," Epes said in a strong voice. "Now that you have told me this I think it might be what he, what we all need; perhaps I shall have to."

"That is not for you to judge," Clia Calef told him with a resumption of dignity. "You would be very wicked indeed; and not only, perhaps, harm Ira permanently, but me as well. I have to live with him, and not you. Epes, you have the ignorance of youth; but if I can help it I won't have you upsetting our life."

He was, he saw, literally nothing before her love for the man who had struck her with his wanghee.

"It would spoil everything," she half whispered to herself. "I have tried hard, so long."

Epes rose sharply. "You must go to bed," he directed. "If you are not careful you will be sick." He was deathly sick. She clung to him.

"Promise me, promise you will do as he says."

"I have already decided that," he answered in his weary, dead voice.

Epes, with his hand under her arm, conducted her to her room. A wave of warmth flowed into the hall as the door opened and shut, like the soiled enervating breath of a hidden corruption.

It was a physical impossibility, in the temporarily empty days following immediately Epes' arrival home, for his spiritual darkness to stay at its intensest; at least his state of mourning made it unnecessary for him to go to the meaningless parties being then crowded into the heart of the winter season. It was uncomfortable for him at home, and he fell into the habit of lounging through the afternoons in the more informal of the Balavans' drawing-rooms. There, in his special position and license, he was permitted to smoke his cheroots and listen to the light easy run of Annice's voice, so much like the easy light tripping of her fingers over the keyboard of the spinet. He was engaged in exactly this manner an hour or so before Annice's departure for one of the principal cotillons of the year, at Hamilton Hall; and Annice, who had dressed early so that she could be with him, was sitting erectly by an opposite wall. Sumatra was present, too; a fact to which her elder sister repeatedly called attention by urging the necessity of Sumatra's changing for the ball. Sumatra, Epes had learned, had been half permitted and half coerced into going.

"I can get ready in twelve minutes," she announced.

"I don't doubt that," Annice retorted; "but what will you look like when it is done? In the first place your hair is like wire and takes the longest while to be really possible ——"

"It won't matter," said Sumatra; "Epes told me I couldn't make myself attractive, no matter how much we all tried."

"Did you say that, Epes?" Annice asked. "It was rather tactless of you, because, though you'd never guess it, Sumatra is crazy about you. It might even be more than I am."

Epes Calef gazed at Sumatra with a brutal indifference. She met his eyes courageously, and in an even voice replied to her sister.

"I was once," she corrected the other, "when I thought that Epes belonged to the sea. But now he's on land ——" She made a gesture of dismissal. "Epes, while I suspect he's very good, is my great disappointment. I don't like good people."

"What experience have you had with bad?" he asked cuttingly. "As usual, you are just talking words. You are a regular sea lawyer."

"Do get dressed, Sumatra," Annice said.

"Something light and feminine," Epes added; "with wreaths of flowers for you to put your feet through."

He couldn't understand why, whenever he talked to Sumatra, he became so vindictive. He had no particular desire to be nasty; it came up in spite of him.

"Perhaps no one will ask me to dance."

"If they do," he advised her, "and it is near supper, don't let go or you'll get no oysters."

"Sumatra, get dressed," Annice commanded.

"Maybe I won't at all."

"Do you mean you'll go like you are?"

"It wouldn't kill anyone, would it? I shouldn't come home and cry if I didn't get an armful of favors; I can get along, for a few minutes anyhow, by myself."

This, Epes thought, promised to be amusing. Peppery Sumatra! Annice glanced at him hastily.

"Please, Sumatra," she entreated; "we simply can't be late. I'll give you my white-ribbed Spanish stockings."

The other serenely answered, "The feet would be too big."

He had never noticed her feet, and to his considerable surprise they were smaller, narrower than Annice's.

"You are a lumpish, impossible child," the elder said acrimoniously. "Why I begged mother to let you start the cotillons I can't imagine. And when we get there you are not to hang about me."

"I won't; you're not seaworthy. You are cut away too much through the middle; you would go over in a good blow."

Epes incautiously laughed.

"Be still," Annice directed him; "she must not be encouraged in such conduct."

"Well," he said pacifically, "you wouldn't, Trinidad." He often substituted the West India island for that from which she was named, reminding her of his matrimonial prediction.

"Yes, sampan," Annice echoed him. "Will you or will you not get dressed?"

"I will, when I have twelve minutes. It doesn't, you know, take me three hours." Nevertheless, she rose. "You haven't been specially nice to me, have you?" she said slowly, carefully avoiding Epes Calef. "You made pretty clear all you thought. I don't believe I could be like that."

Suddenly she gazed full at Epes. "It might be your father in you," she concluded; "if I were you I shouldn't encourage that—for Annice's sake. It would be so hard on her."

"Thank you, but I can take care of myself," Annice assured her brightly; "and it would be nicer to omit the personal history."

"All I say is wrong!" Sumatra declared.

"All," Epes echoed her.

"I must be a sampan."

"Must."

"Square bowed, and only fit for rivers."

"For rivers."

"But even that is better than a desk," she reminded him. She was beside the door, and paused with a hand upon the frame, looking over her shoulder. "What Annice told you was true," she reiterated. "I had a little picture hidden in a drawer, which I am now going up to tear into bits."

When she had gone Annice turned to him in a conciliatory manner.

"There is something I meant to tell you at once, this afternoon, but it slipped from my mind. I hope you won't be angry and I can't imagine how it happened. But the whole thing, of course, is exaggerated; it must be all nonsense at bottom. Still I am sorrier than words can say. Epes, somehow I've lost the token."

He gazed, startled, at her, with a stirring of the old Calef superstition within him. However, he concealed it.

"That is too bad. We think it's rather valuable, you know. Perhaps it will turn up; there are so many places you might have left it."

No, she replied; she knew how they felt about it, and she had left it, she was certain, in the lacquer box on her dressing case. It was very mysterious and uncertain.

(Continued on Page 93)

These Folk invite you to be their Guest, *October 24 to 29*

These are the folk who help keep us "the cleanest clothed nation in the world"—the laundryowners and laundry workers of America—in number more than 250,000.

DURING the week of October 24 to 29 they would sincerely like to receive you as their guest.

You will find acceptance of this invitation most helpful, and most enlightening.

If you are concerned for the good health and good appearance of your family; if you are interested in economy in the home, and means of making the family dollar buy more, it may be that a visit to the modern laundries of your city will bring revelations. Most certainly you will find lively evidence of the progress, and of the many modern ideals of this great public service institution.

You will meet cordial and courteous people—capable men and competent women, who are giving wholehearted thought to the perfection of methods that will save clothes, and lighten the labors of wives and mothers. You will find clean, well-ventilated, many-windowed establishments—thorough in service, sanitary, pleasant to work in. It may be that you will happen upon the means of obtaining complete future relief from all home washday work.

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WHEN the patents on the original Gillette Safety Razor were granted by the U. S. Patent Office, there could not be found *one single example* of a safety razor using a *flexible blade.*

Once the Gillette principle was established—what happened?

Hundreds of other safety razors followed in a procession to the Patent Office.

One would naturally suppose that every useful form of razor had been discovered.

Yet on January 13th, 1920, the Gillette Safety Razor Company was granted a patent broadly covering the *New Improved Gillette*, of which the patentable features are as important and as revolutionary as those of the original Gillette.

* * *

But a still greater award than that of the Patent Office has been granted by the men who have shaved with the New Improved Gillette and have given it their positive approval as the most perfect shaving instrument ever produced.

On May 16th last, the New Improved Gillette was put on sale.

Already more than 600,000 men in America have bought New Improved Gillettes. While England, France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Italy took 325,000 in the month of August alone.

Important about the New Improved Gillette—A Word about the Blades

Most men prefer to screw the razor up *tight* to get the most satisfactory shave.

Gillette deems it proper to ask the public to use Gillette Blades *only* in *genuine* Gillette Razors.

The Gillette Blade and Razor are developed to work *together*. No Gillette Blade can deliver its full shaving quality unless used in a *genuine* Gillette Razor—built by Gillette, in the Gillette way and up to Gillette standards.

The New Improved
GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

Uses the same fine Gillette Blades as you have known for years—but now your Blades can give you *all* the luxury of the finest shaving edge in the world.

A shaving edge guarded from the face, but *free to the beard*. Identify the New Improved Gillette by its

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Finer Shave—Longer Service
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In SILVER *and* GOLD
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GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
BOSTON, U. S. A.

The New Improved
MADE IN U. S. A. KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
TRADE Gillette MARK
Gillette SAFETY RAZOR
Patented January 13th 1920

(Continued from Page 90)

"Now," she said with a smile, "you won't have to marry me. The spell, the charm is broken."

This he repudiated in a form correct and stiff. The influence that absurd East Indian coin exerted upon his thoughts was amazing. He repeated, silently, her words—"Now you won't have to marry me." But certainly they had no force, no reality. He was bound to her not by an obang, but by honor. At the same time his feeling was undeniably different; he regarded her from a more detached position. What was that Sumatra had hinted—about crying over a scarcity of favors, and taking three hours to dress? It didn't matter to him, nothing did; it only added to the general weariness, waste of existence. Epes recalled the promised French boudoir in the threatened Boston house. That was it—his life hereafter was to be passed in a little scented room choked with brocade and hangings.

A maid appeared, enveloped Annice in a long cloak luxuriously lined with sables, twisted a silvery veiling over her netted hair, over her lovely regular features, her face with its indefinite suggestion of golden oranges.

"I thought Sumatra would be late," she declared in an abstracted exasperation. Then through the veiling she gave him a metallic and masked kiss. From the hall her voice sounded, fretful about her carriage boots.

The carriage with Annice and Sumatra departed; he must go, too; where, he didn't know, it no longer mattered; home, he supposed. There was a second stamping of hoofs before the Balavan dwelling, and Mrs. Balavan, in street wraps, passed the drawing-room door. Epes remembered that he had heard his mother speak of going to a ballad soirée with her. Still he remained seated, after the hour of dinner, and it was nearly nine before he left.

The light in his father's office was, as usual, turned up, a thin haze of tobacco smoke perceptible. Without the desire to go up to his room Epes sat in a lower chamber. Snatches of the conversation—the quarrel, really—between Sumatra and Annice returned to him. How essentially different they were. Annice was far, far the lovelier. She made a business of being beautiful. But at least that, in a wife, was something; the majority of wives had far less. What a curious double life it would be—two separate people with one name, in one house. She could never, he was sure, mean more to him than she did now. And it was clear that for her part her demand was no greater.

Sumatra would be the opposite—there was no end to what she expected, fought for, insisted upon. Strangely enough, he couldn't see her as a wife—even for that coastwise figure he had so often pictured—at all. He was unable to discover what sort of man would suit her, but certainly one armed with a belaying pin. He became conscious of a clamor faintly heard from another part of Salem; it grew more distinct, and he recognized that it was the confused alarms and uproar of a fire. The fire evidently lay in the direction of Marlboro Street; the noise increased rather than subsided; but even this didn't stir him until his father appeared.

"I shall have to neglect my duty this evening," he explained; "there are some questions of foreign exchange. But perhaps you will take my place."

Epes went silently out to the hall, where two leather buckets, painted with the name Active Fire Club, were hanging. He secured them, and a wool scarf, and went unexcitedly in search of the fire. It was, as he had thought, in the vicinity of Marlboro Street, the Baptist Church. The fire engine Exchange, he saw, to which generally the men of the Calef family belonged, had secured the place of honor, directly at the conflagration. Its reservoir was connected by hose to another engine, and that latter to a third, which drew from the source of their water. A pandemonium rose about Epes—the hoarse jeering shouts of the competing companies, authoritative voices magnified by trumpets, the clatter of the hand pump, and the dull roar of the unconquerable flames. A curtain of black smoke, ruddy at its base and, above, poured with live cinders, rolled up across the immaculate green sky and frosty stars.

The members of the Active Fire Club had formed their line for the rapid orderly passing of buckets, and Epes had taken his place at the end, when he saw a short familiar feminine shape standing alone. It was Sumatra, and it was extremely wrong of her to be there, like that, so late.

He left his position hurriedly and laid a hand on her arm. How, he demanded, had she got there, and why was she by herself?

"Oh, Epes!" she exclaimed with pleasure. "The cotillion nearly killed me, it was so stupid; and then I heard the alarms, and James Saltonstall wanted to come; and so, you see, here we—here I am."

"Where is he? Why did he leave you?"

Before she could answer there was a louder opposed shouting of voices:

"Suck him dry, Exchange!"

"Overwash them, Adams. Drown the damned silk stockings!"

Sumatra clutched his hand excitedly. "Don't you see—they are trying to burst the Exchange engine; we haven't enough men to pump, because some didn't leave Hamilton Hall, and James is at the sweep. You must go, too, Epes. Quick, quick, or it will be too late!"

His negative attitude settled into an active perversity; Epes Calef made up his mind that he wouldn't pump; they could knock the silly engines into painted fragments for all him. Sumatra gave him a strong impatient shove forward, but he resisted her.

"The fire will be over in a few more minutes," he observed.

She damned the fire excitedly; it was the engine she cared about. "I'll pump, myself!" Sumatra cried.

He turned to her with a smile, but that was immediately lost as he saw that she had every intention of fulfilling her threat. Sumatra had started toward the profane companies of men when he caught her by the shoulder.

He said coldly, "You're crazy. Nobody ever heard of such a thing—a girl pumping at a fire! You'd be talked about, insulted in songs all over the country. Come home at once."

She wrenched herself from his hold, and Epes was obliged to stand in front of her with his arms outspread. Sumatra's face grew crimson with rage.

"Get out of my way!" she commanded him. "Do you think everyone is a coward and a ninny like you? I'll pump if I want to, and it doesn't matter who sings about it. I don't care what the other fools of women do."

"No, you won't," he told her grimly.

She gave him a shove, and she was so strong that, unprepared, he staggered. She nearly succeeded in evading him, but he caught her with an arm around her vigorous waist. In an instant they were fighting. Braced, with her hand crushing into his face, she tried to break his hold; then Sumatra struck him in the eye. Infuriated, he wanted to knock her head off, but he had to restrain himself to a negative attack.

"I'll throw you down and sit on you," he gasped; "here, on the street."

By way of reply she kicked his shins until, through the hurt, he could feel the blood sliding into his shoes. Shouts, which now, in his rage, he heard but dimly, derisive and encouraging calls, surrounded him. The girl, the little Amazon, was implored to crack his coco; there were protesting cries of shame, but these were lost in the larger approval and entertainment. By Jupiter, but she was finishing him! This, Epes desperately told himself, was horrible beyond words.

"Stop it!" he said savagely, again and again.

But through set teeth Sumatra replied that she'd pump if she chose, and no—no l-l-land shark could stop her. At this there was a hurrah. Her strength was amazing, and entirely wrong; she was like a maniac. Then with a free arm he punched her directly and rudely in the stomach. Sumatra settled against him limply; and holding her up, dragging her with him past threatening faces wavering in the dark, he succeeded in getting her around a corner to a deserted street.

She was still limp, struggling for breath; her face was pale and her hair in torn disorder. Sumatra slowly recovered, and—amazingly—she smiled. Epes' anger, too, fled; he gazed at her, examining in dismay her clothes with a feeling which might almost have been called admiration. Yet he spoke severely.

"You ought to be in a cage," he told her; "you're just wild."

However was she to fix her clothes, she replied; where could she go? "I ought to go back to Hamilton Hall."

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To this he agreed, the Balavan house was far, inconveniently situated; and they decided, since the Calefs and Balavans were now practically one family, to stop at his dwelling for the repairing of her clothes and spirit. He secured his buckets and they hurried back, through a serene air like liquid ice, over Summer Street to Chestnut. The light was still burning in Ira Calef's office, and noiselessly they turned into an opposite room.

Epes went on into the dining room, opening darkly beyond, leaving Sumatra with candles on the floor before a tall mirror. There, bearing a high silver candlestick and a following indeterminate illumination, he discovered a bottle of champagne, tagged the ship Nautilus and the year, and gathered two high glasses and some ice. He was tingling with excitement, a disturbance deeper than physical. He felt oddly detached from his late life, the commonplace and irresponsible; his mind was without images, thought—it was like a whirling of crackling colored lights. He found his situation—the uncorked champagne, the two glasses, the unsuspecting near presence of his father, Sumatra, rearranged, entering the dining room—extraordinary and invigorating. The wine foamed whitely through the ice, turning into a silky clear amber that stung his lips. Sumatra observed, sitting down, that she ought to go on to the cotillon at once.

"What," she demanded, "will James Saltonstall think?"

That, Epes replied, was of singularly small importance.

The rose flush had returned to her cheeks, her eyes were shining; she was decidedly more attractive than he had admitted. But that, he made up his mind, he'd never tell her. She sipped and sipped from her glass; that in itself was unusual, startling. No, he corrected his impression, it would have been in any other girl of Sumatra's age, but not in her. The most unexpected, inappropriate things seemed to become her perfectly.

"I don't want to go," she added, so long after her other phrase that he almost lost the connection. "We are so different," Sumatra pointed out; "I hardly ever do what I don't want to. It's a good thing for your father I'm not you."

"It wouldn't make any difference," he said, listlessness again falling over him; "in the end it would be the same; you'd stay or go as he said."

"I would not."

"Oh, yes, but you would."

"He couldn't make me," she insisted; "not about that. It's too terribly important."

Epes became annoyed. "Can't you understand that, to my father, nothing is important except what he wants?"

"Why argue?" she decided. "After all, I am not you. And yet, even as it is, I believe if I were concerned, which I'm not, I could do what I decided with him."

He laughed. "Try, and if you are successful, why—why, I'd marry you instead of Annice."

The flush deepened painfully in her countenance; she regarded him with startled eyes. For a moment there was a ridiculously tense silence; and then, relaxing, she shook her head negatively.

"It wouldn't be any good; you'd have no regard for me."

"Regard for you!" he exclaimed. "If you did that I'd think more of you than anything else on earth; more than I did of—of the Triton." His voice, his manner darkened. "But you mustn't; there's a lot you don't understand—my father, first of all. He can be very nasty."

"I've told you before, he's only a man," she reminded him. "I shouldn't be afraid." Her direct gaze again challenged him, but Epes shook his head dejectedly. Suddenly she laid a hand over his. "I didn't tear that picture up," she whispered. Then with a sweep of her arm she finished what had been in her glass, and rose. "Come on, he's still in the office."

Epes Calef urged her in careful tones not to be a donkey; he tried, here discreetly, to restrain her; but she went resolutely on, through the front room into the hall. There would be a frightful row, but he couldn't desert Sumatra. However, in the passage she paused, with her lips against his ear.

"Remember, better than the Triton, or it would kill me."

Ira Calef looked up from his table, frowning slightly as she entered the office, followed by Epes. The elder's face was as white as marble under the artificial light.

"Why, Sumatra," he greeted her easily.

Epes tried to step between her and his father—disaster—but she held him back, speaking immediately in a voice as level as but a little faster than Ira Calef's.

"I suppose you think it's strange to see me here, so late, with Epes; but it is stranger even than you imagine." She put a hand over Epes Calef's mouth. "No," she protested, "you promised to let me speak. Mr. Calef," said the incredible Sumatra, "perhaps I ought to apologize to Mrs. Calef and you—Epes and I are married."

Epes' amazement, which he barely restrained, was no greater than his father's, but the latter's was given, for him, full expression.

"Married!" he repeated in a voice slightly and significantly louder than usual. "Why, that is outrageous! Nothing, nothing at all was said to me. My plan was wholly different."

He rose, beyond the table, with one hand resting beside a paper weight of greenish glass. Epes' eyes fastened upon this.

"It was, as you might guess, in a hurry," Sumatra went on; "we decided only today. You must remember that I am as much a Balavan as Annice, and I suit Epes far better; I understand and agree with his ambition."

The man's manner was colder than the night.

"What ambition?" he demanded.

"To go to sea, of course."

"Epes isn't going to sea," he instructed her.

"He wasn't, as your son," she corrected him; "but married to me, yes."

"No," Ira Calef answered in a restrained, bitter temper that yet had the effect of a shout.

"But he is," Sumatra Balavan retorted. "He is, and now you can't stop him. It doesn't matter what you want, I won't have a husband fastened like a sponge to the earth, and as soft as a sponge." Her anger, equal with Ira Calef's, rose.

The room grew quiet. Epes' attention was still concentrated on the heavy rectangle of glass close by his father's hand. With a sensation like an enveloping breath of winter air he saw the other's fingers reach out and close about the paper weight. He hadn't a second to spare; but Sumatra, too, had seen the instinctive movement on the table.

"I wish you would," she told the man facing her with a set, icy glare. "I'd have you dropped off the end of Derby Wharf. I'm not your wife or son; there would be no reason for my protecting you, hiding your beastliness from the world. Nothing could be better than having you throw a paper weight at me."

The shadows under Ira Calef's eyes, on the deathly pallor of his face, were like black smudges; a shiver passed over his rigidity. His hand drooped; both hands held the edge of the table before him. Epes, in a swift insight brushed with compassion, saw what was in his father's mind—the huddled light figure crushing the geranium border.

"Get out of here," the elder said to Sumatra in strained, dry tones. "Go, and take him with you"

"To sea?" she insisted.

"If there is any salt water in hell."

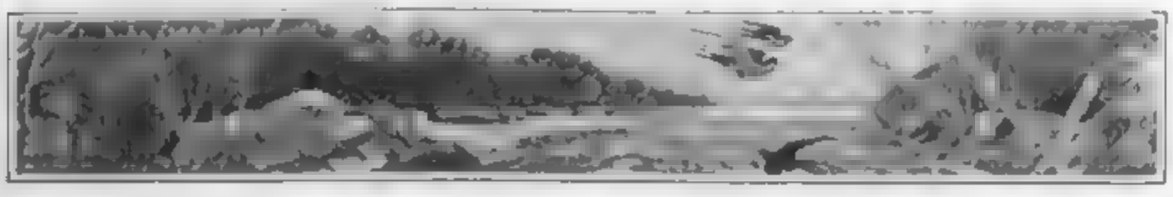
But, once more in the hall, she was pitiably shaken.

"What can we do?" she implored Epes, against him.

He reassured her that that was easy enough; a far different, apparently trivial and ill-timed question occupied him

"Sumatra," he proceeded, "to-night Annice told me that she had lost the obang, the Calef token. Did you find it?"

"No, Epes," she replied, "I didn't find it." Her voice sank, died. "I didn't find it, Epes," she repeated with difficulty. "I couldn't, very well, could I, when I had stolen it?"



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OLGA, OR RUSSIAN GOLD

(Continued from Page 26)

"And that really was your motive?" asked now the voice of Miss Penelope Barnum. "Your only motive?"

"Of course! What else would it be?" she responded challengingly. But no one answered immediately.

But now at last the voice of Olga Olgovska broke its reproachful silence in four reproachful words:

"My friendt!" it said. "A traitaar!"

Complete silence fell now upon the group after these melancholy words, until Miss McBride herself broke it.

"Very well," she said, looking around. "If that is the attitude you all take!"

And now she stepped proudly and swiftly to where Mr. Fairweather was sitting, and he rose quickly to his feet when she addressed him.

"And you?" she asked. "Do you also uphold this woman?"

"If that is what you call it," said Mr. Fairweather, bowing formally, "I do."

"Very well," said Miss McBride.

And now taking a large diamond ring from the third finger of her left hand, she passed it to him with a sweeping gesture and left the room and the house.

"You will live to regret this," she said, addressing them generally as she was leaving.

The company after a moment's silence gathered about Olga Olgovska with natural, deep protestations of regret.

XXIV

"BUT just where does this leave us?" inquired the voice of Mr. Bloodgood, speaking finally on another subject. "On the matter of The Earth? On the accusations made against it?"

"That was just what I was going to ask," said Mr. Clancy, who had stood aside, examining with evident interest both the room and the company, while the latter had been giving vent to their not unnatural emotions in general conversation. "And yet, in a way, you might say," continued Mr. Clancy when the company had gone quiet once again, "my questions have been about answered already by what she said. You see," he continued after a little thought, "I must have got the wrong idea from her—this Miss McBride—about what she knew about this Roossian lady here. I had the idea from what she said that she had proof that this accused here had been running all around Europe for years or months buying up newspapers with Roossian gold; and that naturally made me want to dig deeper into this transaction with you here, to satisfy myself. Her previous records, you understand."

There was general silence as he recrossed his legs.

"Whereas now," he continued after accomplishing this, "it seems now on her own statement that she had no evidence of anything whatever."

There was a mixture of emotions after this in the room. Some were inclined to smile scornfully. But a look at Mr. Fairweather and Olga and their serious faces checked this.

"It is a very, very unfortunate affair," said Mr. Bloodgood in a half voice, shaking his head sadly.

"So, then," said Mr. Clancy, now going on, "I'm inclined—as long as this lady here has promised to leave the country and take her Roossian gold with her—as you have done?" he asked her.

"Yess," said Olga simply.

"And as long as you all say —— And a man of responsibility and property like Mr. Fairweather here is willing to pledge himself that none of this gold has been passed in this country here for any wrongful purpose, but it all lies right there in the safe-deposit vault. And be responsible for that fact, as I understand it?" he said, pausing and looking toward Mr. Fairweather.

"I am," returned the latter, bowing gravely.

"In that case," continued Mr. Clancy, "I'm inclined for the present to drop the case where it is, if not to give you an entirely clean bill of health. So we'll leave it this way," said Mr. Clancy, now rising. "You'll remember from now on that my eye is right on you. And in the future," he said, now turning to leave the room, "don't get mixed in, understand, with any more of this here Roossian gold!"

With a curt bow and a severe and protracted look at Olga Olgovska he now passed through the door and soon after from the house.

And again they all crowded about the attractive but still reticent personality of Olga Olgovska.

The hum of a general excited conversation filled the room.

"I am so gladt! I haf so much relief," said Olga, "that the so dear Earth was not in damage by thees my action here. Now I shall go—almost happy," she said with a deep look toward Mr. Fairweather, who was standing over her, and with a just perceptible sigh. "Eet shall go on and on now, with more and more success," she predicted.

And at this statement Mr. Bloodgood, who had, she thought, been acting a little bit distraught since the striking developments of the conference, turned to where Mr. Fairweather and Miss Barnum and she were standing in a group, with a sudden and impulsive remark.

"There is one thing still that is troubling me," he said, and one could see from the more than usually sudden appearance and disappearance of his smile that he was under an extreme nervous strain, "about The Earth," he added.

"What is that, Merle?" inquired Miss Barnum.

"That is about the business end, the note. Where does this unfortunate contretemps," asked Mr. Bloodgood anxiously, "leave the matter of the note—the whole financing of The Earth? Should we not," asked Mr. Bloodgood, while his chief listeners, Miss Barnum and Mr. Fairweather, exchanged glances—"should we not in a matter like this lay aside personal feelings, at least so far as the great main interest—so far as The Earth is concerned?"

"But," objected Miss Barnum, "why worry, Merle? The note is there in the bank now, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And not yet due?"

"And when it comes due," added Mr. Fairweather, tactfully anticipating the problem which was approaching, "I have no doubt that Miss Barnum and I can work out between us the matter of its renewal."

"Certainly," replied Miss Barnum in answer to his glance toward her.

"But there are other matters of finance which have come up recently which I think may somewhat complicate," said Mr. Bloodgood hesitantly.

"You don't mean to say!" exclaimed Miss Barnum with the air of one with a quick suspicion in her mind.

"There are some new problems, some new exigencies which are coming up," stated Mr. Bloodgood. "But couldn't we perhaps better all of us come together—to-morrow perhaps—say at luncheon at Susanne's, and go over the whole thing thoroughly?"

"Why—yes," said Miss Barnum a little unenthusiastically.

"And you?" asked Mr. Bloodgood of Mr. Fairweather.

"Oh, yes, I think so," responded the other.

But Mr. Bloodgood saw he did not have his full attention; that he was about to follow, in fact, after Olga Olgovska, who for some reason—perhaps delicacy at taking part in the conversation concerning a personal financial transaction in which she no longer had a part—had withdrawn to another portion of the room, and stood by herself, observing her former comrades on The Earth, all busily engaged not unnaturally in an active and excited conversation.

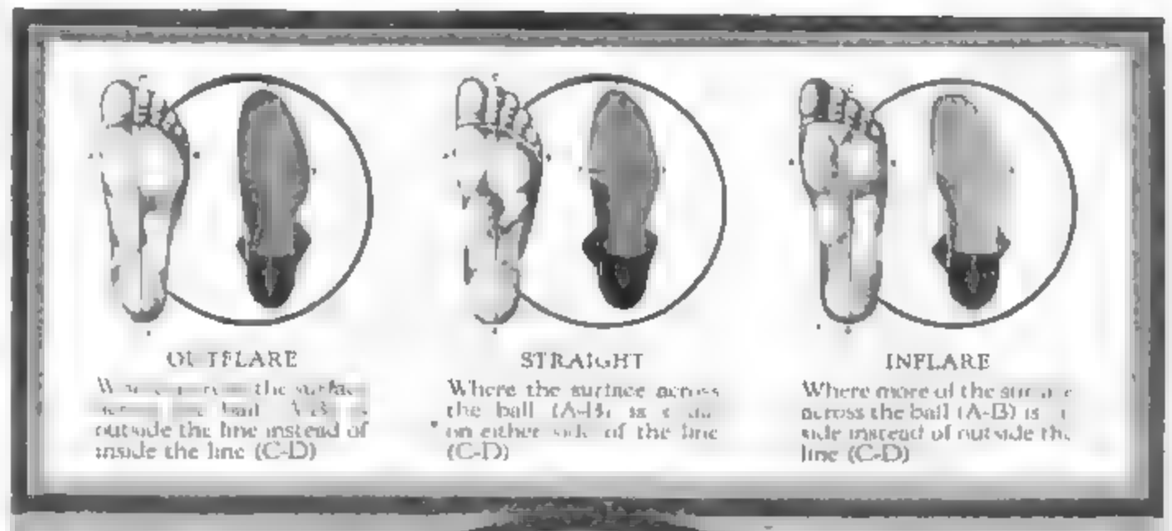
As she did so—observing, but with no one apparently observing her—her lips took on a singularly hard smile. She spoke to herself in a low voice of almost acrid triumph:

"Nuts of the world, recite!" she was saying to herself, perhaps paraphrasing a world-wide battle cry. "You have nothing to lose but your brains!"

And then turning she saw Archibald Fairweather's fine, long figure moving toward her.

"Violence," she heard the slow, wise voice of Mr. Konski saying to Mr. Conor in the interval of his approach—"it is acts like this deportation that will ultimately drive us all to violence."

"You are right," replied Mr. Conor, holding up his eyeglasses by the black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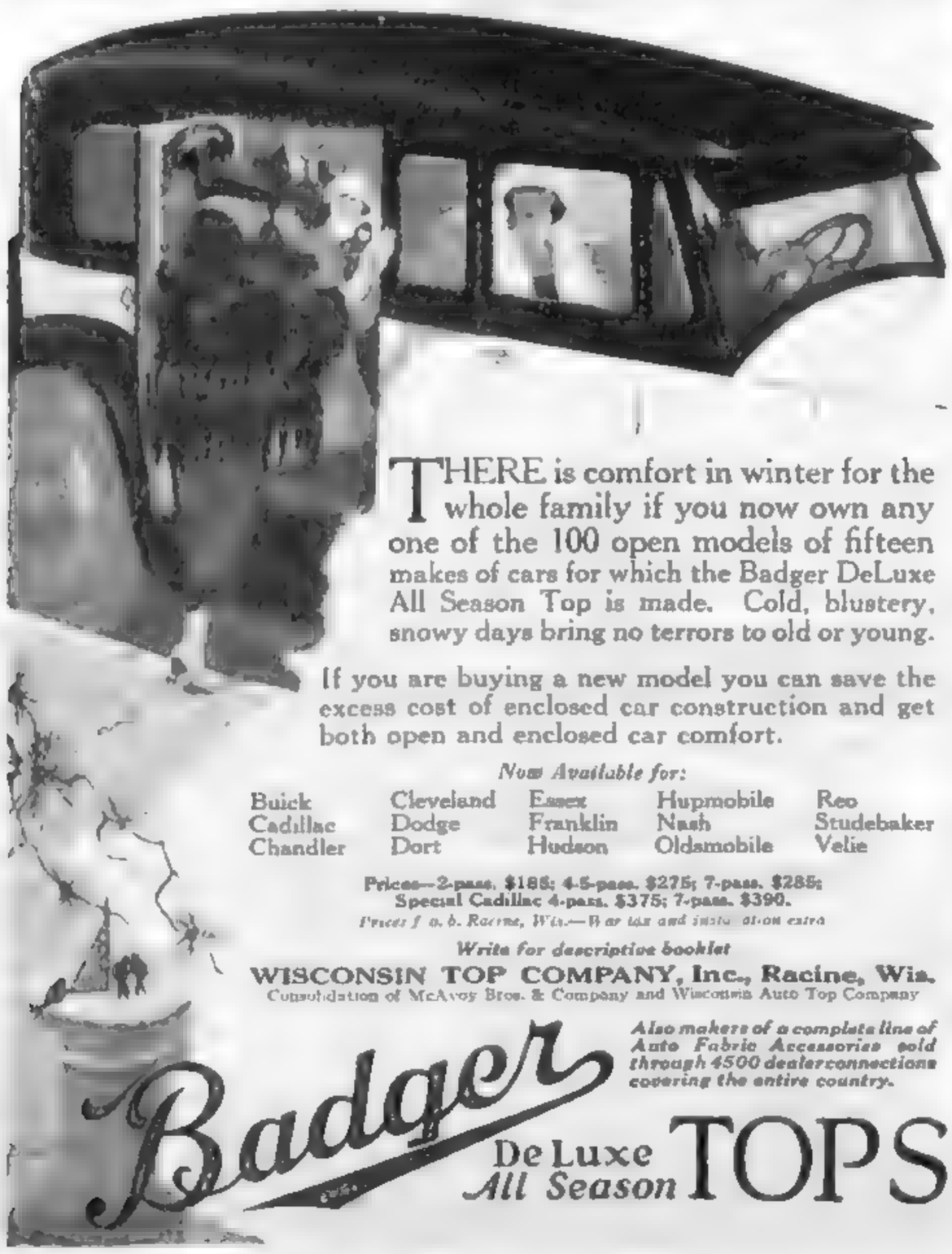

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ribbon which he had more recently been wearing.

But now she heard no more of this, for Mr. Fairweather was by her side.

XXV

"WHERE were you preparing to go?" he asked her gravely, for he saw she was standing by the doorway.

"I am not sure," she said, raising her eyes to his. "I had thought perhaps to-day ——" she went on, and stopped, a new idea or memory coming to her.

"You had thought?" Mr. Fairweather prompted her.

"It vas nothing," she demurred. "Nothing."

"No. Tell me what it was!" persisted Mr. Fairweather.

"But it vill not do—now to-day," she insisted. "You vould not to-day—after all thees," she said, and stopped again.

"What was it that you wanted of me to-day?" asked Mr. Fairweather firmly; and reaching over in the masterful way of men he took her small wrist in his hand.

"Only thees," she said. "Sometime I must go to the bank, the place of safe deposit. And you perhaps better, vith me. Or so I had thought. To say to them that I take my box of goldt avay next veek, finally."

"Certainly. We will go at once," said Archibald Fairweather. "Why not?"

"No. Eet vill not be necessary, I feel now," she objected, quite evidently finding an excuse. "I, no doubt, can make all necessary arrangements myself vith the officials, who in the past also have been so kindt and amiable to me alvays."

"What do you wish, exactly?" demanded Archibald Fairweather.

"Merely that you shall say to them that it vill be right that I shall next veek withdraw all my goldt. But that," she said with a sudden inspiration, "you shall say easily by telephone."

"Are you going there yourself?" asked Mr. Fairweather.

"I? Yess. I thought personally, perhaps, eet should be better for me than by telephone."

"Let us go. My car is right outside."

"But vat shall they say?" she asked, still shrinking back. "The others—of The Earth?"

"Damn The Earth!" said Mr. Fairweather masterfully.

And in a very short time then, slipping away, they were moving toward the safe-deposit company in Mr. Fairweather's fine town car.

For several moments there was silence, broken at last by the low voice of the woman

"No. No," she said, and pressed his hand away. "That must not be!"

He left her for a moment to her own thoughts, wondering at her grave sadness, her admirable self-control.

"Eet has been a terrible, terrible day for you, dear friendt," she said at last, noticing that he did not speak. "Your dreams of happiness!"

"I have forgotten that episode," said Mr. Fairweather coldly, "entirely."

"Eet ees terrible, nevaartheless," she said. "For you so much! For me to find my friendt a traitaar! And yet," she sighed forgivingly, "there might have been reasons, excuses. Who knows?"

"Reasons, yes!" said Archibald Fairweather tersely. "Excuses, no!"

"Reasons?" she breathed, looking up at him.

"You know them," he responded definitely. "You know why she acted so as well as I do. And in a way she was right."

"Right?" repeated Olga with a hurried, startled look at him.

"Yes," he said in the manner of a man who at last comes to a decision to speak, to act at any cost. "Why should we conceal it from ourselves? I knew it. You must have known it! It was so," he asserted solemnly, "from the very first."

And again his hand searching hers across the limousine tried to tell her all his words did not.

"No. No," repeated Olga Olgovska. "Ve must not."

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Fairweather, this time overcoming her resistance.

Yet after a moment's yielding she pressed his hand from hers again.

"No. No, dear friendt. Ve must not!" she told him sadly. "First of all," she continued, "eet ees not yet possible. You are still, are you not, in your legal *miss?*"

"It expired," said Mr. Fairweather very definitely, "this noon!"

"Then," she said after a moment, but not so loudly, "there is the other, whom you vould haf married!"

"She does not exist—for me—now."

"But then, most of all, you could not - you could not marry me."

"Why not?" demanded Archibald Fairweather eagerly.

"And be an exile from your country, forefer—alvays, eef you are vith me? Alvays an exile?"

"Never! Never!" responded Mr. Fairweather.

"Nefer?" she said, perplexed.

"Never in exile—with you!" responded Mr. Fairweather. And he moved now nearer to her, across to where she sat in the far corner of the wide seat.

"No, no!" she cried, shuddering away from him. "For your sake, it must not be! You could not also go so soon—as I must do!" she objected.

But her objections only made his purpose firmer. "I shall not lose you—that is sure!" he said.

"No, no! It must not be!" repeated Olga Olgovska wildly.

"And I know now the way that I shall do it," said Archibald Fairweather firmly.

"God," she said in a last agony of opposition to him—"God gif me strength to resist you!"

Her paroxysms of shuddering, of sobs were stifled in the long pause ensuing.

"Charles," said Mr. Fairweather's grave voice at the speaking tube some minutes later, "we're not going to the bank."

"No, sir?"

"Drive right on to City Hall."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Charles!"

"Yes, sir."

"I shall very probably want you as a witness, for a matter there."

"Very well, sir," said the well-trained chauffeur.

Looking forward at his street he drove the shining limousine through the crowded, ill-paved thoroughfares of the lower city toward the City Hall.

XXVI

"THIS is strange," exclaimed Mr. Bloodgood at last, looking at his watch. "Aren't there any of them coming?"

It was already ten minutes past the hour set for luncheon at Susanne's, and as yet only Mr. Konski, Mr. Conor and he were present.

"They all knew the hour," he stated, putting his watch back. "I'm sure of that; all of them, including Vera."

"You notified her then?" inquired Mr. Konski.

"Yes," responded Mr. Bloodgood. "I sent word to her. I notified her too. I felt that I should. Because, of course, her name is still on our note."

"You were right," was Mr. Konski's judicial utterance.

"Look. Here come two of them now!" exclaimed Mr. Conor as he said this.

And looking around all three recognized and waved to Miss Barnum and Mr. Dibble across the haze of the cigarette smoke.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Bloodgood, springing up in his buoyant manner and going forward to greet them with his elastic step, both hands extended.

"You are looking wonderfully well to-day, dear lady," he told her, very truthfully.

He had never seen her look better, more amiable, more radiant.

"And wonderful new clothing! From top to toe!" he exclaimed, holding both her hands as they stood by the hat tree, and regarding her with that freedom of companionship which the group manifested always toward one another, no less in public than in private. "You are wonderful, dear lady, to-day."

"I should be, Merle," she responded. "I have wonderful news for you."

"What? Speak! Tell me!"

"I will tell you when we sit down," she said to him.

Mr. Dibble helped her with her wraps. He looked unusually white and frail and delicate as he did so. Mr. Bloodgood thought he had never seen the contrast between the two so marked.

"Now what is your wonderful news?" he asked Miss Barnum when she was seated and the despondent waiter had slipped noiselessly and almost automatically to her side.

"Can't you guess?" she said, looking at the poet and smiling.

(Continued on Page 100)

The New HOOSIER Saves *More than Steps*

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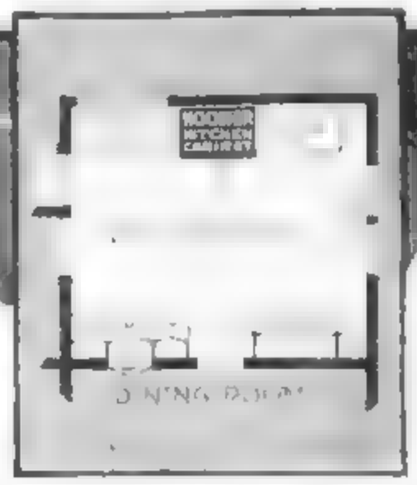

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Kansas City, Mo.	212 25	172 50	105 00	75 00
Minneapolis, Minn.	214 25	172 75	106.00	75.00
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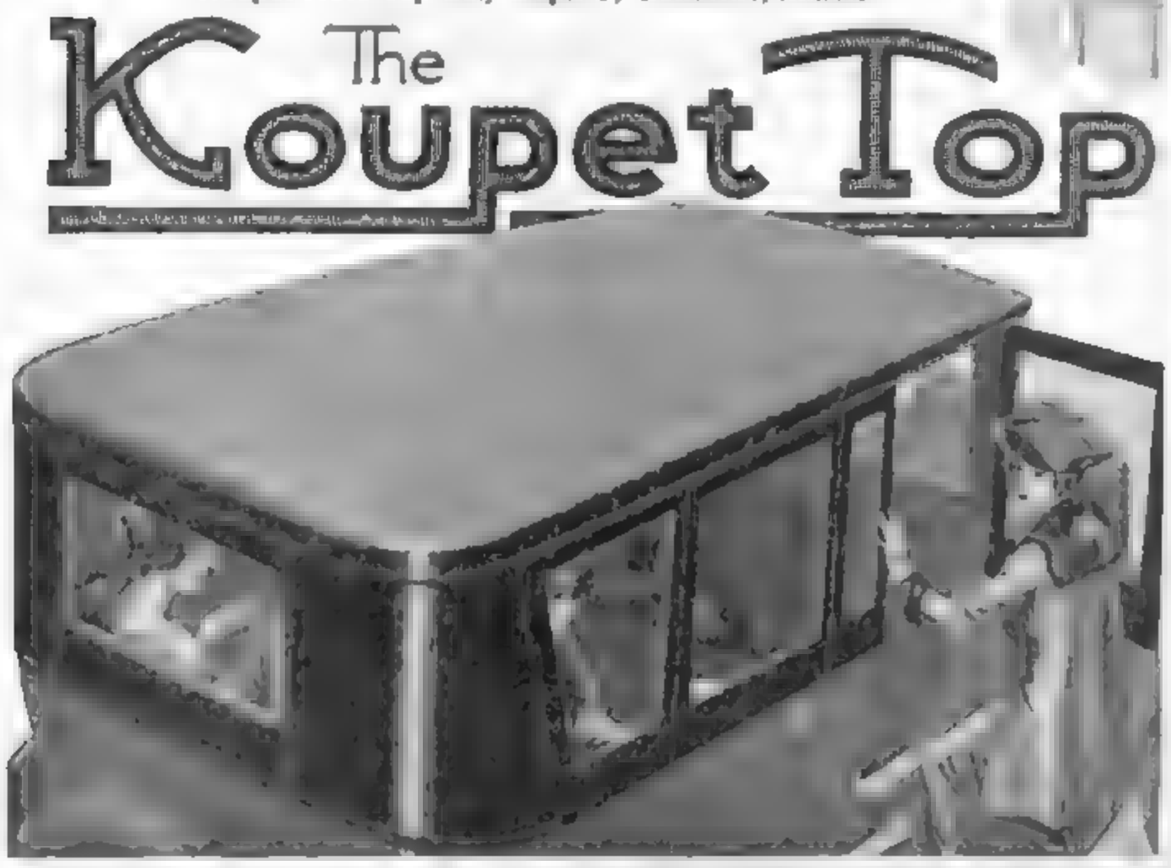

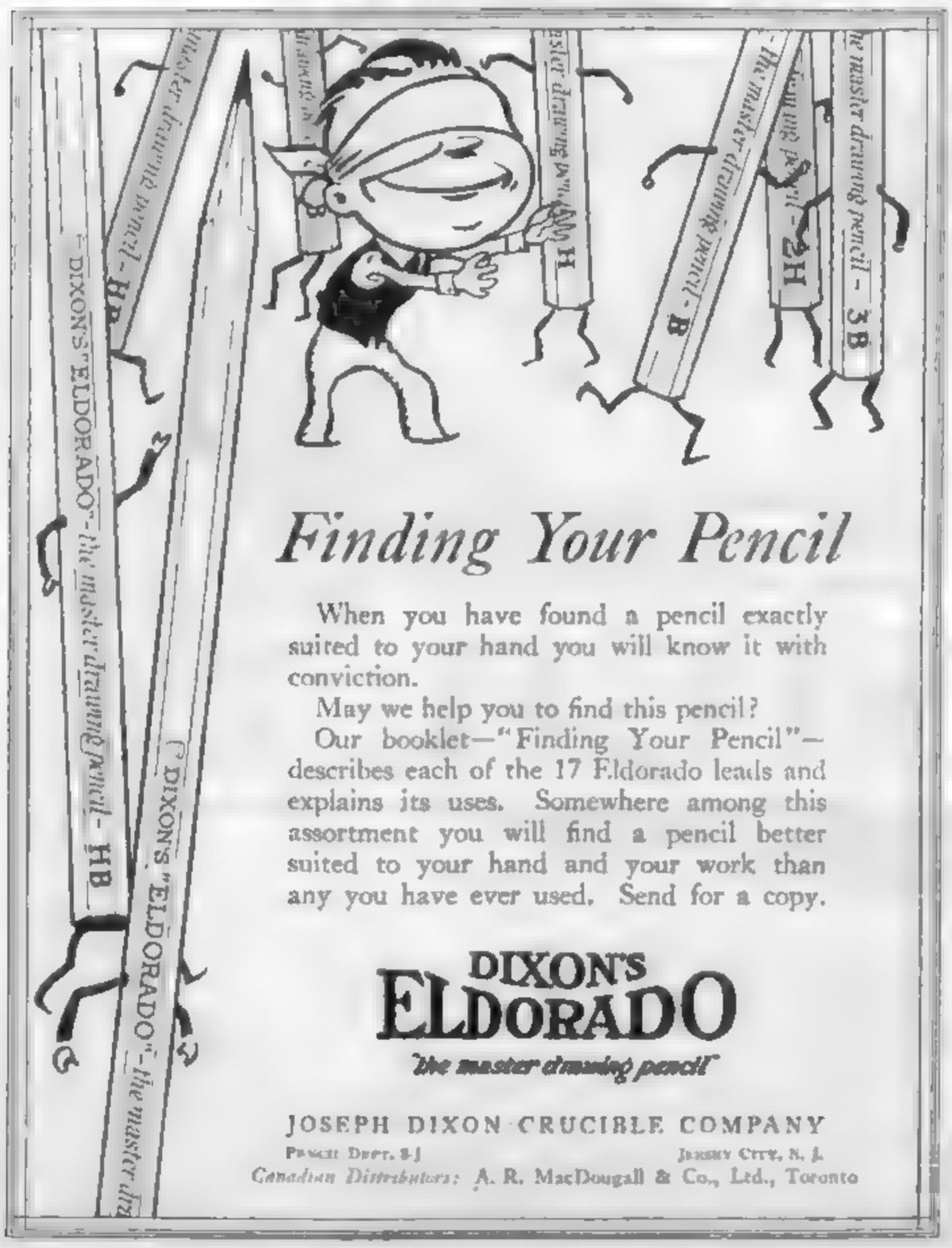
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(Continued from Page 98)

"Guess?" exclaimed Mr. Merle Bloodgood, his mouth opening involuntarily at what he now felt he saw in both their eyes.

"Yes!" said Penelope Barnum, confirming him. "Ernest and I were—we ran away and were married last night. Had you suspected it?" she asked him archly.

"Oh, my dear lady," said Merle Bloodgood. "Pardon me. For the moment I was dumb. It was all so amazingly—so dazzlingly sudden."

"Was it?" asked Mrs. Dibble, turning to Mr. Dibble with another smile. "Or were they just blind?"

"Blind—all of them, I should say," replied Mr. Dibble, with a faint, white, mildly humorous smile.

"All these months!" said Mrs. Dibble, beaming.

"Certainly," said Mr. Dibble, taking a sip of water and smiling again his white, jesting smile when he was through.

"At any rate, it is splendid—splendid!" exclaimed Mr. Bloodgood, now giving vent to his emotions again more naturally. "I can't think of anything more splendid, more suitable in every way, and I propose, if there are no objectors, that we procure something for our teacups immediately, to properly celebrate the occasion." And he beckoned the sad waiter toward him.

"No," said the new Mrs. Dibble, "I am the hostess to-day. This will be in a way our wedding breakfast, or we'll call it so at any rate. Especially as we did not have you with us yesterday."

"And in the meanwhile," said Mr. Bloodgood, finally consenting to this arrangement, "tell us all about it."

"There is not so very much to tell," replied Mrs. Dibble, "except that yesterday afternoon we decided to run away from home entirely and get married. It was hardly new. We had been planning for it for months."

"But in the end, of course," added Mr. Dibble, "it was in a way on the spur of the moment. They ought to know that, I think, my dear," he explained in response to a quick glance from her; "that our final, rather sudden decision really precluded the presence of anyone, even our comrades, at the very, very simple ceremony."

"Oh, we understand perfectly," replied Merle Bloodgood, who had now recovered his full elasticity of manner. "And here comes the filling for the teacups. But where," he asked, before the cups were filled—"where are the others?"

"The others?"

"Olga and Archibald Fairweather."

"Why, Merle," asked Mrs. Dibble, "you don't know?"

"He wouldn't, dear lady," said Mr. Dibble, looking by her, a look of arch amusement increasing in his white, delicate smile.

"They too!" exclaimed Mrs. Dibble, nodding at Mr. Bloodgood's second great astonishment. "At City Hall. Yesterday afternoon."

"He married her?" said Mr. Bloodgood very slowly, his eyes focused far away beyond the walls of the restaurant.

"They sailed this morning on the Altruria for England."

"The Altruria, for England?"

"Why, Merle," said Mrs. Dibble, looking at him, "haven't you seen that, too, coming on?"

There was a certain tone of robust triumph, of satisfaction over his bewilderment, Mr. Bloodgood felt, in her reply. Possibly, he thought, a complete Freudian might sense in it the consciously greater power of perspicacity of her sex in such matters as this.

"When we came back home this morning," continued Mrs. Dibble, in his immediate absence of speech, "we found this note waiting for us, dated last evening. Shall I read it?"

"By all means, dear lady; partly, at least," advised Mr. Dibble.

"'I have married,'" read his bride now, while all craned forward with unfeigned desire to hear her, "'the most wonderful, mysterious lady in the world. By civil ceremony, at the City Hall! We sail in the morning on the Altruria, for England. For an indefinite tour—dependent, of course, on the future action of the authorities concerning Olga's exile—deportation. As we shall evidently not see you,'" continued Penelope Dibble, reading, "'I am scrawling this in the midst of a thousand preparations to say ——'" she read and stopped. "This is nothing," she added, explaining while her eyes ran down the page, "but a word about a little financial arrangement between Olga and myself; some little advances I made upon her gold."

And now Mr. Dibble touched her on the arm. The luncheon had arrived and was before them.

"Why not wait? Why not satiate our souls with the rich viands first, and let these tedious financial matters rest?" he asked.

"You are right, Ernest, honey," said his bride, gazing at him with an air of affectionate proprietorship which all noted, together with her new-found words of endearment.

They all naturally assented to Mr. Dibble's proposal, and the wedding breakfast was soon in progress. It was only toward the end that the matter of their future plans was mentioned.

"What are they?" asked Mr. Bloodgood, who though at times distraught was as ever the leader in the table's conversation. "What are your plans?"

"We shall be leaving," said the new Mrs. Dibble, "next week for Barnumville, where my works are."

"For a little trip, I suppose," said Mr. Bloodgood, smiling his quick, understanding smile, "to acquaint Ernest with the old ancestral home?"

"We're going out to stay," said Mrs. Dibble, setting her round, wide, innocent eyes on his.

"To stay? To leave New York? To leave us? You are going to snatch yourself and Ernest from The Earth?"

To each separate one of these questions the bride of Mr. Dibble nodded a beaming, round-eyed assent.

"Yes," she said at last. "We talked it over, and we decided that after all it was better—that our first interest was there. I've felt for some time," continued Mrs. Dibble, her eyes somewhat hardening in a way that Mr. Bloodgood had never noted before, her face growing in a way quite noticeably like the photograph of her late father, John H. Barnum, the so-called American pickle king, which sat upon her desk in the living room, "I have felt that things were not going on out there the way I'd like them to; that it would be the best possible thing if I was there on the ground, and if I had a representative I could absolutely trust in the business itself. And so Ernest and I are going out at once, and Ernest is going right into the main business headquarters to represent me, so I'll know whether everything is going right.

"It's much better, you see," she explained to Mr. Bloodgood, "to have a man about a business rather than a woman. And Ernest could come home and we could talk it over together nights. So we've decided to go out at once. Haven't we, honey?" she asked, looking over toward her bridegroom.

"Yes, dear lady," he answered.

But with every influence of the emotions natural for the time, Mr. Bloodgood thought he could see that her new name for the poet was not entirely grateful to him.

"And so naturally," said Mrs. Dibble, going on, the wedding breakfast now being out of the way, "our interests now being primarily in Barnumville rather than here in New York, we thought we would be clearing up our various business matters here. And of course The Earth was one of them. And that, as I understand it, was the reason that you wanted us here to-day anyway—to go over the matter of the note, the financing of The Earth."

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Bloodgood. "That was just it."

He felt as he watched her that there had been a considerable and rather abrupt change in her, following her marriage. And he could not help but notice the strange new resemblance—the rather shrewd and concentrated look of the late John H. Barnum, which now came into her eyes when she talked of finances.

The face of Mr. Bloodgood himself had been rather nervous through the meal, his smiles unusually quick and fleeting. But now an expression of deep anxiety seemed to have settled upon it as the new bride reached into her bag again, and again brought forth the letter from Mr. Fairweather on his departure for Europe.

"'Concerning the note for The Earth,'" she read from it, "'which I judge from to-day's conversation Merle Bloodgood may be concerned about again, I feel that you and I, as the responsible financial parties concerned in it, should not fail to shoulder and carry our full responsibility—indefinitely, if necessary.'

"I feel that too," commented Mrs. Dibble, looking up now, smiling.

"That is splendid! Splendid! You always were the most splendid of friends!" said Mr. Bloodgood enthusiastically, but his eyes still haunted hers as she went on.

"'But being away, probably for a long time,'" she read again from Mr. Fairweather. "'I feel that I must limit and know definitely my obligations in America. And so, if the matter of increasing the note comes up again as I feel it may—it is only fair to you and the rest to know that I shall not do this again.'"

"'Not do this again'?" repeated Mr. Bloodgood slowly and painfully.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dibble, watching him with her round, candid but shrewd eyes. "And I have written him that I feel the same way."

"But ——" exclaimed Merle Bloodgood, staring on straight before him.

"But what?" she prompted him.

"You say you will not increase the note?"

"That's it, Merle. Yes."

"Not increase the note!" exclaimed Mr. Bloodgood impulsively. "Then how will The Earth go on?"

"That of course is the problem you will have to work out now, Merle," said the bride, kindly but very firmly.

"But do you realize," cried Mr. Bloodgood—looking toward her, his eyes passed her, rested for a moment on the eyes of Mr. Dibble, which blinked slightly and turned away—"but do you realize what this will mean?" cried Mr. Bloodgood, now facing his set and almost agonized smile toward Mr. Dibble's wife.

"Do you realize that this will mean the disappearance of The Earth, of the one free, unsubsidized medium of public opinion in America?"

"We do, yes," said Mrs. Dibble, "or we realize that it may unless you find the way to pull it out, as I am sure you will, Merle. We've gone all over that, haven't we, honey?" she said, appealing to her husband.

"Yes, dear lady," came the latter's voice a little faintly from beyond her. And Mr. Bloodgood noted that he did not look up as he spoke.

"We merely felt," Mrs. Penelope Dibble was now going on, "that from now on it was up to you to go on yourselves."

Mr. Bloodgood looked out and beyond her like a man stunned.

"It simply cannot," he said at last, speaking very slowly, "be done."

"Well, that's the way we feel, Merle," said Mrs. Dibble, still very kindly but very firmly.

And before the conversation could again be taken up she had signaled to the despondent waiter, and taking out her purse from her hand bag had paid her bill at Susanne's for the last time.

"I'm so sorry," she apologized, "to go so soon. But Ernest and I have a thousand things to do before we get started. To see about getting all those things out of the house, ready to be shipped to Barnumville."

And getting up she said good-by to each in turn.

"In case I don't see you again before we go," she told them, smiling. "Come, Ernest, honey," she said at length.

"Yes, dear lady," said the poet, coming.

As she passed out the door she turned and waved her hand and disappeared, the poet following her.

"She might at least have let him pay for the wedding breakfast," remarked Merle Bloodgood to the other serious watchers with extreme bitterness. "It would have been in better taste."

And the three started now to discuss their crisis from the new standpoint.

"It can't go on, I'll tell you now," asserted Merle Bloodgood, "without an increase in our notes."

"Has it ever done so?" asked Mr. Konski analytically.

"No; it has not."

"And she knew it perfectly well," said Mr. Konski, relentlessly pressing the logic of the situation. "So it is a perfectly deliberate act on her part!"

Mr. Bloodgood nodded without speaking.

"They are all alike in the end, all these appropriators of great fortunes," stated Mr. Konski.

"There is only one answer, that is all," said Mr. Conor, speaking in his turn. "Violence!"

Each looked off in a way, occupied with his own individual thoughts.

"I wonder sometimes, I really do," said Mr. Bloodgood, making articulate his peculiar line of reflection, "just why women are in the radical movement. Can they have—are they capable of any really strong motive but one? I'm talking now perfectly calmly, perfectly scientifically. Are women as a sex capable of a purely abstract interest? An entirely theoretical enthusiasm?"

"I doubt it," said Mr. Konski. "I always have. Biologically they are almost our opposites."

"What is the unsubsidized press to her now?" asked Mr. Bloodgood. "Nothing. It can disappear absolutely—from America, the world, for all of her! Now! She might at least," continued Merle Bloodgood in a last outburst of bitterness, "have let him spend his honeymoon here."

And now he looked up and saw Vera McBride advancing with high color and firm step across the room. She came directly to the table and stood before them.

"Where are the rest?" she inquired, looking over the table. "Are they gone? Never mind," she said when they nodded, watching her—her manner, the light in her fixed eyes. "Never mind. I will tell you."

"What is it, Vera?" asked Merle Bloodgood with an expression of real solicitude in his face as he studied her.

"I have remembered!" exclaimed Vera McBride. "At last!"

"Remembered?" repeated Mr. Bloodgood, not taking his eyes from that flushed and excited face.

"Who she was."

"Who was she?"

In answer Miss McBride drew herself to her full scornful height.

"I have told you from the first ——" she began.

"But who was she?" Mr. Bloodgood interrupted.

"She was one of those creatures of the daily newspapers, the kept press, who write those columns on love; instruct the populace in cheap amorous lore, the painful details of the arts of catching and managing men!" she responded. "One of those creatures they call sob sisters!"

"Really?" cried Merle Bloodgood with a start. "How do you know, Vera?"

"I know because she interviewed me when—when I was engaged first to Archibald Fairweather—upon the—the method of our engagement."

"I remember. I remember now!" cried Merle Bloodgood.

"And now this woman," said Vera McBride, standing very tall and scornful, "comes among you men, this sob sister with her impossible story, comes forth, using her shopworn arts of love—bowling you all down! It's funny. It's too insanely funny!" cried Vera McBride, illustrating her emotion with her laugh.

"The name she calls herself in her writing, so called," she stopped to state, "is Polly Pepper. Heaven knows what her real name is!" And she continued her laughing.

"Have you heard what has happened, Vera?" asked Mr. Bloodgood at length; and urged her to sit down before he told her.

But she insisted on standing up, being anxious to go soon to another engagement.

"She has married Archibald!"

"What is that to me?" asked Miss McBride in a high and rigid voice. And with lifted head and scornful eyes she turned quite suddenly and left the place.

Before she had even reached its exit Mr. Konski and Mr. Conor were deep again in their main theme—the situation of The Earth.

"It was a deliberate desertion, a betrayal of the cause," asserted Mr. Conor.

"In the large sense, yes," assented Mr. Konski. "In the large view, her action destroys finally the last hope of an unsubsidized press in this country. With the disappearance of The Earth there will be no more honest, unbought expression of opinion in America."

"If this keeps on," continued Mr. Conor, "if matters go from bad to worse in this country, if free speech is deliberately smothered, if there is no outlet—what remains?"

"Violence, that's all!" said Mr. Konski, with moody logic. "That's about all that's left to any of us workers!"

"That's God's flaming truth," said Mr. Conor.

XXVII

IT WAS evening. They stood together on the deck at the rail, two striking figures—he so tall and light and beautifully

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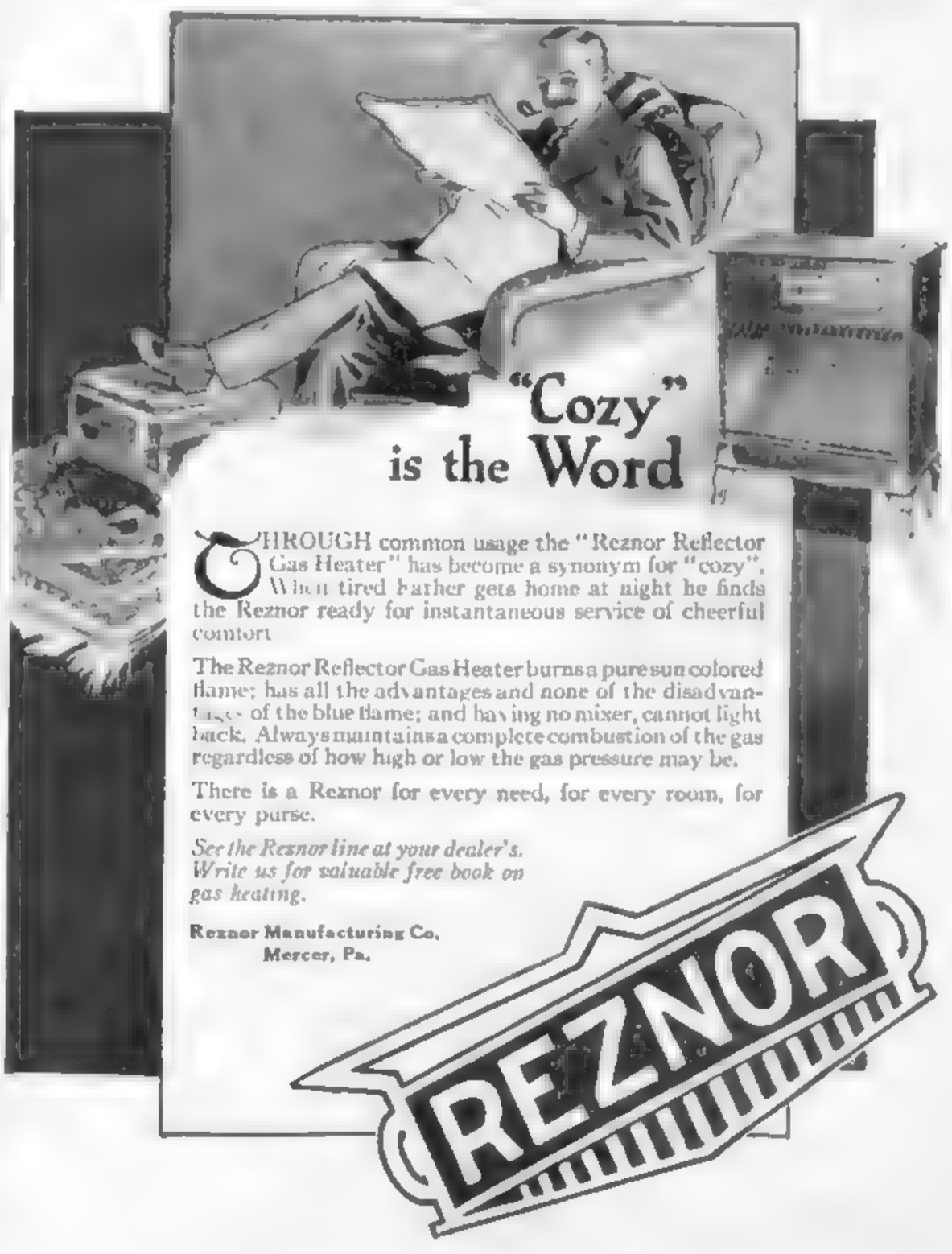

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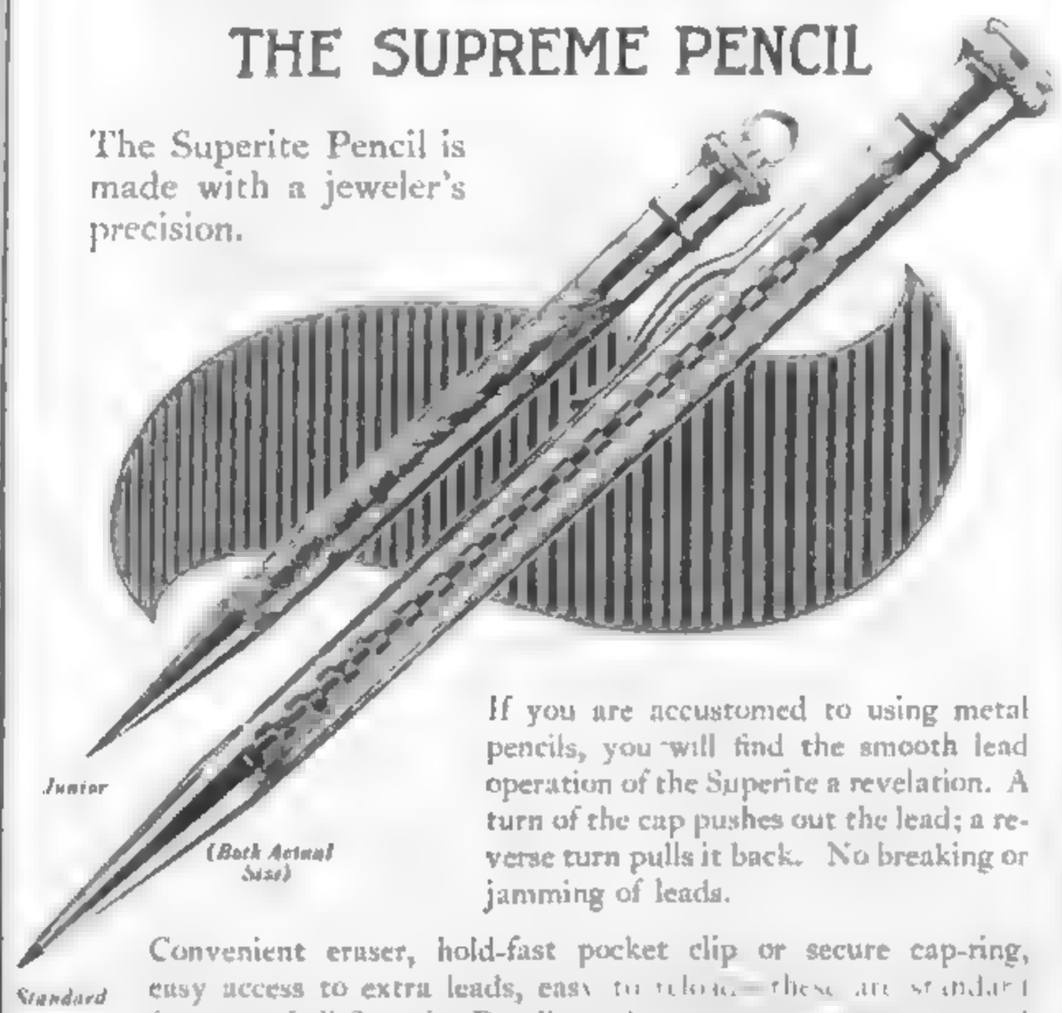

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groomed; she so dark, so foreign, so interesting in all her ways.

"Dear," she said, and there was a thrill in her very enunciation of that simple word, "I haf gone it all ofer in my thought, and I haf changed my mindt."

"Changed your mind?" exclaimed Archibald Fairweather hastily.

"I am strange, am I not?" she asked him softly, with a sudden reassuring glance. "You cannot tell of me. I change so—and so queeckly. It shall always be so, vith me at least, *kecholnik*. You must get used. It is the voman in me—that ees all."

"But what change are you speaking of?" asked Archibald Fairweather.

There was not a moment that this woman did not interest him, intrigue him, fascinate him. She was so different from every other woman he had ever known. It seemed to him the more he saw her the less he really understood her, the more profound depths in her nature there were to explore.

"It vill surprise you," she answered very simply.

"What is it?" he persisted eagerly.

"Ve are not going to Russia."

"Not going to Russia?" exclaimed Archibald Fairweather.

"No, *kecholnik*, no," said Olga Olgovska, looking for a moment at him with her deep, strange eyes.

"Why?" he asked. "What does this mean?"

"Because I know now. I understandt. I—I have been selfish!"

"You," exclaimed Archibald Fairweather, "selfish?"

"And unvise also."

"Unwise?"

"Because there is something much greataar for you, for us—than thees—than Russia! Come," she said with an irresistible gesture of appeal. "I haf thought it all out for us, for you. Come, I vill tell you."

And leading him back, she seated him in the secluded corner where their steamer chairs were set, where they could talk alone, reclining face to face.

"Vill you let me tell you, in order, that I plan to do—for you—for me?"

"Yes, dear. By all means," said Archibald Fairweather, his interest unabated.

"Ve shall go from here to Paris," she said, "as ve at first planned."

"Yes."

"There ve shall be marriedt."

"Married?" exclaimed Mr. Fairweather.

"Once again, by religious ceremony also," she assured him with her grave smile.

"By religious ceremony?"

"You will forgif me—my feeling, my superstition—that I vish it so."

"I shall certainly make no resistance," said Archibald Fairweather. "You may count on that. For I cannot be too much married to you," he said archly.

"You are so gallant, so vonderful to me!" she said, taking his hand in hers. "Can you vonder I feel my guilt to you?"

"Your guilt?" exclaimed Mr. Fairweather, feeling to the full the pleasurable thrill of the new suggestion of her words, yet knowing that it was merely one more mystery which surrounded her personality.

"Stop!" she said hastily to him. "Let me continue. That ees best. In Paris ve are again marriedt. Then I go—by myself, *kecholnik*—in thees always, you understand."

"Yes," he assented.

"And leaf my Russian goldt with Them, those that are there in Paris also. For their use, for Russia!"

"Yes, but ——"

"You do not mind, *kecholnik?*" she asked pleadingly. "Eet is so small—so leetle compared to what you haf!"

"Oh, no," said Archibald Fairweather, "but ——"

"And Russia, my Russia, is so great, so vast, so needful! And then my guilt, my obligation to her, vill be less!"

"Your guilt? Your obligation?" asked Mr. Fairweather, still striving for the clew.

"Yess. For then I shall be free to take the larger vork, your vork—the vork that is so much greater than Russia."

"What is this?"

"You vish most terribly to know, ees it not?" she asked with a distracting smile.

"Yes."

"Then leesten. My plan is thees: From Paris ve shall go to India!"

"To India!" repeated Mr. Fairweather.

"The next place that your great vork, your grandt commission, the Unofficial American Court of Vorld Justice has decide to take up next, to settle justiciably," she said with a quaint foreign misapplication of the word.

"Yes, but ——" protested Mr. Fairweather.

"There ve shall go then," she said firmly, triumphantly. "Haf I not told you that the step I plan was much greater, greater efen than my Russia. For it ees the vorld—that also shall include Russia."

"Yes, but ——" repeated Mr. Fairweather.

"But do you not yet see, *kecholnik*," she asked, her eyes brightening, her voice quickening, "I haf been so selfish? I see it now. I know. I haf put my vork before yours. But now no more! Now no more!" she cried again.

And looking at her he was struck, overpowered by what he saw—that strange, almost inspired look of self-abnegation. He had never before seen a look like that on any human face. It moved him beyond words. She was like a prophetess to him as she spoke again.

"I haf been selfish; I haf taken you from your home, your landt, your vork—for me! But now I vill not haf it so. I cannot—and live on. I vill gif you back your vork, your great vork still greater! Ve shall go to India," she continued, and he felt the intensity of her desire, of her spirit, through her spasmodic grasp upon his sleeve, "and learn her as you could not learn in America—as no one has learned her before! Ve shall bury ourselves there, alone, for years perhaps. Ve shall lose ourselves in India. No one shall see us. But we shall vork, vork. Learn all, know all—the wrong, the pain, the injustice—all! And then we shall tell the vorld vat we find—the truth—through our information to the court—the informal American Court of Vorld Justice."

He tried to oppose her, but her enthusiasm would not let him—swept him along with her in spite of himself.

"We shall try it anyvay," she told him. "I shall prove it to you perfectly, for I know. I am sure. I knew. I knew," she said at last, "that you also vould see—as I see. And you may trust me, *kecholnik*," she assured him. "It ees my voman's intuition that tells me what is best for you—for me. It shall gif you your great desire. It shall be your triumph, your life's vork—the decisions of the Unofficial American Court of Vorld's Justice—in India.

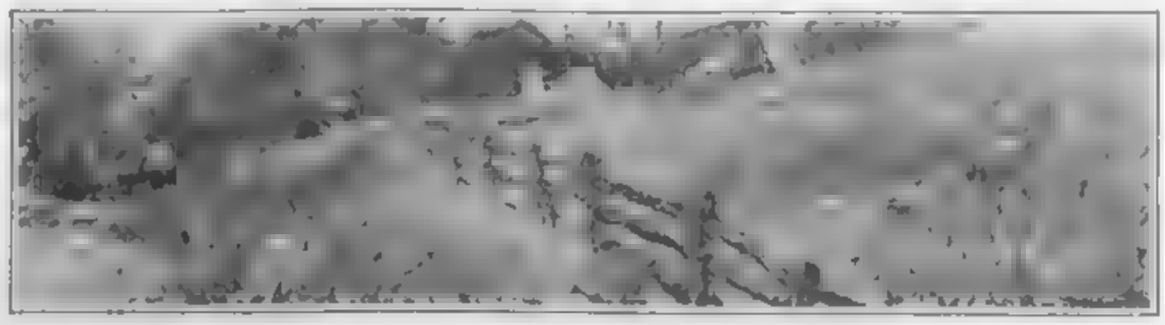
"And after India—after its mastery by us, who knows? My Russia then, perhaps. Europe. The vorld.

"Oh, it shall be vonderful, *kecholnik*," she said, now smiling a strange poignant smile of gratitude and understanding, while he lay still, listening, considering the vista she had opened up to him. "Ve shall be alone together—years perhaps—in India! How splendid! How vonderful! It seems, too, that it vill take more than years—alone—to tell you—all that I feel—all that I think—all that I shall have to tell to you!"

"My queen! My queen of mysteries!" said Archibald Fairweather, seizing the long white hand upon his coat sleeve.

The happy ship, in their long silence, plunged on across the dark, rough, restless sea, always eastward—toward India and the new life, the new work, the new world of the Unofficial American Court of World Justice that was to be.

(THE END)



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"And, say—when that P. A. flavor gets-to-purring to your smoke-appetite!"

Talk about thrill-a-minute smoke sport; talk about down-deep smokejoy! *Want you to catch it quick* that there never was tobacco hooked-up to give a man the perpetual-pipe-pleasure that Prince Albert passes out!

Figure it out for yourself what it means to smoke day and night, year-after-year, *without a comeback*—with each fire-up more joy'us than the last! And, all the time you're just about having the time of your life with Prince Albert's wonderful flavor and coolness and fragrance! Why—you can't beat such a game with a mile running start!

And, listen—what'll be your say-so when you get the tongue-tip that Prince Albert can't bite or parch!! For, both are cut out by our exclusive patented process! And, you bet you know what that means in smokes, all right!

About the first and fastest thing you do next is to get close-up to a jimmy pipe and some P. A. and stay around for a spell and get set and get some sunny-smoke-sport trailing your way that'll make you so content you'll begin to think that every day in the year is Thanksgiving!!

G-r-e-a-t thing—this being jimmy pipe joy'us from the minute big-ben-bangs-howdy-do till you check-in for the night! GEE—*maybe it doesn't help make you glad you're alive!*

You buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold. Tempy red bags, tidy red tins handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass jar with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

LOOSE TALK BY OPTIMISTS AND PESSIMISTS

(Continued from Page 8)

supplanted it as a lighting medium. In fact, the literature of all the ages is literally filled with predictions that never came true. Though we must accept the printed word as conclusive evidence of the falsity of such forecasts, we need not depend on history to support the statement that the present age is no less a time of loose talk and unscientific prediction.

A widely read article in a national weekly appearing in April, 1909, stated that the twentieth century would be inevitably Germany's. A compact German empire would straddle Europe from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Before this could happen, said the writer, a titanic struggle would take place, in which England and France would lead the other nations of Europe against Germany, but without avail. After the war started and there was talk that the United States might enter the conflict on the side of the Allies, German prophets confidently predicted that America would be unable to raise an army in time to enter the struggle, and that even if the United States did succeed in creating a fighting force it would still be impossible to ferry such an army across the ocean or to furnish it with modern weapons.

Before the war it was freely predicted that a capitalistic world would never permit another big war; that The Hague Convention would mitigate future wars; that democracy could not organize effectively for war; and that if any war should start, a decision would be reached in a very few months. In July, 1914, the press of the United States voiced the universal opinion that a war would be too dreadful for imagination, and because it would be so dreadful it could not happen. One of the greatest dailies in New York City said the war would not occur because the Kaiser was a man of peace, not a man of blood. A few months later Wilhelm was accused of having planned the war twenty years in advance. Prior to hostilities statesmen pointed out that the only way to prevent war was to provide enormous armaments. Notwithstanding the lesson we have learned, we still hear the cry for a great army and navy as a war preventive.

Financiers' Predictions

No statesman or man in authority in 1914 predicted the capture of Jerusalem or Bagdad by the British, the collapse of czardom in Russia or the American participation in the war. British and Canadian papers predicted that the millions of British, French and Russian soldiers would crush Germany in a few months. Lord Kitchener came the nearest to the truth in his forecast. He said the war would last at least three years and would not really begin until the summer of 1915. At the commencement of hostilities a survey by British bankers brought out the information that the estimated cost of the conflict would be at least $5,000,000,000. Of course it was many, many times that amount.

After the war commenced the prophets in all countries started working overtime. One of the country's largest commercial figures in a national periodical said, "This European war will be the greatest boon that the United States ever had, but there will be no revival of business until the end of the war." In November, 1914, the president of a great American steel corporation said, "This is the first time in three years I have felt optimistic over the business outlook for the United States. I look for ten years of unequaled prosperity for this country." There were hundreds of other predictions similar in nature. Fortunately for us, there were some who saw more clearly. James B. Forgan stated, "I do not believe the United States will receive any ultimate benefit from the European war." F. A. Vanderlip was quoted, "The idea some people have that a war will be beneficial to this country is a theory which belongs to the stone age of economics." Sir George Paish said, "During the war the United States will have great prosperity. Her misfortunes will come later."

From the beginning to the end of the war the world was filled with loose talk. To report it now would be a waste of time and space. But the serious business depression through which we are passing is a present reality—an event that is affecting the lives of each and every one of us. We may laugh about the tricks of the astrologers of old and smile when we think how gullible were the early peoples, but it isn't nearly so funny when we face the fact that we have our modern astrologers, many of whom we call captains of industry, and who mislead us, perhaps unwittingly, but no less surely than the prophets of old misled their followers. Let us look back a year or two and note what was said. Although we cannot remedy what has happened we may add to our store of experience and learn better to evaluate predictions in the future.

At the end of the first year of the war a leading statistical and financial paper of the country stated that there would be a fall in prices at the end of the war, due to the fact that the people of Europe would work harder than ever, and manufacturers would compete more zealously than ever before for trade. After the war prices went up very rapidly instead of down. This same periodical, in September, 1920, stated that though business was dull in many lines there would be a decided betterment during the fall months. The slackness of business increased right up to the end of the year.

Sheer Guesswork

A national weekly that lays much stress on the index numbers it compiles made the following statement in September, 1920: "The indications are that the slump in business is nearing an end, and that a revival of activity may be looked for in the early part of 1921. For the first time in nearly a year the current index number is a potential forecast of good times to come." This paper was pretty nearly right in calling the downward turn in business, but its prediction concerning the upward swing in industry was altogether premature.

The vice president and spokesman of one of New York's great financial institutions, in November, 1920, predicted that 1921 would be a prosperous year, with business on a new and more stable basis. The president of the same institution, the same week, said that the "present reaction is only a temporary setback." One month later, after there had been a severe slump in the prices of stocks in Wall Street, the vice president referred to was still optimistic, and stated that the situation "occasions no foreboding with respect to scrapping the industrial machine built up during the war." In February of this year, when industry generally had slowed down, and mines and mills all over the country were idle, the same vice president came forth with this statement: "Many business men seem to have been taken utterly unawares by the sudden change in business conditions that has occurred in the last twelve months. Their failure to foresee conditions that have developed during the last year, and to prepare for them, was probably due in a large degree to the fact that they were not keeping well enough informed about the economic situation in general. Undoubtedly one of the most valuable assets acquired in 1920 was the practical, if painful, course in elementary economics that it forced us to take. . . . There are abundant indications that the tide in our business affairs has unmistakably turned for the better."

Here are a few more predictions, made in October and November, 1920, before the depression in business had become acute. A noted writer and editor of a national weekly, over his own signature, gave six reasons for a revival of "brisk, active, healthy business in 1921." The president of a large bank in New York reviewed conditions and summed up as follows: "An intelligent optimism for the future of general business is now justified." An editorial in a leading financial weekly stated, "A trade revival will come before most people expect it. The reason for this lies in the fact that the very condition which would lead to a panic is not present—overproduction. Instead, we have subnormal production of goods." The bulletin of one of the world's greatest banks said, "The general world situation is not favorable either to a rapid decline of prices or to prolonged industrial depression." The argument went

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STETSON HATS
for FALL
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25% lower
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The large number of Stetson Hats you see on the streets this Fall means more than perhaps you realize.

Consider a moment—what everyone knows—from the Atlantic to the Pacific Stetson is the style standard in hats of discriminating gentlemen.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
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STETSON HATS

"Make Friends With Winter"

Wear a Bostwick

Select North Country fabrics; extra large fur collars; unusually roomy pockets; knit worsted wrists *inside;* handsewed buttons—these are reasons why Bostwick Warmwear Coats prove so economical and so satisfactory.

Tailored with precision and distinctively fashioned, Bostwick Warmwear Coats are style factors everywhere. Their exceptional comfort and warmth qualities invite you to be active outdoors.

See your Bostwick dealer today. Specify Bostwick Warmwear. Send at once for illustrated catalog of Bostwick Warmwear Coats, Leather Vests and Flannel Shirts for men, youths and boys.

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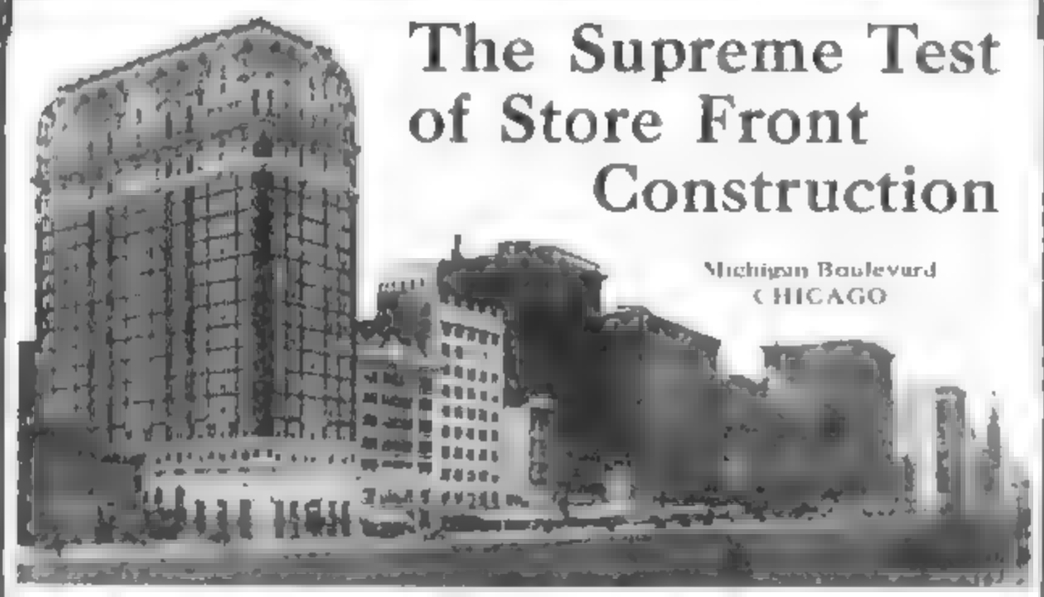

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Buffeted by the strong winds from Lake Michigan, subject to extreme changes in temperature, the windows in the shops along Chicago's Michigan Boulevard must possess unusual strength.

That the majority of these windows are *Zouri* construction should be convincing proof of the superiority of

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The *Zouri* ke[illegible] feature and the rigid gutter are insurance [illegible] plate glass [illegible] setting. Once in place there is no chance for glass [illegible] distortion and consequent fracture.

Tell Us Your Window Problems

Let our experts plan a store front which will be not only attractive but a conserver of plate glass and an eliminator of show window worries. Write today for descriptive, illustrated folder and name of *Zouri* distributor in your territory.

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MISS RUTH J. WOLCOTT, of Wisconsin, is one of scores of men and women who easily earn the extra money they need to buy Christmas presents for their relatives and friends by helping us to take care of the holiday demand for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

"Considering the time I spend," she writes, "I make more with Curtis work than I do with any other work I have tried. My largest order last year was for Christmas gift subscriptions."

During the next two months, thousands upon thousands of gift subscription orders will be placed for our three publications. Some workers will receive generous profits for forwarding such orders. Who will earn this money in *your* neighborhood? *Why not you?*

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360 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.
Gentlemen: Please tell me how I can earn extra money—for Christmas.

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on to say that the present was not like other times in the past, for high prices were not now a result of a period of construction and investment. This same bank reversed its position a few months later. Another large New York bank at this same time reasoned as follows: "It cannot be too much emphasized that there must be sustained improvement in production before there can be a wholesome decline in prices." Subsequently prices dropped as production decreased.

In December of last year the monthly bulletin of the Federal Reserve Board stated the belief that the turning point had been reached in the transition from war conditions. The opinion was expressed that the process of change would be comparatively easy and that such outstanding features of readjustment in former years as a sharp reduction in prices, unemployment and business reaction, had been reduced to a minimum during the present reconstructive era. Eight months later the Federal Reserve Board reported no material gain in trade, but a greater degree of unemployment.

A financial genius who held one of the highest posts in the nation and who has been much quoted in recent months stated in December, 1920, "The worst of the industrial crisis has passed. The fixing of the reparation amount will be followed by an immediate rise in world exchange, an increase in the purchasing power of all nations and a world-wide resumption of commerce." In January, this year, the president of one of the country's largest wholesale concerns, with branches extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, stated confidently that the bottom of the depression would be reached in the succeeding thirty days. Some time later this same executive said, "Few take stock in the current prophecies of the return of prosperity at a specified date. It is obvious prices have not reached bottom in all lines."

During the first month of this year the turn for the better in business was definitely announced by many bank presidents and widely known corporation executives, by United States senators, cabinet officers, presidents of national engineering and commercial organizations, and by authorized statements emanating from chambers of commerce and other bodies.

Vanishing Dreams

Following this flood of optimistic talk unemployment steadily increased month by month, from 3,473,000 in January, 1921, to 5,735,000 in August, 1921. Pay rolls in June this year, compared with June, 1920, showed decreases in thirteen out of fourteen industries. There was only one increase reported—the woolen industry—8.3 per cent. Wages paid to workers of the United States Steel Corporation the first of September, 1920, were 40 per cent below the level of wages paid February 1, 1920, and 50 per cent above the level of wages paid at the beginning of 1915. Steel plants are operating on about a 25 per cent schedule. Most other industries are operating on a like low rate of production.

People in this country and throughout the world generally are blue over the outlook. Pessimists are increasing in number, and the rumor factories are now turning out an increasing line of dire predictions. Many people who followed the optimists at the wrong time are now showing a tendency to concur with the pessimists, and there is danger that again many worthy folks who prefer to swallow ready-made opinions instead of analyzing facts will find themselves uncomfortably situated in the wrong boat. A man may be deceived once and be justified in blaming the other fellow, but if he is deceived twice, surely he can blame only himself.

The other day a noted editor and author with a technical education and a turn for figures, after completing an extensive survey, said to me, "Prices will go eventually not only to prewar levels but even lower. I mean, not only prices for commodities but also the wages for labor. We haven't come to anywhere near the bottom of the business depression." Questionnaires sent out to business men throughout the country now indicate that the weight of opinion leans to the belief that stabilization will not be accomplished for at least eighteen months or two years. A commercial agent of the United States Department of Commerce says, "Improvement in South America will be a much slower process than has been the rapid decline. Improvement will not take place in the immediate future."

On June 30, 1919, the United States was building 1,350,000 tons more of shipping than the United Kingdom, and 2,255,000 more than all the other countries of the world combined. To-day the United Kingdom is constructing 2,813,000 tons more than the United States, and 1,578,000 tons more than all the other countries, excepting the United States, combined. Nearly 60 per cent of the world's construction of ships is now being done by British yards. To many this looks like the vanishing of all our dreams of world-trade supremacy.

A few months ago we could see only the bright side; to-day we center our attention exclusively on figures showing shrinkage in foreign trade, curtailment of production and increases in the figures covering unemployment. Our national legislators are returning to the idea that we can't compete industrially with other nations, and therefore must retreat to safety behind high customs barriers. A few months ago we were sighing for new worlds to conquer; now we are standing before the blackboards in the schoolroom of world trade, wearing dunce caps and writing this lesson: "A pound of foreign-trade experience is worth two pounds of Yankee dash plus three pounds of loud American hurrahs. The exercise of boldness and the utilization of colossal resources cannot be immediately substituted for generations of acquired knowledge. Plans which have taken other nations years to perfect cannot be supplanted by methods improvised overnight." That's the lesson we must study until we know it by heart.

The Rumor-Mongers

We hear on all sides that we are facing a flood of imports, especially from Germany. We are told by many that beyond a shadow of doubt we have lost the $10,000,000,000 we loaned Europe. Trotzky told the Communist Internationale a few weeks ago that England was disintegrating, America was a "swollen gourmand." England and the United States will be at war in 1924, according to this same Russian. Forecasts no less dismal are being fed out by prophets of gloom not only here in the United States but in all the other countries of the world. Many honest people accept such rumors at their face value, forgetting entirely the lessons of history and ignoring the fact that here and elsewhere there is a class of individuals who profit through the misfortunes of others and who capitalize bankruptcy, unemployment and national distress.

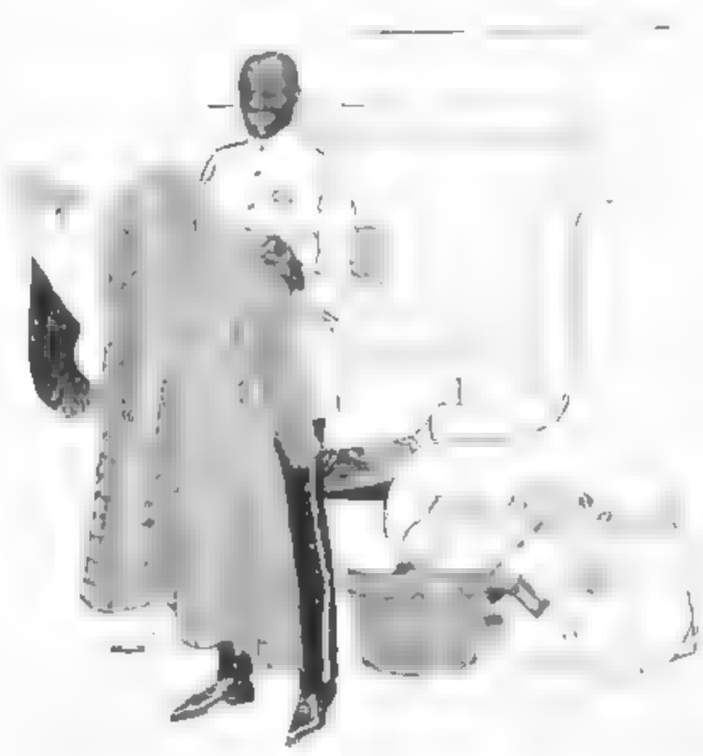
Trotzky believes his climb to fame and fortune would be accelerated by any disaster that might befall the capitalistic world. Here in America are other Trotzkys who preach panic and failure in order that they may buy back the stocks of other people which they sold at higher prices when industrial distress was less acute.

Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, the present era of hard times fundamentally differs but little from previous periods of industrial depression. The panic of 1907–08 is commonly referred to as a money panic. However, 1907 witnessed the crest of a time of inflation, inefficiency of labor and abnormal prices. If we take the years 1907–08 and 1920–21 and chart the movements indicated by a dozen groups of fundamental statistics there is only one movement out of the entire twelve that differs materially now from the diagram of the same factor or group in the earlier period.

Bank clearings, failures, exports, imports, pig-iron production and wholesale prices showed almost identical movements during the first nineteen months of the two periods. The only movements showing a difference were the lines indicating the average price, during each period, of thirty representative industrial stocks. The prices of industrial stocks climbed steadily during 1908, while in 1921 they suffered a relapse, in the late summer making a new average low price. Assuming that stock prices are a fair barometer of future business this might indicate that the recovery from our present depression will be at a slower pace than was the case in 1908. On the other hand, stock prices to a certain extent are artificial and through manipulation reach extremes not justified by the figures on balance sheets. An investigation fails to disclose any time when the distributors of ill news were more active or better organized, or their campaign less combated than

(Continued on Page 108)

THE IMPRESSION YOU MAKE



Men of affairs the country over now dress according to cosmopolitan standards, and it is to such men that Hirsh, Wickwire Clothes especially appeal.

There is an expression, a metropolitan touch, to the design of Hirsh, Wickwire Clothes scarce equalled by the greater custom tailors, and this is equally true concerning the appropriateness of the fabrics used. Yet they are ready to slip into—and thus doubly approved by busy men.

Finally, knowing that real discrimination in clothes selection is possessed by comparatively few men, we cater only to them, never attempting or desiring to serve the masses.

So in addition to exclusiveness in design and fabric, our chief purpose has been the continued betterment of the hidden value in Hirsh, Wickwire Clothes—an exquisite care in workmanship and finish—an expression—a distinction—unobtainable in other clothes.

We take such great care in order that Hirsh, Wickwire Clothes will grow old gracefully, looking quite as well when a bit aged as they do in the men's wear shop where you first see them.

HIRSH, WICKWIRE CLOTHES

Tailored by Hirsh, Wickwire Company

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Rest assured—

Faultless

SINCE 1881

Pajamas and Night Shirts

"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"

Fellows

Here's *Comfort*

—a barrel of comfort in these Faultless pajamas. The kind you get sort of attached to—they're so soft and *comfortable* against your skin. And they *keep* comfortable. That means, they fit just as *right*, look just as lustrous, and hold on to their full quota of buttons—yes, even after the laundries get their whack at 'em.

Faultless pajamas have *comfort* and style. Remember that and ask for 'em always as you would for a friend. Ask for a pair to-day—stores are closed when you need them most—at night.

E. ROSENFELD & COMPANY

New York Baltimore Chicago

Faultless underwear, the equal of Faultless nightwear, retails at $1 and up

(Continued from Page 106)

now. The determination of the rank and file of American citizens to clean house has given the great army of so-called bears the chance of a lifetime to beat down prices by undermining confidence.

I have before me the statements made by the country's industrial and political leaders both before and during all the business depressions that the United States has passed through in the last generation. In every case very few prophets correctly forecast either the decline or the recovery in business, although later many of them boldly laid claim to the high honor of having accurately predicted the trend of the business cycle. During all the depressions financial writers showed a tendency to attribute most of the difficulties to minor causes of a superficial nature rather than to deep-lying economic ills of a more permanent character. Dozens of writers attributed the 1907 panic to the unguarded utterances of President Roosevelt. Roosevelt's remarks were an effect rather than a cause of the unfavorable conditions of the time.

An investigation of financial history reveals nothing more clearly than the worthlessness of the widely circulated letters of advice relating to investment conditions prepared by brokers. Notwithstanding many years of failure in calling turns in the stock market, and in spite of the heavy losses the public has incurred through following such advice, the game goes merrily on, the brokers predicting and the public buying or selling as they are bid. Nine out of ten people who buy and sell stocks believe that they are acting entirely on their own judgment, whereas if the truth were known it would probably be shown that there is not one man in ten who is not influenced to a large extent by the opinions of others. All that should interest the average investor are movements extending over long periods of months or even years, while all that interests the rank and file of financial writers are fluctuations extending over a few days or weeks.

Faith in the Country

One of the most interesting studies a person can undertake is an examination of the charts showing the increases and decreases in the number of stockholders of our large corporations as compared with the ups and downs of the prices of the stocks of the same corporations. Such diagrams show conclusively that the average investor, even if he makes his purchases near the bottom of a long decline, sells his securities entirely too soon, leaving the large worth-while profits to shrewd investors who never sell until all the dark clouds have rolled by and the atmosphere is charged only with optimism. It is estimated that more than 2,000,000 people buy and sell stocks listed on the Stock Exchange in New York. Of this great army of investors a great majority are of the opinion that they can make more money by buying and selling the same stock over a period of a year or more, than by sitting tight and holding their security for the price they figure it will eventually reach. The fellow who buys a stock at 50 and sells it at 100 doubles his money beyond doubt, while the books of brokers show that the average man who first buys at 50 and finally stops trading when the stock reaches 100 does not make a full 50 points on his total trades, notwithstanding the extra time and effort he has devoted to carrying on his deals.

Most of our great American fortunes were established by people who had faith in the future of the United States, who relied on their own judgment as to the trend of industry, and who had sufficient courage to act with speed and decision in the face of a flood of ill reports and dire forebodings. It is always a good plan to insist on the right to use one's own brains in managing one's own money.

Almost everyone is interested in the future of business. Therefore most people are interested in the barometers that forecast the trend of industry. Consequently the course of iron and steel prices and production and the movement of stock prices are of interest to practically everyone, even to the small country merchant who must decide as to the amount of goods he should purchase to meet the demands of the coming season.

We are passing through the most violent derangement of industry in the history of the world, and no one should feel that a year of trade reaction is a long time for the completion of the process. Few people are ever able to discover the actual beginning of a recovery from acute depression, so obscure is the change in the business cycle. Surface appearances always continue discouraging and frequently look worse instead of better quite some time after the real change has actually come. This is particularly true in the speculative markets. The course of prices of commodities as well as securities is determined by future prospects and not by past or present conditions. Next year's profits cannot be ascertained from last year's performances. Another fact often overlooked is that people who want to buy a certain stock or raw material don't go round talking up the price of the thing they want to purchase.

It is well to observe that the present depression has been under way for seventeen months. Looking back we find that trade reactions in the United States have lasted for as short a time as four months, and for as long a period as four years. The business depression commencing in 1893 lasted until 1897, if we leave out of consideration a short-lived recovery in 1895. However, this era of hard times would not have continued so long if it had not been for the stupidity of some of the political leaders of the day. It is unfortunate but true that some of our politicians place the success of their party above the welfare of the nation's business. Wall Street bears, with their subcellar methods, are no more of a menace than some of our professional lawmakers.

The wrecked hopes of people who have given ear to random predictions strew the whole path of history. George Bernard Shaw doubtless received real money for his convincing article telling Americans that Carpentier was invincible and would win hands down. But members of the betting fraternity who followed the tip will think twice before they back G. B. S.'s pugilistic choice the next time.

Everywhere we meet men and women who tell how the know-it-alls led them to miss golden opportunities. Not many years ago a young California prospector rode down into Mexico and started digging for oil in one section of the bad lands where some black stuff of no commercial value issued from the ground. A certain American who had dominated the oil business in Mexico for twenty-five years said young Doheny was a fool to put his last dollar into a venture that would yield him no return. To-day the former young prospector is a multimillionaire and president of one of the greatest oil concerns in the world, while the skeptics who heeded the warning of the magnate, now a minor figure with a small refinery, missed the opportunity of a lifetime.

If the war taught us one thing more important than all else, it is the utter futility of giving serious attention to the loose talk of glib prophets. We were assured that militarism was a safeguard; we know now it is a danger. We were told that the war would land us in a new and radiant world, but seven years have passed since the troops started to march, and we find Europe still an armed camp filled with national rivalries and swayed by the same old brand of political intrigue. We were informed that hereafter the United States would be controlled entirely by the will of labor through its leaders, but we find that the paid membership of the American Federation of Labor has dropped to 3,380,000, a decline of 740,000 in a year.

One by one, foolish prophecies have been exploded. The greatest hope of to-morrow lies in the fact that we are returning so rapidly and surely to first principles. We recognize again that men cannot live without eating, nor eat without working; that, practically speaking, a nation sick socially or economically makes no better neighbor than a nation that is wicked; that a government, like an individual, cannot spend what it has not got; that in practice communism is a delusion and a snare; that all countries are interdependent; that the man who goes to lunch with friends at one o'clock definitely optimistic and comes away at two o'clock a prophet of gloom, is weak-minded and needs a guardian; that habit if not resisted soon becomes necessity; that hard times is the only known cure for extravagance; and that time and patience are the two sure remedies for hard times.

It is true that we must now face another epidemic of predictions, with doubt the dominant note. In the morning a cabinet officer will forecast higher prices, while in the afternoon a corporation president will prophesy a drop. This will always be the case as long as people substitute feelings for figures and facts. The need of the moment is to discuss the present tendency toward normal conditions and forget about the descent from those that were abnormal. Now is a day for action, not loose talk; a time for hard work and thrift, not for attempts to create artificial methods to avert the operation of economic laws.

Notwithstanding the prophecies of the Seer of Hoboken that we are going to have a severe winter, a civil war, and a woman President, there is one encouraging fact to cheer us up: It has never failed that when times were good they got bad, and after they were bad they again got good. The surest thing in the world is change. The cheapest thing on earth is advice, and it is usually worth just what it costs. Most people would get along better if they had more eyes and fewer ears.

Sense and Nonsense

A Modest Protest

A YOUNG couple who came recently from the South live in a rather small New York apartment. They have a precocious four-year-old daughter. One afternoon friends from the old home town came calling. The youngster, who had been playing hard all day, was in rather a tousled state. When the visitors called up from downstairs to announce their arrival the mother turned to her maid of all work.

"I know my friends will want to see the baby," she told the servant, "but they can only stay a few minutes, they say, and there isn't much time to spare. Just run her back to the bathroom, will you, and make her presentable as quickly as you can and then send her to me?"

The callers were welcomed. Greetings had been exchanged between the young hostess and her guests when from the inner recesses of the flat, through a door which had been left ajar, came in a shrill childish treble this rebellious protest:

"Olga, company or no company, you ain't goin' to wash my face with spit!"

Speaking of Optical Delusions

SPEAKING of the above, there is a judge of a criminal court in a certain New England state so cross-eyed that rumor has it he has to look over his left shoulder when buttoning his suspenders in front.

Not so very long ago three nervous youths were brought before him for arraignment on the charge of stealing an automobile. The clerk read the names of the accused, the prosecutor briefly outlined the nature of part of the evidence, and the judge, sternly fixing his gaze upon the supposed ringleader who stood at the bar between his two accomplices, said:

"Young man, how do you plead—guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, sir," instantly said the youth on the right of the central figure.

"I wasn't speaking to you," snapped the judge. "What do you mean by answering out of your turn!"

"Why, Your Honor," whined the lad on the left, "I ain't said a word."

A Happy Substitute

JACK BARRYMORE attended a dinner party where the guests mainly were members of Mr. Barrymore's profession. Diagonally across the table from him sat a newly landed foreign actor whose mannerisms and behavior rather jarred the American. He turned to his neighbor on the left.

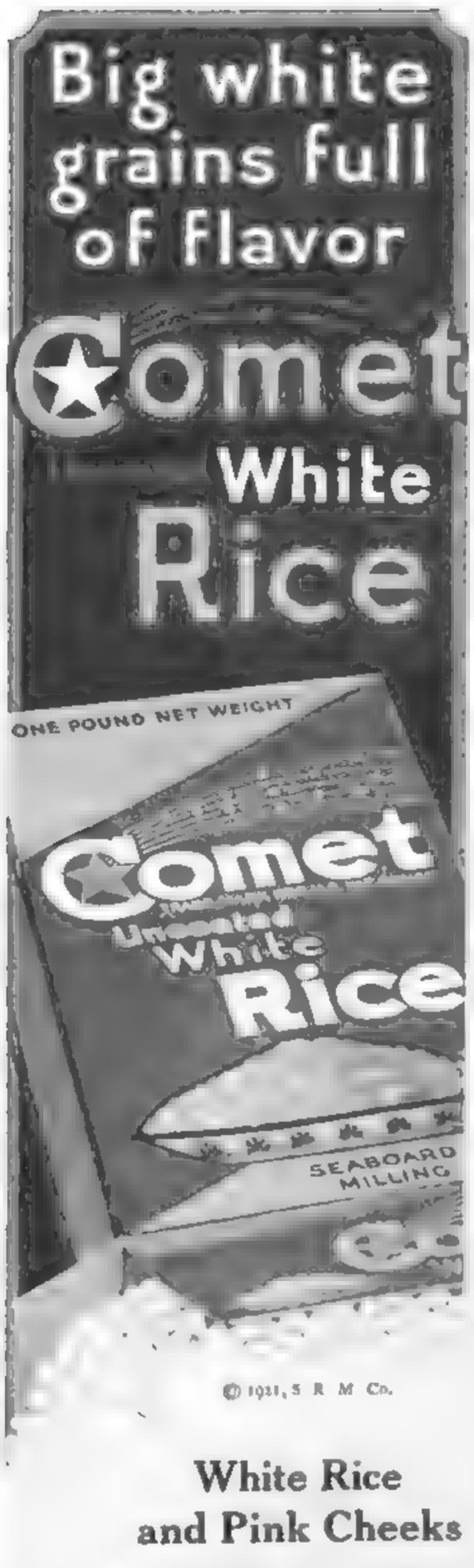
"Do you know that person over there?" he inquired, indicating the stranger.

"Fairly well," answered the fellow diner.

"He's by way of being a regular ass, isn't he?" asked Barrymore.

"Hardly that."

"Well," said Barrymore, "he'll do, won't he, until a real one comes along?"



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GUN-SHY

(Continued from Page 11)

and the big Gordon left his master and walked over to me, to offer me the hospitality of his house.

He sniffed at me politely; then turned on me those soft, dark-hazel setter eyes through which there shines the evidence of a comradely, quiet understanding of mankind which is perhaps unequaled in the doggy world.

"Good evening," I said, making no move to touch him.

At which he switched a superb short-feathered flag, and very sedately offered me his paw.

"It's him?" I asked, as much incredulous as I was ungrammatical.

"Yousezzer!" Dan Thorplay answered, proud as an old cock pheasant.

I took a look deep into those hazel eyes as I held the setter's heavy forearm in my hand.

"But you don't mean to tell me, man, that a dog with a flame like that in his eye is gun-shy!"

"He isn't death or hell shy, that dog. Watch this," said Dan in answer. "Fetch the spike collar, Devil!"

And big Red Feather, U.S.K.A. 345726, pet-named The Devil by those who knew him, laid bare his fangs and rumbled a deadly growl. No fear was in it; only hate. But without a moment's hesitation he went over to his master's gun cabinet, and nosing into a partly open drawer below the racks picked out one of those efficient training devices which are so perfectly harmless in the hands of gentle men, but which had, not long since, in murderous hands, tortured him close to the brink of a miserable and abject end. All the while muttering to himself, he dragged the steel-barbed collar forth and delivered the detested thing into his master's hand. Then, much to my amazement and delight, for I am little used to flattery, he came back to me and sat down between my feet. I could feel his throat cords still vibrating silently when I stroked his neck.

"How'd you like to put that collar on him?" Thorplay asked me.

"If it's all the same to you, and you think you'd enjoy the performance just as much, I believe I'd rather put it on a cheetah."

With that wonderful long silk head in my hands I settled back into my seat again.

"As I hinted before," I said to Thorplay, "I hold all the indoor listening records from ten minutes to all night; and I'm specially good on dog stuff. I asked you once before what you did about that last little billet-doux from friend M. Arrendale. You go from there."

"Well, first of all," my host took up his story, "I ripped that twenty-five-hundred-dollar check to confetti. That took a great load off my chest. Then I made out a new one. I wrote in the amount myself—double the figure that I knew was right. I looked about for a little sheet of asbestos after that, but couldn't find a bit; so I risked the few remarks I had to make to Arrendale on a piece of ordinary writing paper and kept my eye on it a minute. My grip on the English language must have been weak that day, for the paper didn't even scorch, so I folded it up in disgust and stuck it in an envelope together with the newly written check. I was about to seal it when I recalled that Arrendale's letter had said, 'When the check's returned the setter is yours'; so I dumped the confetti into the envelope, too, closed it, and mailed the whole mess to Ohio—and kept the dog. Was that all right?"

"What could be fairer?" I replied, running a broad, thin, gold-lined ear between my fingers. "You couldn't send him back."

"You're dad-whanged whistling I couldn't send him back!" Dan detonated; his adverbs, though, as I recall them, being somewhat different than here recorded. "But that new check never was cashed, and it's been out about six months now."

"Oh, well," I ventured a cheerful prophecy, "he's like most wealthy men; he's busy; and doubtless he's been waiting just such a business let-down like the present one to give him the leisure to make a few friendly calls. He'll be dropping in to see you one of these days."

Dan Thorplay is a little man. But you'd be surprised at the size of the implement of warfare that replaces his hand when he gathers up his various knuckles and bunches them all together.

"Do you honestly think that?" asked Dan. "That's just the very thing I've been afraid of all the time." And he evidenced his craven dread of such an event by the pensive, faraway look that comes into his blue eyes on occasion.

It dawned on me as Dan sat there, wistfully regarding that mean eight-cornered fist of his, that it was only a step from the present stage of our jaw-fest to the late Franco-American affair at Boyle's plot of ground, and to the gentle art of knuckle shoving in general. And though I realize that this is a thing that must come up eventually wherever two or more men are gathered together, yet I am a firm believer in one thing at a time—and that dogs come first; so I switched Dan's thoughts into less carnal channels by asking him how he worked on a gun-shy pupil.

"In the first place," Dan informed me as that lethal instrument on the end of his tanned forearm opened up and metamorphosed into a human hand again, "you don't dare punish a dog for that. He's scared enough when you start. Kindness, patience and hunger form the basis of every dog trainer's method. It's simple enough. You lay the gun beside the dog's dinner pan. If he doesn't come out of his kennel and eat you take the gun away—and his dinner with it. Then you show him neither gun nor grub for twenty-four hours—and repeat. Meanwhile treat him fine. He'll not last long. Then use the same medicine so that he lets you handle the gun while he eats; and the same dose again till he lets you fire over him. I've seen dogs stick it out five days when it comes to shooting. But he finally starts to eat in spite of the report; and when he does, good evening. You couldn't scare him away from that long-lost grub pile with a dreadnought's broadside; and he's cured. The method is infallible. At least we thought it was until we tried it on Red Feather.

"I'd give something pretty to know what hideous abuse a dog could suffer and still live, to make him as gun-shy as that Gordon was. We never got past the first stage with him. He fasted seven days, first crack, with the steam of hot beef rump in his very nose, just because an old shotgun lay in the dust beside his dinner pan. On the eighth day I surrendered and took away the gun. I thought he'd eat the dish. We fed him up a little and made another try. This time it took him nine days to make me quit. He was so weak we almost lost him that time. Then, in desperation, we tried it with his water bowl; but he beat me in two days with that. I couldn't stand it. I was done. Licked. I gave him up.

"And all the while there was growing this mighty love affair between the dog and my youngster. The kid's first shout in the morning was a masterful attempt to say the dog's name. But far as he came from getting it right, his burble never had to be repeated. The setter slept by the kid's door, and his eager yap of greeting was the thing that told us every morning that the king was awake and demanding his bodyguard, and that the dog was asking immediate entrance to the throne room. All day long the pair would be together, and night would find the Gordon sleeping at the baby's door again. Andy MacAndrews christened the combination Ham and Eggs.

"If it hadn't been for this mighty attachment I would have shot the dog myself, for he was utterly worthless, and I had begun to think that it was really the alleged Gordon yellow, after all, that was the trouble with him. The paralysis from the cruel abuse of the spiked collar had entirely disappeared, and as he grew strong and sleek the memory of his pitiable condition when he reached us faded. I began to doubt if such a man ever lived who could treat a dog badly enough to make of him the arrant, hopeless coward that Red Feather was. He must be just naturally yellow. Roosters chased him. Gophers scared him silly. And when a jack jumped out in front of him he'd tuck in his tail and never stop till safe in his kennel; or better still, till he reached the sanctuary which he seemed to think surrounded him when he put his head into the chubby arms of my kid.

"And then the miracle. One day as I sat at this table here I became aware that a very dreadful voice was calling to me quietly from the porch. It was Madge's—Mrs. Thorplay's—voice, the tone very low

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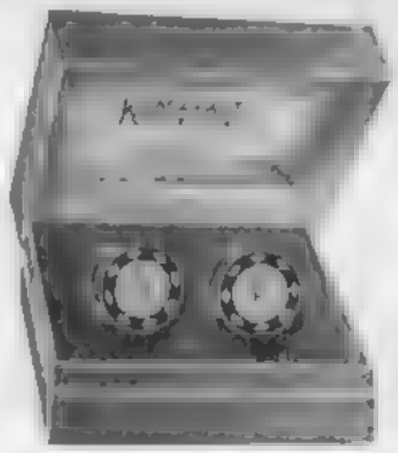

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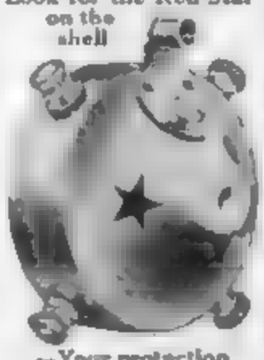

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and soft. But the agony! My flesh moved cold and prickly under my skin as I sat, frozen stiff, and listened.

"'Bring a gun! Bring a gun! Bring a gun,' she was saying over and over again in a dead, terrible undertone. 'Bring a gun! Bring a gun! Bring a gun!'

"Icy with dread, I took the forty-five out of the desk and tiptoed to the porch. Madge was standing rigid, with her hand against a pillar. Her face was ghastly gray. Her eyes filled full with a torture that tore at the pillars of her reason. For the bright sun-drenched air in the yard beyond her was filled with a dry and wicked rustling such as, once heard, no man will ever mistake should he live ten thousand years.

"The boy was down on his hands and knees, crawling to reach the beautiful rattling toy. And not a yard away, that deadly sportsman who warns the world that all he wants is to be left alone, raised his flat head above the shining, black-diamonded yellow coils that the baby wanted, and buzzed his hideous threat.

"I tried to level my gun, but a palsy of terror and fear had turned my muscles to rags. Then I felt my wife's hand on my arm, and somehow some of the strength flowed out of her slim body into my own; for suddenly I became aware that I was looking down steadily over the long revolver barrel. I waited; and after a thousand years I saw the frightful, wide-open jaws, with the hinged fangs already thrown down, swing back under my gun sights. I twitched a numb finger. Powder roared. A spurt of dust leaped high behind the diamond-back. And before I realized that I had missed, the girl beside me sprang like some tigress mother for the space between the baby and the snake. The flat head struck."

Dan Thorplay drew a handkerchief from his pocket. I'll venture the drops that glistened on his brow at the mere recital of that horror were clammy and cold. He mopped the moisture off while I sat in silence and ran that silken ear between my fingers. Then slowly, as I waited for him to go on, I became aware that he was waiting for me to climax his story. Somehow my eyes drew involuntarily down to the glorious head on my thigh. I looked deep into the gentle, fearless hazel eyes of Red Feather, pet-named The Devil; and suddenly it dawned.

"The dog!" I almost shouted.

"The dog," repeated Dan Thorplay quietly.

I bent and laid my face very reverently against that wonderful muzzle.

"You came through, old fire eater," I whispered. "You came through, for the love of the kid." And the cold nose nuzzled along my ear.

"Came through?" Dan fairly snorted. "Did he come through? I'm here to inform the United States of America that I'm the only living man who ever saw a black lightning flash. If you and me can come through like that when old Charley Bones with the scythe and the lipless grin beckons us with a skeleton finger, we're men! There isn't a breathing animal, Church, domestic or wild, that doesn't know exactly who the grim specter is that backs up a diamond-back's buzz. Yet the dog who would cringe when a lark got up in under his nose was whirling hell-bent right into that devil's bell when my forty-five went off in his face. And the dog that would run himself sick at the snap of a boy's cap pistol snarled his contempt at that big gun's bark, and closed his teeth on the rattler's spine when its fangs were less than an inch from the baby's laughing face.

"You never saw such a mix-up. Seven feet of snake and a hundred pounds of dog in the wildest tangle of flesh and blood and dust and death that ever tore up the earth. Madge snatched up the kid and leaped for the porch; and I, with the fear that the snake might escape and crawl under the house, yelled for a club, and, no one putting a club in my hand, stood over the gun-shyest dog between two oceans and emptied the other five chambers of the forty-five into that snarling and hissing mess.

"Escape and crawl under the house? Fat chance! The berserk rage that gave The Devil his proper title around this dump never died out till that seven-foot snake was torn into bits the size of your hand. There was never a deader snake, nor a prouder pup. Lucky to tell, my marksmanship that day was my worst exhibition in years of atrocious gunnery; for except for a bit of hair clipped off of one shoulder, and a groove gouged out along The Devil's ribs, I hadn't made a single score in six times up.

"He staggered over toward us after he had finished his job on the rattler, stopped on the way and swayed as the venom laid its finger on his heart, shook his head for all the world like a fighter who tries to fling off the dizziness of a knockout punch. The in-closing mists must have cleared for a moment; for with head and tail high he came tottering bravely over to where we stood at the foot of the steps. He took a contemptuous sniff at the smoking gun I still held in my hand and reared up with his front paws on his mistress' shoulders. He tried with a weakly lolling tongue to reach the baby's hands, but as the kid bent and stretched out his fat fingers the vertigo struck, and the heavy dog slipped down through my best girl's arms, fell on his side and commenced to swell."

And so Dan Thorplay, being a better story-teller than most, would have ended his narrative. But I couldn't see it. The vacant space between that pitiful venom-puffed dog and the animal under my hands yawned like a gulf before me.

So I said, "Well?"

And Dan Thorplay took me to task. "See here," he said, "if you're ever going to get this yarn past an editor's desk you'll have to leave a little something to the imagination. Every good story does that. I guess you're sore at Rembrandt for not getting out a detail sheet of the rivets in the Golden Helmet."

But I've got a skin that's proof against heavier shot than that; so I simply repeated my monosyllable. And after a little silence, broken by the musical clinking of ice in glass, he capitulated.

"I found the punctures while Mrs. Thorplay was getting the whisky," he went on as he put the tall tumbler down. "Luckily they were on a foreleg, where a twisted handkerchief was just about as effective as a surgeon's elastic tourniquet would have been. So I shut off the blood on the heart side of the oozy holes, and ripped out the meat for a couple square feet around with my pocketknife. Then the girl held his head on her lap and opened the pouch of his lips and I poured enough good liquor between his teeth to plaster a mule. After which I got Doc Holden on long distance and talked with him while Mrs. Thorplay sat on the floor in a corner with the boy to her breast and prayed. If you want any more details I'll give you a letter of introduction to Doc. He likes a good listener better than I do. And he left the best veterinary practice on his side of the Mississippi go to thunder for a month to stick with The Devil. Personally, I have my doubts if it should have taken as long as that to work out the poison and to fix up the terrible mess I'd made of the poor pup's leg; but it happened that there were about fifty million prairie chickens in Texas about that time, and Doc had the idea that they all required his personal attention.

"Of course the thing that interested us above all other things in regard to Red Feather's recovery was whether the little spark of courage that this beast Arrendale had failed to quench would continue to blaze as it had at sight of the baby's peril.

"We found out. The dog hadn't been on his feet a week when he went the rounds of the kennels. It appears that he had some overdue accounts that demanded settlement there. All innocent of the knowledge that here was no yellow-spined mutt, but the devil himself, the first dog he met rushed forth and sailed into him. The rest he had to catch. Some new dogs had arrived during his convalescence, and they, of course, had never had the opportunity to take a crack at the village coward; but just to avoid the semblance of showing any partiality whatsoever, old Beelzebub went from one kennel run to the other and systematically walloped the dog-gone whey out of every dog on the place. Want to see how gun-shy he is?" ended Dan.

He stuck the handle of a long blue service revolver into my hand.

"Take a chance at the top log there," he directed, nodding his head toward the fireplace.

I looked at him a little amazed, I guess.

"'Sall right," he said, with a sort of carte-blanche wave of the hand. "This place has been Bachelor's Hall for the last two months. The lady has had her young son up north, in New York, visiting Grandpop & Co. She's due back here to-morrow,

(Continued on Page 112)

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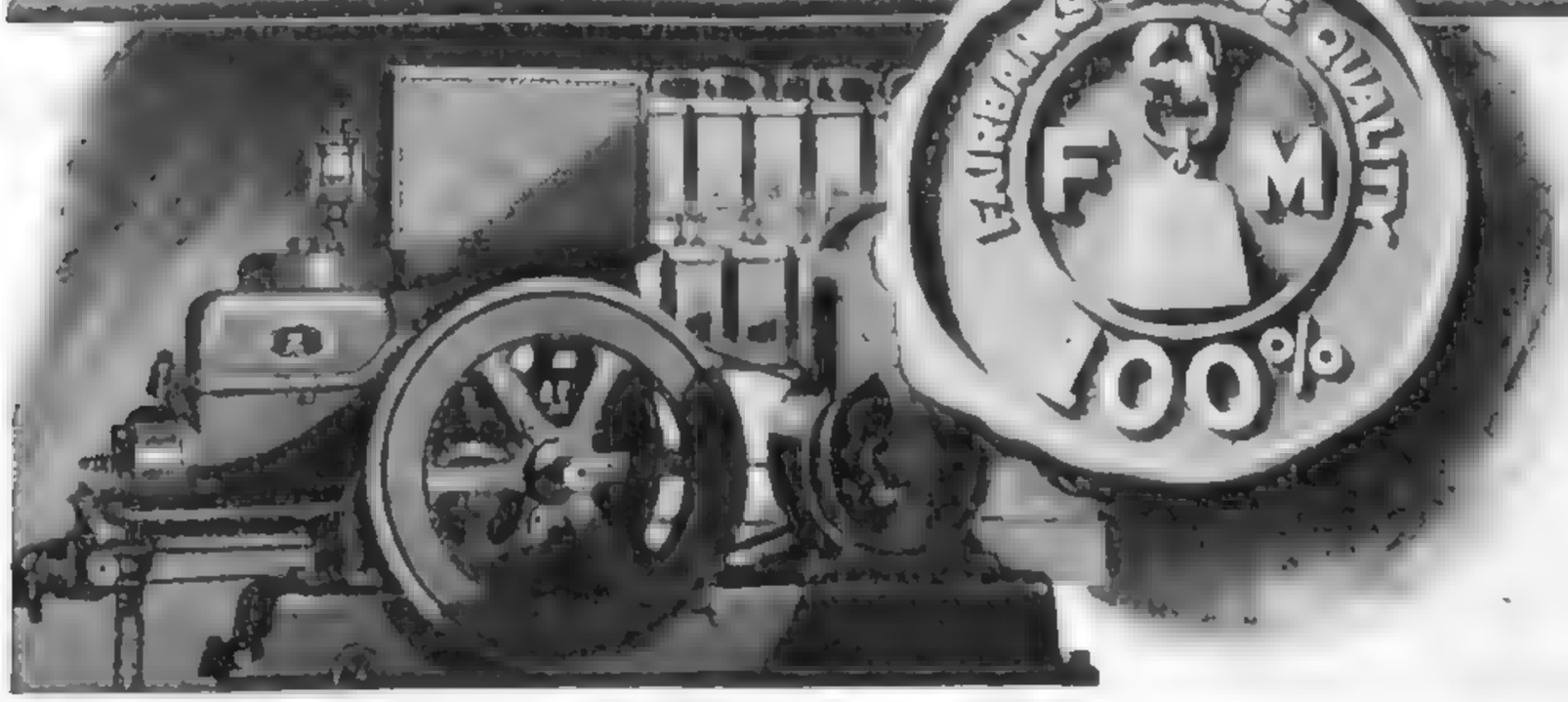

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(Continued from Page 110)

the Lord be praised for all his tender mercies and loving-kindnesses. But if we feel like holding forty-five target practice in our living room—we do it, by heck! That's the kind of ruffians we are—till to-morrow."

I aimed at the log and actually hit it. The embers and charcoal flew, and with a cloud of sparks the burning chunk jumped out of its place and clattered down out of sight in the back of the hearth. And the rafters rang and rang again.

"Dead-Eye Pete!" yelled Dan in noisy approval.

But the long black-and-gold muzzle on my thigh raised very deliberately, and the soft ears went forward in polite and calm inquiry. A setter, however, talks with his eyes. Any bird-dog man will tell you that. The Devil turned up to me two deep unfathomable hazel wells, with tiny twin sparks of Cerberus-red aglow way down in the darkness.

"Say, mister," those fine eyes asked, "where in the hell do you keep your rattlesnakes?"

There's another chapter. Dan's story is done. But next day there happened such an absolutely delectable thing that a man could be sent to the chair for keeping it under his hat. If you say you'll stick we'll give the old rhetoric wrecker another gallon of heavy and see what we can get out of her concerning that luscious twenty-five minutes.

Tired out by what amounts to almost a continental trip across the never-ending state of Texas, I slept soundly and late next day; but at last there reached down into the hay where I lay comatose an insulting series of blares from an auto horn. I stretched a furlong or two, and rose and went to the window. The biggest and dustiest touring car in the world was standing in the front yard, raucously demanding the immediate attention of whatever menials happened to inhabit this place where it had deigned to stop.

Dan's ancient smoke came scuffling out to the dreadnought, and the snarling horn subsided a moment.

"Yassah!" said Ephraim Terwilliger Joppey. "Yassuh! Boss he say, please, sah, quiet dat snorter a li'l'. Boss got a li'l' setteh bitch Lady orter be 'stubbed no moh'n kin be he'ped. Done had a ve'y bad houh, dat li'l' setteh, an' de boss won' leave huh nohow now till de las' pup's done whelped. Will you set on de po'ch an' wait?"

A surly refusal had the effect of sending the darky around the house in the direction of the kennels, muttering to himself.

Then a squeaky voice from the back of the car said, "Sit on that button, Josephs, till we see if we can't get somebody out of that dump besides a nigger to talk to."

Josephs evidently sat; for the blaring broke out again and kept it up without a break while I scrambled into my clothes so as to be downstairs on the scene when the storm struck.

I had reached the veranda, and was stepping down to cross the yard in order to do what I could to calm that impatient bellowing, when I saw Dan steaming toward the car from the other side. The visitors were looking toward me and didn't see Dan; and the siren was still insultingly blowing when Thorplay stepped up and without a word lifted the hood and jerked loose the wires that led to the bawling instrument's motor.

"My own wood burner gets its horn button stuck like that sometimes," said Dan in the sudden silence. He was addressing the occupant of the back seat and ignoring the chauffeur's windy protestations. "But you're bound to have more or less trouble with the cheaper cars, aren't you, Mr. Arrendale?"

I put up my ears like a mule.

"I'm Arrendale; but damned if I know how you guessed it," said that absurdly high and ratlike voice.

And the door flew out and a little foot on the end of a monstrous, sausage balloon of a leg reached down for the running board. I had pictured this Arrendale tall, and spare, and bearded, and cruel, and dark. Like the old grandees. Like Alva. But instead, there rolled out on the running board, and thence to the ground, the roundest-faced, fairest-faced, grossest, most bestial, ferret-eyed, slimy seacow of a man that ever trod leather.

"There was no need of guessing it," Dan explained obligingly. "Doc Holden told me what you looked like. We almost came to blows about it. I told him he wasn't describing a man, but a grampus. And here we were both right all the time!"

The roses and cream in Mr. Arrendale's pudgy face turned purple, and a couple of half-choked squeaks came out of his throat. He clenched a small white fist.

Dan turned to me like a flash.

"You saw him threaten me, didn't you, Church?" he demanded.

But my skull was too thick. I didn't get it. So I stood speechless, like some doddering nitwit, waiting for the light to break.

Just then MacAndrews came up.

"Threaten you, boss?" says Andy. "I saw him wallop you; the big fat stiff—to be picking on a little fellow like you!"

"It's a matter of pure self-preservation. I've simply got to sock him, Church," Dan explained. "You saw him assault me, yourself, didn't you?"

And the great light dawned.

"Most assuredly, kind sir," I spoke up. "It must have been aggravating. Especially so when he kicked you in the mush when he had you down!"

"And now," said Dan, turning to the blotch on the landscape, "you see how it is. I am forced to defend myself against you. With these reputable witnesses on my side, there's not a Texas jury from Jackson County to Dallam that wouldn't acquit me of a charge of assault. So prepare yourself, dog butcher, for a body beating that will leave its mark on every one of your great-grandchildren!"

And while I stood and gloated, Dan Thorplay unbuckled his hardware and dropped it at his feet. Dan shouldn't have done it. Dan is a six-gun toter, and a dead shot. But get us right, for the love of Pete. It isn't a Tom Mix Texas where this came off. But ever since Dan missed that snake three feet in front of his boy he's practiced shooting till he can knock the eyebrows off of a gnat at twenty-five feet and never scratch its face. And he goes about loaded for rattlers all the time; the only man left in the Lone Star State with a gun on his thigh. And, of course, at the very thought of a fight the first thing he did was to get rid of the shooting iron, to give him freer action for other weapons. But the minute that forty-five hit the dust I saw a dirty cunning look steal into the pig face over beside the car.

Dan rolled up his sleeves and advanced a stride, that faraway sad look casting its pensive shadow over his face. And Arrendale went back a quaking, stealthy step; reached backward into the car, and a second later was sighting a malignant boar's eye down between the two barrels of a shotgun that was pointing fair at the pit of Dan Thorplay's stomach.

"I brought this along to kill that yellow-backed cur of mine," squeaked the absurd little voice. "He's my dog, and I'll shoot him to death and to hell with how much your slobbery brat may love him. This gun isn't loaded for birds; it's loaded for mutts—and that lets you in. And that self-defense game can be played two ways. I'd pull this trigger as quick as you'd use your fists. Where's my setter, you damned little shrimp?"

When I picture that wonderful Thorplay kid, who came home that very same night, bringing along with him a star-eyed girl whom Dan called mother, but who would have blocked the traffic for several miles each way if she had ever ventured to cross Broadway at Forty-second in the present-day style of skirt, I shudder to think of what might have happened. But just as the tension reached the point where something was due to snap, the answer to Arrendale's question, in the life, came bounding around the end of the house. Red Feather himself! He took a leap or two toward the familiar figures of Dan and Andy; and a swinish look of pleasure came over Arrendale's face as he swung the gun on the dog.

Dan crouched to spring.

A voice from the driver's seat in the big car said "Careful there!"

My heart went sick as I saw the shining thing that gave weight to the chauffeur's warning.

Unaware of his doom the big black setter came leaping on; and then, sudden and unexpected as lightning out of a bright noon sky, there happened the thing that prevented at least two unarmed men from taking a sportsman's chance at sudden death.

Fair in the midst of a bound, with all four feet in the air, the setter went stiff;

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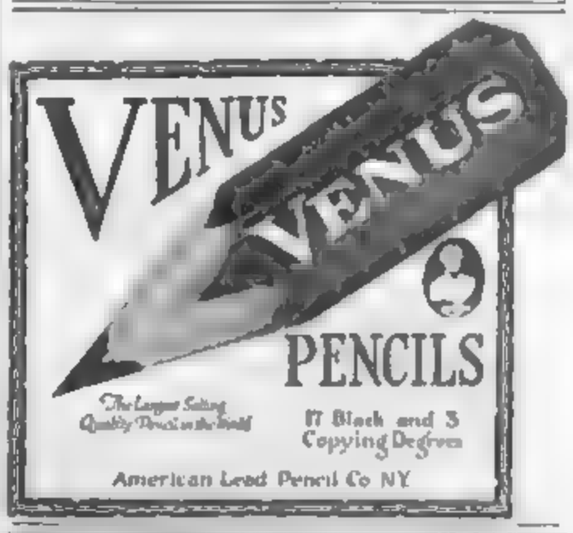

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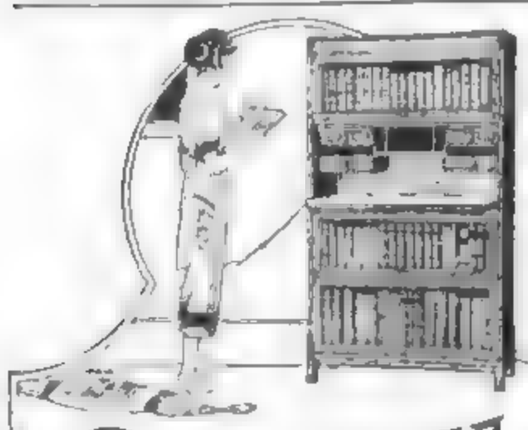

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and the plump, white, disgustingly tapered finger that had actually started to press the trigger to blast that splendid and shining creature to a mangled smear of bloody meat went slack in amazement.

Red Feather hit earth half statue. A moment his nose searched the breeze, head high. With infinite caution, as though close on a covey of quail, the magnificent neck curved slowly away from us. One forefoot lifted. The tail grew straight and still. The whole form sank ever so little, crouching, and then, with his long black muzzle thrust straight at Arrendale, the setter froze to a glorious point.

A breeze blew past us and waved the fringe on his tail and the golden feather on his legs. Then the warm zephyr died, and the midday sun, in dazzling arrows of pure black light, came blazing off of a marble dog, done from a block of Italy's beautiful black and gold.

It was first surprise, and curiosity next, that kept Arrendale's gun from spraying that wonderful sculpture with whistling lead. What setter had ever pointed a man before? The fat man stood and squinted over his gun with a puzzled look on his face; and as he stood, the baby-pink color slowly faded out of his plump, smooth cheeks and left them pasty and gray. For there, before his eyes, all the old fallacies regarding the setter's stand were being laid forever to rest. No catalepsis there; no modified drop to the ancient fowler's net; no instinctive location of game for the benefit of man, the superior god.

The fingent hands of man! He has caught this eager pose and molded the dog's intensest moment in life to his own desires; has taught him to hold in abeyance the keen hunting lust that Nature has planted in every nerve tendril and every blood drop of him at the very point where the saliva is hot in his jaws and the chance to leap and kill has tautened his muscles to steel.

There was no mistaking the thing. The eagerly twitching nose; the forward-stretched head; the caution; the forepaw raised, to take one nearer step in order to make more sure the final spring, provided that all-wise nose said that another step might be taken without putting the quarry to flight; and the eyes, the glowing and savage eyes, wild with the hunter's passion to seize and kill. All these told the five of us standing there one thing: The Devil had scented his prey!

Hate and murderous rage surged hot through the big black dog as the breeze brought up to his nostrils the loathsome, familiar scent. Fear was gone, swept away long since and destroyed forever in that wild whirl at venomous horrible death for the love of a little boy. Death glared at him again, out of the two dark, close-set, bright-rimmed eyes of that shotgun's barrels, and no one knew it better than the dog. Yet The Devil, with infinite caution, put down the upheld forepaw, a little ahead of its mate, and let his whole gleaming body stretch forward another inch.

"Steady!"

No field-trial setter, that stiffened again at his master's warning voice. No slim Llewellyn, built for speed and range. No pointer, clean-limbed and elegant, with the limitless hound endurance of his long-lost forbears showing in every thoroughbred line of him. No Irish setter, of grace and sheer symmetry passing the words of men.

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Into my mind, as the black dog pointed his monstrous game, there stole the old Gordon tradition of the bloodhound cross. I had heard old bird men speak of it many a time in regard to the black setter's unmatchable work at trailing birds by foot scent when the wind was wrong to carry the body smell.

I had seen on the dog himself the heavy flew and the hint at dewlap and haw. And now—here before our eyes—was a setter keen on the man scent.

Something of the hunted culprit's unreasoning fear for the gentle trailing hounds with the grisly name must have reached the heart of Arrendale, too, for as we watched him his gun barrel wavered and the putty-gray in his baby cheeks went to chalk.

"You fat pot hunter!" came Thorplay's voice. "You never shot at a thing in your life where it made any difference whether you missed it or not. But you're not butchering little Bobwhite this time, and God help your throat if you miss!"

But The Devil was safe. Dan knew it. So did we all.

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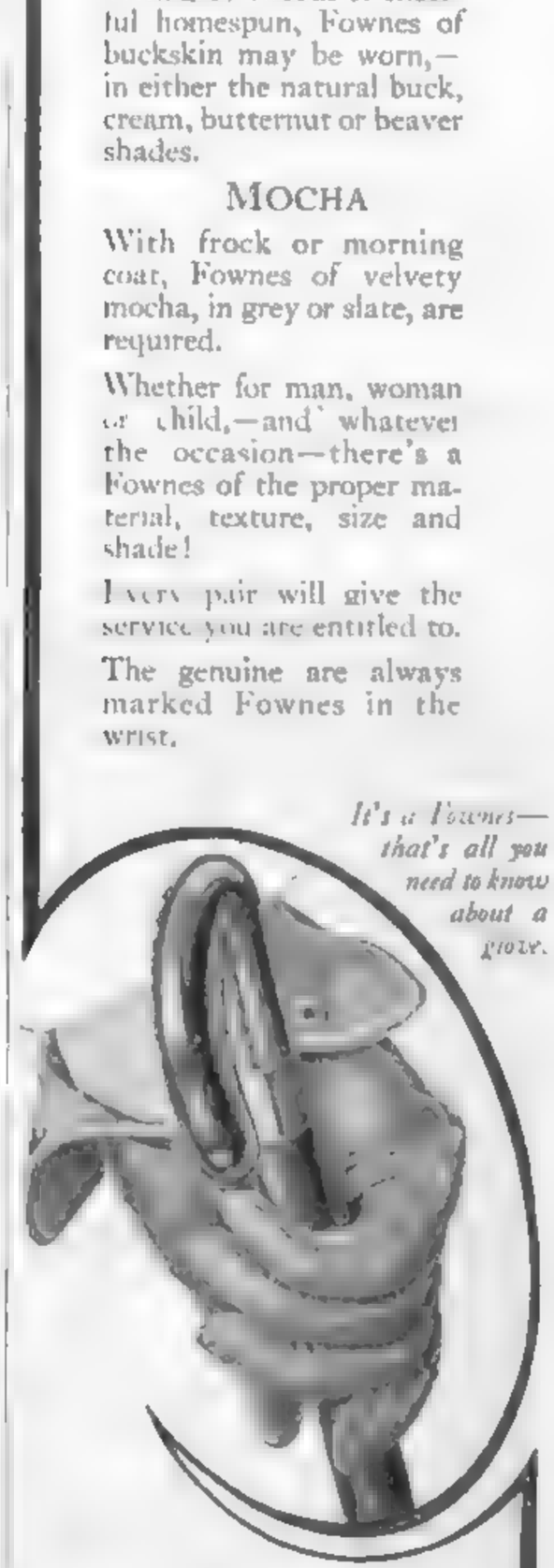

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would massacre birds all day, leaving the quail beyond his limit to rot on the ground. But here he was hunted, not hunting; and with his own blobby body in jeopardy he hadn't the nerve to send his cowardly buckshot at a target that was absolutely impossible to miss

He stood, with his gun on The Devil, and quaked like the horrid quagmire of flesh that he was, and I hope that the spirits of thousands of murdered birds rejoiced with us in the sight.

MacAndrews spoke. "I'd let him flush," he said to his boss.

Terror spread over the blubber heap's face at the words

"No, no! No, no!" he squeaked, and his shotgun slipped from his plump white hands.

A little twig touched the trigger and the charge let go with a roar. The spraying lead tore whistling along the earth close beside the standing dog.

"Steady!" said Thorplay. "That's a fine fellow!"

MacAndrews eyes were popping.

"Did you ask is he steady to shot?" he whispered to me. But I was watching the pudding bag.

"No, no! No, no!" he continued to pipe in his thin rat voice. "Don't order him on! Don't order him on!"

The yellow heart inside that mountain of smoking tallow was icy with dread. Suddenly he whirled, and without an attempt to retrieve his gun he plunged for his car like a frightened hippo. The door was open. Doubtless he had his trouble in squeezing through it in any case. But he stumbled and fell as he tried to lift his absurdly small feet quickly and he lunged head first through the open door, and his soft paunch wedged and stuck. He struggled and kicked; but Josephs, feeling the sag of the springs, never turned to look. In his haste to be gone he tramped open his cut-out, raced his motor and, setting his lever in high, let the clutch take hold; and without the delay of gear shifting the powerful car kicked up a typhoon of dust, roared a wild adieu and was gone.

We watched. Two minutes we watched. Then, two miles down the road, the dirt cloud hid from our sight the seat of a pair of trousers, expansive beyond the dreams of a tailor's avarice, and of breadth and depth to fill with joy the heart of a bill poster. How far our friend Josephs would drive without looking back we could not know; but we did know that every jounce of the car would wedge those pulpy sides tighter around the doorway's sharp edges. And, thinking of all the pulleys and jacks and cold cutters and wedges and various other tackle that would have to be employed in the final extraction, our hearts were at peace.

"That blessed pup!" said Dan at last.

We turned and looked, and saw that the fiery black statue was still in place, his eyes on the dust screen far down the road, the crouch to leap for his prey still frozen stiff for the use of the man he loved, whatever that use might be.

"Steady to shot and steady to wing," quoth Andy.

And at thought of that wildly beating pair of blood-pudding legs, fast at one end to their far-flung acreage of breeches seat like twin blimps tethered in the wind to some broad landing field, we clung to each other and wept again.

"Come here, you devil," said Dan.

The black-and-gold marble of Italy turned to flesh and blood and galloped over to us. No doubt there was much disappointment in the heart that hammered beneath that glossy hide, due to the fact that the master had flushed but had failed to kill over that wonderful find and point. But an arm clamped tight to the point of pain about a fellow's ribs will assuage most any frustration.

Andy MacAndrews stooped down and rubbed The Devil's mighty hind quarters, and then walked over and picked up the beautiful piece that side meat had left behind for us to remember him by.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy seemed a trifle gun-shy," Andy remarked as he examined the elegant stock with a critical eye.

"Quit licking my face," scolded Dan, and took his arm from around the setter's big barrel. Then he grasped the dog by both cheeks and held him away and looked him in the eye, while The Devil struggled and growled most ferociously, meantime meeting considerable success in his attempt to wag from the tip of his tail to the base of his skull.

"I'd say our little playmate was dog-shy too," added Dan, glancing up from The Devil's face to mine.

I looked for the hundredth time in less than twenty-four hours at the puzzling boy-blue of Dan Thorplay's eyes. As I said before, Dan's a little fellow. But they don't have to come so big when they assay one hundred and ten per cent male.

"Old college chum, Count Firkin, seemed just the least bit man-shy too," I ventured my own opinion.

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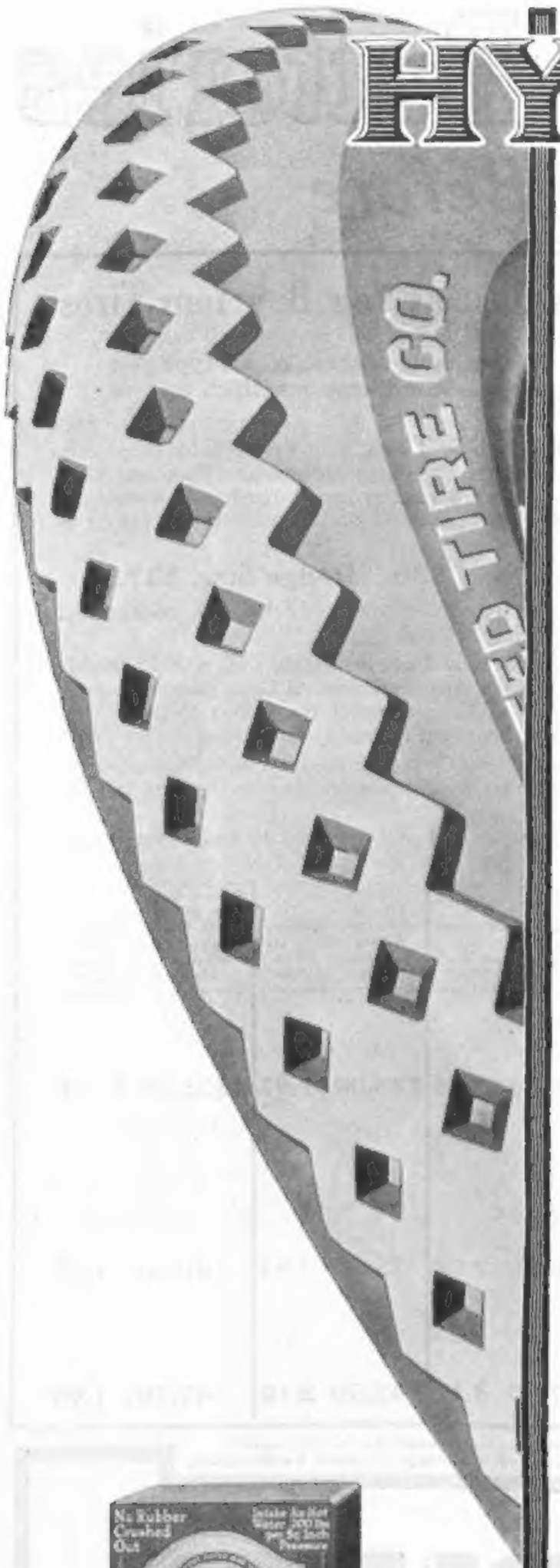

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This combination of two scientific processes makes possible a tire so free from the ordinary causes of trouble that it can be and is guaranteed for 10,000 miles against Stone Bruise—Rim Cut—Blow Out.

Never before, we believe, has any make of tire been so liberally or fearlessly guaranteed.

Less than 15 months ago the first Hydro-Toron tires were sold to the motoring public. Now they are in use in every State in the Union. Enthusiastic Hydro users in every section of the country are proclaiming this tire the most amazing achievement in the history of the tire industry.

This explains why the demand for Hydro tires increased so fast—from 25 tires a day to 1200 a day in 12 months—

Why the number of Hydro dealers has increased so fast—from 20 to 3000 in the last 12 months.

Hydro tires are built oversize—as big as cords. They are guaranteed against Stone Bruise—Rim Cut—Blow Out—for 10,000 miles, but cost no more than you are in the habit of paying for ordinary fabric tires.

Test a Hydro-Toron against any tire you like. Then you will learn for yourself what this amazing tire can do. The guarantee protects you.

If there is no Hydro dealer in your town as yet, write to us, giving your dealer's name.

The Hydro-Toron selling plan will be forwarded to reputable dealers upon request.

HYDRO-UNITED TIRE COMPANY

Factory and Eastern Sales Office
Pottstown, Pa.

Western Sales Office
1051 W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

Our Laboratory tests and the Laboratory tests of the manufacturers of Toron fabric show that the friction or holding power between the layers of fabric is 50% greater with Toron-treated fabric than is the holding power with the same fabric not Toron-treated.

This picture shows a Hydro-Toron tire in the mold, ready for vulcanizing. No undue pressure, nor wasted rubber, no misplaced parts in the tire, no buckles or strains. Note hot water bag inside the tire. Vulcanizing is done under pressure, but ALL THE PRESSURE IS FROM WITHIN.

Sold at Standard Fabric Prices

Guaranteed for 10,000 Miles Against Stone Bruise Rim-Cut Blow-Out

as per Complete Guarantee Attached to Each Tire

"PHILCO RETAINER" Batteries

At Lower Prices Than Ever Before

$15 to $20 Below 1920 Figures

The quality remains the same. The same long life, the same dependability, the same oversize plates, the same reserve power, and the ***same Two Year Guarantee.***

$35 Ford Size

11 plate, 6 volt,
Philco Retainer Battery

Price a Year Ago, $49.60

$40 Buick Size

13 plate, 6 volt,
Philco Retainer Battery

Price a Year Ago, $55.50

$47.50 Dodge Size

7 plate, 12 volt,
Philco Retainer Battery

Price a Year Ago, $65.30

Buy Your Batteries Just as You Buy Your Tires

Philadelphia Batteries are made in three types—with twelve, eighteen and twenty-four month guarantees. Which type you should buy depends on the same considerations which control your selection of tires.

If You Buy Good Low-Price Fabric Tires, built by a reliable company, then buy a Philadelphia Special Battery. These are genuine Diamond Grid Batteries, and contain regular patented quarter-sawed hardwood insulation, guaranteed along with the battery. They are about as moderately priced as any obtainable—

Ford Size, $25 Buick Size, $30 Dodge Size, $37.50

—But they are excellent batteries, full size, guaranteed for twelve months, and with good care will far outlast their guarantee.

If You Buy Extra-ply or Oversize Fabric Tires, buy a Philadelphia Oversize Battery. This battery, with oversize Diamond Grid plates, quarter-turn filler caps, and every other advantage except the Philco Retainer, has unmatched reserve power and is guaranteed for eighteen months.

If You Believe in Cord Tires, buy a Cord Tire Battery, with Philco Slotted Retainers, guaranteed for two years, and with reascnable care likely to last the full remaining life of your car.

The table below shows initial prices and costs per month on all three types for a number of popular cars.

MAKE OF CAR	Price of Special Battery *One Year Guarantee*	Maximum Cost per Month Under Guarantee	Price of Oversize Battery *Eighteen Month Guarantee*	Maximum Cost per Month Under Guarantee	Price of Oversize Battery with Philco Retainer, *Two Year Guarantee. "The Cord Tire Battery."*	Maximum Cost per Month Under Guarantee
Buick, Model D Lexington Chevrolet 490 Liberty Cleveland Mitchell Columbia Oakland Dort Oldsmobile Ford Overland Hupmobile Scripps-Booth	$25.00	$2.08	$30.00	$1.67	$35.00	$1.46
Buick Jordan Chandler Kissel Kar Chevrolet F. B. Nash Cole Paige Essex Reo Grant Studebaker Haynes Velie Hudson Westcott	30.00	2.50	35.00	1.94	40.00	1.67
Dodge Franklin	37.50	3.13	42.50	2.36	47.50	1.98

Exchange prices east of Mississippi River. Government Excise Tax paid.
Add 50c. to $1.20 for additional freight west of Mississippi, including Pacific Coast.

PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

PHILCO Slotted Retainer

THE CORD TIRE BATTERY

For sale at more than 4500 Philadelphia Service Stations throughout the United States. Probably there is one in your town. If not, or if you do not know who he is,

USE THIS COUPON

P. S. B. Co.
Gentlemen:
Enclosed find $ _____ for
(Use prices in above table)
which send me by express, collect, a new, fully charged, ready for use—

☐ "Special" Battery, Guaranteed 12 Months
☐ "Oversize" Battery Guaranteed 18 Months
☐ "Cord Tire" Battery, Guaranteed Two Years

Check (✓) in square which type you want.

For my _____ car, model _____
year _____
Name _____
Street (or R. F. D.) _____
City _____ State _____

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THE NATION'S MILK

Pure rich country milk—sweetened or unsweetened as you prefer

Recommended by grocers everywhere for every milk use

The Borden Company

Borden Building, New York

SINCE 1857

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Borden's Milk Chocolate Almond Bars—smooth, nourishing, delicious—filled with big, crisp almonds.

For those who like their chocolate plain—Borden's Milk Chocolate Cakes—the same tasty chocolate without the nuts.

Both come in 5c and 10c sizes.

The Dentifrice that

Checks "Acid-Mouth"

the great cause of tooth decay

A trial tube with acid test papers mailed free to test your mouth for acid. The little slip of blue paper will turn pink if you have "Acid-Mouth." After you brush your teeth with Pebeco it will stay blue. The test shows that Pebeco checks "Acid-Mouth."

For test papers and free trial tube of Pebeco, address Lehn & Fink, Inc., 635 Greenwich Street, New York

Lehn & Fink New York Inc.